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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



**MIDWINTER
KNITTING
BOOK
14 designs**

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● **Bernie Pecqueux**, who models the man's ski sweater in our eight-page knitting pull-out (pages 33 to 40), is 6ft. tall and blond and combines two careers.

AS well as being a model, he's a dogman on the new building for the University of N.S.W.

"I trip over my feet when I'm walking on the ground," he told us. "But I'm fine once I get up in the air."

Married, with a 10-month-old daughter, Bernie was born in Noumea.

At 15 he went to school at Katoomba, N.S.W. When he left college he "went West" to Hungerford, where he became a rodeo expert, rode bullocks, and broke in horses.

At 23 he felt he was too old for rodeos and came to Sydney.

Calm and easy-going, he's got the wanderlust again and will soon leave for Queensland to go cane-cutting.

His ambition is to have his own gymnasium—weight-lifting is one of his hobbies.

But then he smiled and admitted that he could imagine nothing better than beach-combing.

AFTER reading Margaret Sydney's comments on seeing-eye dogs in our May 10 issue, Mrs. E. M. Newsome sent us a newspaper clipping about Halda, Northern Queensland's first guide-dog.

Halda, a Labrador, is the "eyes" of Mr. Hubert Morris, of Townsville.

Recently the news that she had suspected strychnine poisoning caused widespread

indignation in northern Queensland.

Her recovery and reappearance—wearing a special protective muzzle—with Mr. Morris in Townsville streets brought cries of "Good on you" from fellow pedestrians.

One stranger said to Mr. Morris: "You could not have lost her. Too many people were praying for her."

Each week Halda guides Mr. Morris as he walks 60 to 70 miles visiting other blind people in the city.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg took the color picture of Tulloch on the opposite page—and photographing the champion is often a tricky business.

● **Dorothy Drain** is away with flu. Her column will be resumed next week.

Strapper Neville Johnstone doesn't like to hold Tulloch up for a photograph in case the horse gets restless.

But at every Sydney race-course there are places where Tulloch likes to stop and look, and he won't move—unless he's ready.

Ron took his photograph in the saddling paddock at Rosehill, N.S.W.

STAFF reporter Robin Adair, whose "Date With a

Our cover—

● The quickly knitted ski jacket—a Swiss design adapted for Australian wool—introduces our Midwinter Knitting Book (pages 33 to 40). To make it, page 54.

Dreamboat" is on pages 10 to 12, says:

"The names of some of the men who dance attendance on Esmeralda's polished decks point up a fascinating national characteristic of Chile.

"There the Spanish blood of the Conquistadores and other early colonists has been reinforced by more recent immigration from Europe.

"Thus the names of a few of the men in the barquentine:

"Supply officer Lieutenant Commander Juan Wright Macallum, training officer Lieutenant Carlos von Kretschmann, communication officer Lieutenant Jaime Hirsch, assistant training officer Ensign German Valdivia Keller, and gunnery officer Lieutenant Roberto Francis."

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NEXT WEEK: In Front of the Fire—Six-page section giving a wonderful selection of recipes for snacks and buffet meals to serve in front of the fire . . . Beginning a new serial, "The Case of the Duplicate Daughter"—First instalment of Perry Mason's latest case.



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TULLOCH'S FAREWELL?

*A great champion
nears the end of
his racing days*

CHAMPION racehorse Tulloch, like another public idol of the past, Melba, has his followers constantly guessing about his retirement.

The public had been told that Tulloch would make his farewell appearance in the Brisbane Cup on Monday next, but there is a possibility his retirement may be delayed until the Doomben Cup on July 8 — or even until the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups in the spring.

Even without those races, Tulloch has already created a Commonwealth record. The first thoroughbred to win more than £100,000 in stakes in the British Commonwealth, Tulloch has started 50 times for 33 wins, 16 placings, and only one unplaced run—his eighth in the 1960 Melbourne Cup. He achieved this record although he was 23 months out of racing with a near-fatal illness.

Born in New Zealand on October 1, 1955 (by the English horse Khorassan from the mare Florida), Tulloch was not impressive as a yearling. He dipped in the back (what horsemen call a "sway-back") and was not very big (fully grown he is only 15 hands 2½ in. high; Phar Lap was 17.1). But he took the eye of Sydney trainer T. J. Smith, who successfully bid for him.

Back in Australia several of trainer Smith's clients turned the colt down, but N.S.W. grazier E. A. Haley looked the colt over, observed: "Nice in front and back, Tom, but a bit swampy-backed," and paid Smith 1110 guineas for him.

He named the colt Tulloch after his grandfather's stud property at Craigieburn, near Melbourne, and since then the champion has raced in the interests of Mr. Haley and his family. They have refused offers of up to £250,000 for him from America.

His racing days over, Tulloch will go to stud at Mr. Haley's property near Bathurst.



Fido may be housewife's best friend



CATTLE DRIVE to meat works in Bourke, N.S.W. At right is a map of the proposed £15-million highway 1000 miles from Queensland to Bourke.

Wanted: a £15m. road to better, cheap beef

● On trips into Dubbo, N.S.W., for cattle sales, Joyce and Barney Lewis, of Gilgandra, would watch sadly as stock came off the Bourke-Dubbo train.

THE cattle were so weak and out of condition they could scarcely stand. On one train, carrying some 600 head, about 170 were unloaded dead.

Though the last 230 miles of the journey from the Channel Country to Dubbo had been by rail, most beasts had travelled hundreds of miles on foot — drives lasting three months which left them lean and weak.

"Something should really be done about it, Barney," said Joyce Lewis. "It's a wicked waste when housewives have to pay so much for beef. And anyway it's terrible to see cattle suffer like that."

Encouraged by Joyce, Mr. Lewis did something about it.

And Mrs. Lewis dusted off her typewriter—"I'm only a three-finger typist"—and sent invitations to her husband's grazier friends to discuss the problem.

That was two years ago. Throughout the rest of 1959, Mrs. Lewis and her husband rallied the cattlemen, and in May, 1960, a new body, the Federal Inland Development Organisation, was formed.

The organisation, Fido for short, aims first to get the

Federal Government to build a thousand-mile Pioneers' Highway from Camooweal, Queensland, to Bourke, north-western N.S.W., on which to transport cattle from the Channel Country.

The second aim is to have a Northern Territory Development Authority, similar to the Snowy Mountains Scheme, to bring water to these areas by diverting the North Queensland rivers inland to permit controlled flooding of the Channel Country.

Last year Joyce Lewis accompanied her husband on trips through the Northern Territory and the Channel Country, rallying station owners and townships into supporting Fido.

Busy woman

She travelled 27,000 miles by car, air, and rail, and admits:

"Almost all my time is taken up now with Fido. I sometimes start working at 6 in the morning and may finish at 11 at night, writing articles and radio scripts, answering letters, and sending out invitations."

I had read and heard about the organisation, but the first inkling I had that one of its pillars of strength was a woman was when a bright, bustling woman with light brown hair and smiling eyes came into my office.

"I'm the secretary of Fido," she said, bringing bundles of papers out of a briefcase, "and I've called in to invite you to their Convention in Bourke."

Four weeks later we were bowling along the brown dirt road to Bourke in her husband's car. Her youngest daughter, 16-year-old Helen, was with us. Mrs. Lewis' enthusiasm has so fired her three children that they are almost as wrapped up in Fido as she is.



NEW ROAD supporter Mrs. Joyce Lewis.

When we arrived at Bourke, out came Mrs. Lewis' lists again. She had arranged accommodation for everyone who wanted it in the town's two hotels, fixed up the Convention meeting, the annual general meeting, and transport from airstrip and railway to the meeting place.

Her job as secretary is unpaid. Fido hasn't much in the way of funds yet. But Joyce Lewis gave up for Fido much of the time she used to give to the Girl Guides and the Country Women's Association.

"At first the men didn't take much to having a woman on the committee, so I used to sit tight at meetings, take notes, but say nothing. Now they are used to the idea and I have my say," she told me.

"The road will go through some of the most drought-ravaged areas of Western Queensland — Dajarra, Boulia, Windorah, Eromanga, Thargomindah. Rain hasn't fallen for five years in many parts, but when it does — about 10 inches of it — the plains flood and look beautifully green."

"The cattle are fat and healthy when they leave these plains, but on the 13-week trek the water along the route may dry up. Some beasts weighing 800 pounds lose up to 300 on the way."

"Come along, though, and I'll introduce you to some of the men who know all about it."

Mr. Owen Tancred, a director of a Bourke meat works, explained what the road could mean to city housewives who are constantly appalled at

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

the high prices and poor quality of beef in their butchers' shops.

"The days are gone," he said, "when people wanted large beef joints. They want small, tender, juicy joints of good quality at a reasonable price."

"It is almost impossible to give it to them. In the first place, with the 500 and more mile walks, a lot of stock is lost. In the second, only hardy, three- to four-year-old beasts can do the walk."

"The younger beasts that give the juicy, tender beef simply cannot walk the distance. Yet Sydney is a yearling market."

"If we had proper road transport we could not only get the beef down in about two days but younger beef could be transported. The turnover—that is the turnover—of stock would be quicker and the meat would be cheaper."

Graziers are reluctant to talk about their losses, but I heard of thousands of head of cattle lost through drought and long drives. One station alone claimed to have lost 25,000 head in the past two years.

The total money loss over

the past three years is estimated at £40 million.

Mrs. Lewis explained that Fido was non-political, but she knows that politics will play a part in the future of Northern Development.

Some politicians support the idea of the Pioneers' Highway, but there are no great numbers of votes to be caught in these areas during election campaigns. Bulloo Shire has 800 people, Boulia Shire only 750.

Defence link

Some Queenslanders on the coast oppose the road, saying that the transport of livestock from north to south instead of from east to west will deprive them of some employment.

"But we insist that the Pioneers' Highway from north to south could be a vital link in future defence," Mrs. Lewis told me. "We've no right to the northern areas, with so many starving Asians just across the ocean, if we refuse to develop it."

"The highway will cost about £15 million. That amount can be recovered in a year by cutting out the present cattle losses."

One of the speakers at the meeting was Mr. E. G. Whitlam, Deputy Leader of the Federal Opposition, who talked of the importance of the Northern Territory to the export drive.

"Our meat, wool, and minerals," he said "are the only things we can be sure of selling overseas at a profit, and there must be co-operation between Commonwealth and States on the issue."

"It's up to you to remove the causes of jealousy of the coastal cities of Queensland."

And that remark was one more cue for Mrs. Lewis. When I left her she was sounding out the other members about a further goodwill and rallying tour, this time to the east Queensland coast. "I hope we can win over the small pockets of opposition," she said.



VISITORS to Convention; country expert Michael Sactell (third left), Federal Opposition Deputy Leader E. G. Whitlam (right).



MEAT WORKS director Owen Tancred: "Cheaper meat."



Glamor four's big meeting

AT THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington, two of the world's most glamorous married couples pose together after a luncheon party which President and Mrs. Kennedy gave in honor of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco. The Rainiers were in America to see Grace's family in Philadelphia. The Princess, formerly film star Grace Kelly, wearing a green dress and jacket and hat of white fabric petals, and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, in a black sheath, talked about their children. They each have a son and a young daughter named Caroline.

● See story overleaf

Paris gave new look to Jackie Kennedy

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

● "It is appropriate to introduce myself. I'm the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris," said President Kennedy, in Paris, addressing 500 diplomatic and political newspaper correspondents.

THE visit of the U.S. President to France was for the general purpose of discussing international problems with President de Gaulle before meeting Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna. But for Parisians that was just incidental. The really serious business was to see "Jackee" and "Ce Type" ("that guy"), as Mrs. Kennedy called her husband in an interview in French.

Jackie conquered Paris all right, but Paris had its revenge—it transformed Jacqueline Kennedy in two days from an American college student with rather ruffled bangs into an elegant society woman dressed "à la Parisienne."

This is the triumph of Alexandre, "hairstylist of the Crowned Heads of Europe."

Alexandre was called to the Quai d'Orsay Ministry of Foreign Affairs mansion on the banks of the Seine to set Mrs. Kennedy's hair for the banquet and reception at the Elysee Palace.

Under protest from Mrs. Kennedy, he chopped an inch or so from her rebellious "little girl" hair style, made

her a light flat fringe, big soft waves over her cheeks, and added a postiche chignon to make her look more mature.

"Mrs. Kennedy's hair is very difficult to dress because it's so extremely fine," said Alexandre.

"I also had difficulty to get her to change her style, as she likes her rather casual look."

Couture dress

On the second night of her stay in Paris, Jacqueline Kennedy went a step further and braved the wrath of "Women's Wear Daily" and the American garment trade by appearing in a Givenchy gown.

"Women's Wear Daily," some time ago angrily accused Mrs. President of continuing to buy her clothes from Givenchy, but this was denied by the White House.

It's believed that the dress she wore at Versailles was ordered by her sister, Lee, Princess Radziwill, who lives in London and who has the same measurements as Jackie.

To go with this dress of white satin, the bodice heavily embroidered in pink and green, which Jacqueline Kennedy wore for the banquet in the Gallery of Mirrors in the Chateau of Versailles, Alexandre worked another transformation.

The bangs disappeared. Her

hair was swept back into a high-placed chignon, in which nestled diamond clips arranged to look like a tiara.

Alexandre pasted two big deep waves over her cheekbones to make her wide, rather flat face look narrower. He gave depth to her eyes with green eyeshadow to match her emerald earrings.

For the first time Jacqueline Kennedy lost the rather staring look her wide-spaced eyes take on.

Her melon-slice smile also disappeared with her bangs.

The President's wife, however, won her spurs in France by her command of French—colloquial French at that—and her interest in painting.

She was not allowed to escape from protocol and revisit the scene of her student days—much to her regret. She spent ten months in Paris, from November, 1949, to June, 1950, studying "Cours de Civilisation Française" at the Sorbonne and painting at the Louvre School.

She is a talented watercolorist, and was no doubt responsible for choosing a watercolor by an American artist of the Paris Boulevards at the end of last century which President Kennedy offered to Madame de Gaulle.

The Comtesse de Renty, with whom Jacqueline stayed when she was a student, finds

Mrs. President as simple and unassuming as the young American student Jackie Bouvier who blew out her bathroom windows with the gas geyser she couldn't master.

Madame de Renty told me: "Mrs. Kennedy was very sweet at the Elysee reception. She took her husband by the arm and presented me."

"When I saw him again at the Hotel de Ville, he recognised me at once, and said he hoped I would visit them in America."

Jacqueline Kennedy's old friends in Paris all had phone calls from her in spite of her very full programme.

Because of her associations with the Latin Quarter, the President and his wife were driven down the "Boul Mich" on the way from Orly Airport.

The Sorbonne students turned out to greet the visitors, many waving Harvard flags in tribute to John Kennedy. "Kenn un, Kenn deux, Kenn dix" (pronounced dee) they chanted as the open car in which the two Presidents were standing passed by.

The children

"Jackee" did not forget her children, in spite of her full programme and the Hollywood-star reception. She had a selection of children's clothes and toys sent to her apartment.

She admitted that she hadn't had time to telephone the White House.

"When I have time, everyone there is asleep. When the children are awake, I'm fulfilling my engagements," she said.

"The baby is too young to bother, and Caroline is taking the change of ways in her stride. All she knows is that she used to live in a red brick house before and that now she lives in a much bigger white house and that Mummy and Daddy are very busy."

Jacqueline Kennedy was looking forward greatly to her visit to London. At her last visit there she was a reporter covering the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth for the "Washington Post" and the "Times Herald."

President Kennedy acted to General de Gaulle like a successful but respectful nephew.

The General obviously regards the President with amused tolerance for an "enfant terrible," but also with respect for the intelligence and dynamism of a man who could be his son.

This unexpected and slightly incongruous friendship is probably the most important thing which has come out of the President's visit to Paris.

THERE'S TRULY



MAKE-UP: Colleen Ritson, of Canley Heights, Sydney, rubs talcum powder into the coat of her champion Samoyed before taking him into the ring for the judging.



SHOES are worn by miniature Pinscher Elmin Duke. Owner Patricia Camillar, of Vaucluse, Sydney, says Elmin is one of only 10 miniature Pinschers in Australia.



● PRESIDENT KENNEDY and "Jackee," as Paris called Mrs. Kennedy, return to the Quai d'Orsay after a State dinner in Paris.

How every dog owner has his (or her) day

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● While every dog might still be waiting to have his day, pedigree dogs have never had it better.



JUDGE Mr. F. Luland puts a contesting canine through its paces at the Katoomba and Blue Mountains, N.S.W., Kennel Club Show.

THAT seems to be the case, judging from the fourfold increase in membership of the N.S.W. Royal Agricultural Society Kennel Club during the past two years.

Five years ago, when membership of the Kennel Club was free, it had 1400 members.

Then the committee decided to charge one guinea a year subscription, to produce a quarterly magazine for its members, and offer increased facilities and information. Now there are 6000 registered members.

The secretary of the club (Mr. Frank Hodder) says there is a potential membership of 12,000, and at the rate subscriptions are coming in it shouldn't take too many years to reach that target.

Each month in N.S.W. about 25 dog shows are held. They are not the big, bally-hoed shows on the scale of Crufts in London, or the Westminster, in Madison Square Garden, New York, where dog shows are big business.

Most are small affairs, held by specialised clubs for their own funds and for charity.

It's all quite a picnic . . .

To get an idea of a typical local dog show, I recently went to the Katoomba and Blue Mountains, N.S.W., show, held twice yearly.

In so many ways it was like a huge family picnic; with family sedans, station wagons, and "bombs" parked under the trees, with parents, grandparents, children, dogs, and paraphernalia—picnic baskets, portable tables and chairs, dog baskets and cages, vanity cases full of show dog beauty preparations.

The conversation was of dogs, and dog shows, red ribbons, blue ribbons, purple ribbons.

Great grooming sessions were in progress too. Here was snow-white Maltese terrier Montoya Marinda, her white silken hair pinned back

from her eyes with white plastic bow hairslides, being brushed and combed by her mistress Diane Walker.

Miniature Pinscher Elmin Duke—Pepe for short—was being fitted for tiny red leather shoes.

Under a tree sat Glenelwyn Prince Rajah, a golden-coated collie, regally accepting a piece of the ten shillings-worth-of-meat-a-week provided by his mistress, Pauline Cowlshaw.

Most outstanding characteristic of the dog owner is his loyalty to his champion pet, which may even exceed the dog's loyalty to him.

He'll admit that every member of his family has human failings, but will he admit the same about his dog?

Just ask any judge who has ever awarded a second or third place ribbon!

"My Billy only has one dog against him. I like a bit of competition" . . . "Really, my Jackie should have got a prize today. But, then, different judges have different ideas" . . .

"My Rosie hates shows. Always plays up. Yet her grandmother loved them" . . .

Dog-lovers, I noticed, talk of the habits of their dogs exactly as they might discuss their sons, daughters, or mothers-in-law.

And although the champions appear in the programmes under their very imposing pedigree names, they all have ordinary, everyday nicknames.

Thus Dachslein Miss Ditty answers to the name of "Muff," Glenelwyn Prince Rajah comes down when he's called "Putty," and plain "Bill" is the nickname of champion bulldog Red Gables King Kong.

To make good in the championship ring the canines require hours of daily grooming. One proud owner claimed spending three hours each day brushing, combing, and powdering her pet.

And wherever Fido goes his beauty case goes too: full of talcum powder, boracic ointment, a silk scarf for polishing his coat, and a variety of brushes, combs, leads, and chains.

Australia may be well behind America numerically, with its half-million registered pedigree dogs and its highly paid professional handlers who drive trucks around the country for clients from show to show. But Australian dog-lovers don't lack enthusiasm.

A case of love versus money

In fact, the main difference between the Fancy (Kennel Club language for pedigree breeding and showing) in America and England and in Australia is that most Australians show dogs as a hobby. In America and England it's a business.

A really valuable champion pedigree dog can be worth from 50 to 1000 guineas, according to the popularity of the breed. But most Australian owners wouldn't part with their canine mates for any amount of money.

Mr. Hodder told me: "I've seen one owner offer another 500 guineas for a dog, and I've heard the owner reply, 'You couldn't buy him for 5000!'"

For, although the average

life of a show dog may be only about ten years, he frequently becomes so much a part of the family circle that the owner would as soon think of selling one of his children as selling the dog.

Stud fees for a really good champion dog can bring the owner a tidy sum, ranging from four guineas to 50.

But money, fans say, isn't the reason for pedigree dog-breeding.

"It's just another phase of man's constant striving for perfection," explained Mr. Hodder. "He likes to think that he has created something better to leave to posterity."

"There is no such thing as a perfect dog. I don't think there ever will be, and if there is, then all the fun and pleasure will be gone from dog showing and breeding."

GROOMING takes three hours each day for Maltese Terrier Montoya Marinda when her mistress, Diane Walker, gets to work on her strict beauty routine.



CHAMPION Beagle Mulbring Belle seems to say: "Dog shows are such a bore." But her owners were interested—and extremely proud of Belle's first prize.

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Short dresses, young guests at the Royal wedding

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● When Katharine Worsley steps from York Minster as the new Duchess of Kent on June 8 she will be followed by a procession in which the ladies of both British and foreign Royalty have, by request, broken a tradition. They will not be in long dresses.

THE Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and the bridegroom's mother, now to be styled Princess Marina, will all be wearing short dresses.

Marina made the decision when the wedding invitations went out.

"It was difficult for her," said one of her close friends, "for she wanted the wedding to be in the best tradition of Royalty and Continental family weddings."

"But the long drive from York Minster to Hovingham Hall — it's 20 miles — made long dresses impractical."

A fanfare of trumpets will sound as the bridal procession moves.

The fanfare will be followed by a wedding march. Then the Queen and Prince Philip, led by the Archbishop of York, the genial Dr. Ramsay, who performs the wedding ceremony, will follow in a long procession of Royalty, all

the women in short dresses and pretty summer hats.

Katharine Worsley's wedding will launch a thousand hats, and every Royal milliner has worked overtime.

"With Ascot only three days after the wedding, it has

been the biggest rush we have known," said one.

For the short-dress wedding, hats are slightly smaller. "It won't be nearly as 'hatty' as Princess Margaret's wedding," I was told.

As the new Duchess of Kent, Katharine Worsley will have married not only into the British Royal family, but also the oldest Royal line in Europe.

Through his mother the Duke of Kent is directly descended from the Royal houses of Denmark and Greece, and has Peter the Great of Russia as a forebear. But few members of foreign Royalty were invited.

Again it was Marina who decided to break with tradition and keep the list of guests from her side of the family down to a few.

"Marina thought Eddie and Katharine should have all their young friends at the wedding," said a close family friend who lives near "Coppins," the Kent country home.

"Some of us are, of course, disappointed, but we do understand and we will see it all on television."

The Duke of Kent's aunt Princess Olga, his mother's sister, who now lives in Paris, is the chief guest among the foreign Royalty.

At least 20 TV cameras will be used to bring the wedding to viewers in Britain and on Eurovision to France, Holland, and Belgium.

Floral city

Six of these cameras will show the actual service, and others will be at Hovingham Hall for the reception in marquees on the lawn.

Richard Dimbleby, who "did" Margaret's wedding, will describe the events in the Minster from a position above the West Door.

York is a garden of flowers for the wedding. There are 15,000 bedding plants alone picking out the Worsley crest in a flower-bed near the station.

Katharine Worsley, like the Duke, is from a large and

tightly knit family. Her great-grandmother was a Brunner of the Brunner-Mond family, who came from Vienna and Switzerland to establish the enterprise known as I.C.I. — International Chemical Industries — and they are very rich.

From this side of the family Katharine has clearly inherited her love of music — she plays the piano, and right up to the week of her wedding has played the organ at the village church next to Hovingham Hall.

York's wedding gift to the Duke and his bride is six volumes of music specially bound in green leather and inscribed.

There are three volumes of the complete piano works of Chopin, two of Beethoven's sonatas, and one volume of Mozart's sonatas.

The wedding is probably the first in history to have an airlift. The Duke's regiment, the Scots Greys, stationed in Germany, are to provide the guard of honor, who will arrive in a regimental airlift and return to duty after the wedding.

A man with a big traffic problem on his hands is Chief Constable Carter, who has called in the Army to help get the 2000 guests by car from the Minster along the miles of country roads and winding lanes to Hovingham Hall.

A member of the Yorkshire Constabulary remarked, "Goodness knows whether all the guests will ever arrive at the reception. In spite of our precautions, it will be hard to

get all their cars over the roads."

Throughout the afternoon the village will be sealed off from the outside public.

At Hovingham Hall the Queen and all the guests will enter through the beautiful 18th-century stables built by an equestrian ancestor of the bride, through the Hall and on to the lawns, where flower-filled marquees are erected.

Joybells sound

Every village church has recruited the local bellringers, so that a carillon will lead the newlyweds on their way to the reception.

The most worried people are the gardeners and mowers of the cricket pitch at Hovingham Hall. "We would like to say, 'No stiletto heels,'" said one of them. "The cricket

grounds will be spoiled with the guests."

None the less, they gave a special wedding present to the bride and groom.

The couple will spend their honeymoon at "Birkhall," a rambling three-storey house on the Royal estates at Balmoral, Scotland. The Queen and Prince Philip spent part of their honeymoon there in 1947.

While the Duke and his Duchess are on their honeymoon Princess Marina will be quietly packing all her treasures and leaving her country home to the son who inherited it on the death of his father on active service.

She will have no country home for the time being and her personal possessions will go into store, leaving "Coppins" awaiting the newlyweds.

"Order of the day"

TELEVISION and radio hook-ups for the Royal wedding allow for the bride being one minute late — "But no more," said a Palace spokesman.

Here is the "order of the day":

Bride and father leave Hovingham Hall at 1.55 p.m., arriving at cathedral at 2.30. Bride and groom leave cathedral an hour later, their car followed by five cars carrying parents and bridesmaids, followed by 22 Royal cars. Procession reaches Hovingham Hall about 4.15 for wedding reception. Bridal couple leave at 6 p.m. on their honeymoon at "Birkhall," Balmoral, Scotland. Queen and party leave at 6.25 for nearby Malton to catch Royal train for London at 6.55 p.m.



THE WORSLEY family crest has pride of place in the flower decorations in York.



THE BRIDE, who is deeply musical, playing the organ recently in her village church.



HOUSEHOLD SHOPPING. The Duke (left) and Katharine with a salesman in a London store where they studied electric cookers.

A DATE WITH A DREAMBOAT



Page 10

The Australian Women's Weekly - June 13, 1961



By Robin Adair, who met the Chilean ship Esmeralda in Sydney Harbor

NO wonder I boldly said to a Chilean consular official: "I want a date with Esmeralda; I like the cut of her jib." From what I'd heard, she was so tall, so trim, so lovely — and rather fast.

Well, I did meet her, and we got along famously — at least, as famously as a Sydney landlubber and a South American sailing ship ever could.

Yes, of course, Esmeralda was not only my dreamboat in a romantic sense; she is a ship — the largest sailing ship to visit Sydney (perhaps Australia) for 50 years.

She is a Chilean Navy (or, to say it in the more colorful Spanish, an *Armada de Chile*) four-masted training barquentine.

Esmeralda was in town on a five-day stop-over during a five months' Pacific Ocean cruise — her seventh training voyage.

Ours was a date with a difference, right from the beginning. For you don't meet a girl like Esmeralda outside the Town Hall or call for her at her house.

Our tryst was at a weather-beaten wharf in Sydney Harbor's Circular Quay — or Sydney Cove as it was known in the old days of all-sail.

We had arranged to meet at 11 a.m., but it

PAST meets present: Esmeralda glides (opposite page) into Circular Quay against a backdrop of buildings. Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

was 12.10 p.m. before she turned up. Just like a woman.

Old-fashioned though she appears to be, as Esmeralda drew up alongside me, with a band playing lustily on her decks, she was as noisy as any human teenager with a blaring transistor radio hanging from her shoulder.

She has a loud voice, too. Earlier, she exchanged fast and furious words with admirers on North Head — a fiery conversation, spelled out with the crashes of 21-gun salutes.

Dating Esmeralda poses the age-old problem of being with a beautiful woman — she attracts attention.

After docking, she disdainfully nodded acknowledgment of the wolf-whistles of cheeky tugs, the shy salutes, from afar, of little sister yachts.

She pretended not to notice, I am sure, the bold advances of the Royal Australian Navy launch which helped her berth.

Maybe, with natural vanity, she was ruffled by the disinterest of bustling, about-their-business ferries, keen only on earning an honest token.

But then a wealthy tanker (in oil, y'know) gave a sugar-daddyish, deep hail. Did I imagine she gave in return a coquettish come-hither, a beckoning wave with her soaring masts?

I got to know a lot about her during the four hours we spent together, rocking and rolling discreetly on the gentle swell of the Harbor.

She's a tall girl — 260ft. from the top of her mainmast to her keel. And she's a bit too wide in the beam — 43ft. — for a bloke to comfortably cuddle.

SUNSET paints shadows on the sails of the Chilean barquentine Esmeralda as she beats up to Sydney. Aerial picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

She's heavy, too; weighs 3670 tons gross tonnage.

She is also sturdy, strong as steel, mainly because that's what she's built of.

Even her masts are steel. Two of them disguise funnels from her auxiliary engines, which take over when her sails can no longer keep her going at her wind speeds, which average 10 knots and can reach 16.

Engines, by the way, aren't her only concessions to mid-20th century seamanship. She has all modern navigational aids.

Healthy seven-year-old though she is today, Esmeralda's birth and delivery took about 15 years.

Her hull was built not long before the start of World War II, but work fizzled out. However, in the 1950s, the Spanish Government agreed to settle a debt to Chile, and one of the payments was a naval training ship.

So, finally, in 1954, the Armada de Chile took home from "hospital" — the Bazan Shipyard in Cadiz, Spain — a bonny, bouncing barquentine. It called her Esmeralda (which, roughly translated, means "emerald") after a famous Chilean navy forebear which fought gallantly during the late 19th century.

Like any other lady, Esmeralda is vain. She has "make-up" regularly applied: pots of white paint to give her hull and superstructure that schoolgirl complexion; gallons of polish to keep her metal as shiny as a woman's fingernails.

Again like flesh-and-blood females, she requires beauty treatment each day.

Continued overleaf

ESMERALDA'S wardrobe, too, is a really big job. How many square feet of fabric in an average outfit for a woman? About 27?

Well, the ship in full dress (with all sails set, as she prefers to say) carries 26,910 square feet of canvas.

Accordingly, one dressmaker is replaced, in the barquentine's case, by the necessity of having each crew-member a trained sailmaker, able to serve her as a "seamstress."

Esmeralda's clothes are the latest imported from Britain.

I am far from being the only man in the lady's life. In fact, I even had rivals hanging around on our date.

At her beck and call she has 334 men: 18 officers, 94 trainee midshipmen, and 222 crew.

Of these, 333 are simply her devoted slaves, of course.

The only man from whom she will take orders is the commandante, Commander Ramon Aragay Boada, a courtly, portly sailor from Valparaiso, Chile's chief seaport. Commander Boada became her captain in January.

He told me he "loved" Esmeralda, in which case he is placed in the traditional eternal triangle. For he is married — to a charming woman, named not Esmeralda, but Ida.

However, Esmeralda is, inherently, a lonely lady.

She has few sailing sisters anywhere near her size. From the 1880s, steamships largely drove canvas-carriers from the seas.

(Coincidentally, another naval training barquentine, the 810-ton three-masted Indonesian Dewarutji, arrived in Fremantle, W.A., about the same time as the Chilean ship sailed into Sydney.)

Commander Boada believes there is also a Scandinavian training ship in service under sail.

Until four years ago there

A DATE WITH A DREAMBOAT (Continued from P. 11)

were Pamir and Passat—sister-ships, smaller at 2700 tons, than Esmeralda — sailed by the Germans as training ships.

On September 21, 1957, however, homeward-bound to Hamburg from Buenos Aires, Pamir sank during an Atlantic storm. Only six of the 86 men aboard survived. Passat, forsaken by her shocked owner, lies unused in a German port.

Despite the diminishing size of her family, on the day I met her, Esmeralda should have been proud of her own "physique," compared with those of her Royal Australian Navy modern-maritime hosts.

The biggest R.A.N. ship at that time on active duty in the Harbor was the frigate H.M.A.S. Quiberon, which weighs considerably less than the barquentine.

Esmeralda would also miss human female company. Although she (and, of course, her handsome charges) attracts plenty of attention in each port, no woman can ship aboard her.

Packs guns

So my date with Esmeralda ended. I didn't worry about leaving her tied with 3in.-thick rope to a rather disreputable Sydney dock. I'd say she could look after herself.

For one thing, she packs four fast-firing, large-bore salute guns on deck. And her figurehead, a fierce condor (like a vulture) of the South American Andes mountains, would surely frighten away any unwelcome caller.

Anyway, guess where she was moored? Slap bang next to Sydney's water police headquarters.

By the way, with a strange, well-timed twist of fate, the ghosts of Sydney's nautical past offered her an appropriate, if impractical, gesture of welcome.

Two days before Esmeralda docked in the Harbor, workmen building a tunnel from the Circular Quay seawall to the basement of the nearby A.M.P. building, unearthed an old chain and shackle.

The three-hundredweight gear was used 90 years ago to tie up wool-carrying wind-jammers.

Esmeralda couldn't take the proffered rusty handshake; she tied up at a more distant wharf. But the thought was there . . .

I finally said goodbye (with thanks for a wonderful time) to Esmeralda.

As I walked back into a 20th-century city of skyscrapers, scurrying people, the stench of engines (so graceless!), I cast one lingering look back at the dreamboat that had sailed out of a past of salt-pork and sea-biscuits, yardarms, and yo-ho-hos.

Well, she's gone now, out of my life, too soon out of this world . . .

. . . To join poet laureate John Masefield's "quintet of Nineveh from distant Ophir . . . rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine . . ." and his "stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus, dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shores" . . .

They might carry apes and peacocks and topazes and cinnamon.

Esmeralda, however, will always carry the piece of my heart I lost to her one day on Sydney Harbor.



ESMERALDA'S "seamstresses": Four seamen repair sail. All of the ship's crew are trained to look after her 26,910 square feet of canvas.



CAPTAIN of Esmeralda, Commander Ramon Boada, holds a picture of the "other woman" in his life, his wife, Ida.



VIRGINIA PASCALL, 11, with Joseph—the personality pigeon her aunt rescued. Joseph passes out cigarettes, dances, listens to hit parades, even takes warm baths.

Coo! He's a rare bird

By VICKI ABRAMS

● With Joseph hovering attentively in the background, we were having tea with Mrs. Priscilla Evans in her flat at Kings Cross, Sydney.

JOSEPH brought Mrs. Evans a cigarette—and flew out the window.

"Off on his usual 10-minute jaunt around the Cross," said Mrs. Evans casually. "Do have another cup of tea."

Mrs. Evans is more interested in her guests' preference for "one or two lumps" than in their reactions to a bird that passes out cigarettes before flying round town.

The fact that this polite, house-trained pigeon sleeps on top of a pink bathroom cabinet, dances the cha-cha, and loves radio pop tunes is of less immediate concern to her than whether she has remembered to run his tepid bath for him.

Fellow-tenants casually greet Mrs. Evans and Joseph (on her shoulder) in the lift, and continue normal conversation as she and the pigeon drive off.

People point and get excited when they see Joseph sitting on his red cushion at popular picnic spots—but Mrs. Evans and friends continue serenely to cut the cold ham.

Mrs. Evans' 11-year-old niece, Virginia, brought the newly born, featherless, dying Joseph to her trained-nurse aunt with the simple statement: "YOU can save him, Auntie Prissie."

The nursing sister accepted the challenge.

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—How To Take Care Of" rules, she sat up at night giving one-hourly feeds. Finally, however, "feeling extremely foolish," she rang a leading Sydney veterinary surgeon.

The vet. arrived, examined the 2½in. "tall" patient, prescribed liver salts, and suggested a diet of hard-boiled egg, cod-liver oil, and calcium mixed with biscuits.

After his ten-minute jaunt, Joseph returned punctually.

He greeted Mrs. Evans with

excited coo-ings, posed for our photographer on the shoulder of Virginia, just calling in on her way home from school.

Several Kings Cross pigeons arrived to eat the seed that Mrs. Evans always leaves out for them on the window-sill. Joseph gave them a cursory glance and settled down beside the radio to listen to a hit parade.

"That's what bothers me," mused Mrs. Evans. "He doesn't seem to know he's a pigeon."

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"CARMEN" IS A SIMPLE GIRL AT HEART

● "I like daisies," said Dorothy Dandridge, crossing one slender coppery leg over the other, "and getting up early, watching television, orphan children, being with my husband, and taking the dog for a walk."

THE colored actress-singer, who brings to mind jazz sessions in smoky dives, tiger-lilies, and the uninhibited sensuality of her film "Carmen Jones," showed she is a simple girl at heart.

Miss Dandridge's mother and father (a clergyman) were divorced a few months after she was born, and Mrs. Ruby Dandridge didn't want to keep her daughter off the stage.

Since she was five Dorothy has been fighting her way from a touring tent-show song-and-dance act (she wore a frilly dress and a headband) to international one-stand nightclub tours, wearing sleek and dramatic evening clothes.

Like all elegant women, Dorothy Dandridge bases her dressing on simplicity.

"A good fabric and simple lines," she said. "I hate drapes, jangles, and beads, and fuss."

She was wearing gold-and-black-patterned brocade slacks and top.

By KIRSTEN WARD

She is slender—thin, really—and has a catlike liveness.

According to the references, she would be about 42, but she said this was wrong—and said nothing further on the subject.

"I exercise a lot," she told me. "I like to go to gym to keep fit, and it gives me energy. It makes me happy. Yes, that's right—arms out, arms up, arms down, that type of thing."

"I'm very interested in foreign languages, too. I speak French, and I have to sing in German—and I'm learning Italian phonetically for a tour coming up soon."

"The future? Well, I'm going to master those three languages. I'm not sure yet what I'll be doing as far as my career is concerned."

"Personally I want to do something constructive—one little step in progress for a minority people. I want to help a little bit toward the fulfilment of our American Bill of Rights—equality for everyone."

It's been said that she sings "like a caterpillar on a hot rock." This makes her very angry.

"I don't sing like that at all!" she flared up. "Why do people say that? And why do they say I sing Blues?—I don't!"

For a moment her eyes sparkled, and the smooth dusky brow was furrowed.

"I sing to make people



DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, the colored actress-singer who has starred in "Carmen Jones" and other films, is in Sydney to make nightclub and TV appearances.

happy and gay," she said. "I entertain."

"I pick songs that are honest to me, that I can deliver."

She is conscientious and very serious about her work, and finds satisfaction in it.

"I like to think it helps people—in an emotional way," she said. "I've never really considered any other career, but if I had, I feel it would have been psychiatry."

"It's the same idea, and very important—helping people in an emotional way."

Miss Dandridge said she tried to keep away from the glitter of Hollywood nightlife.

"All the brittle chatter, martinis, limousines—I hate it. I like my work in nightclubs, but I don't like nightclubs."

Her beautiful two-storey home on a hillside overlooking

Sunset Strip in Hollywood gives her the privacy she craves—and it's within easy distance of all the studios and the hotel and nightspot on the Strip run by her husband, Jack Denison.

Jack, her second husband, is white. Dorothy and her first husband, dancer Harry Nicholas, were divorced a few years after their marriage in 1946.

"My home?" she said. "I love it. I suppose you'd say it was French Regency style. We did it ourselves—my husband, my secretary, Veda Cleveland, and myself."

"We've put a little bit of each of us into it. It's warm and friendly—in an elegant way."

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SOCIAL

A **SMOKE** signal is going up from the rector, the Rev. R. B. Gibbs, and parishioners of historic All Saints' Church, Sutton Forest, for everyone with a sentimental regard for the picturesque landmark to help with several projects to celebrate the centenary of its consecration in 1861.

One of the greatest needs is a stone fence to set off our "new" gates, said Mrs. Charles Sutherland, of "The Chase," Moss Vale, who is a member of the committee, which met at the weekend to plan fund-raising efforts.

The gates are a gift to All Saints' from the State Government.

Large and impressive, with V.R. (symbolising Victoria Regina) incorporated in their design, they were originally at the entrance to the driveway at nearby "Hill View," the one-time country residence of New South Wales State Governors.

FROM Melbourne comes news that John and Jean Richardson, of Geelong, have named their infant daughter Elizabeth Meldrum. Her maternal grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Mick Kater, of Point Piper, were in Geelong to greet her on her arrival, spending a month as the guests of John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Richardson. Elizabeth is using the bassinet her mother slept in as a baby, and has her bath-time aids in a very pretty English baby basket (newly relined in white and yellow satin), which also dates from Jean's own nursery days.

I HEAR Mrs. Rex Money will fly to Paris shortly to visit her younger daughter, Carole, and son-in-law Pierre Roussel. At the moment they are in the throes of furnishing a lovely new apartment — a completely self-contained suite in the home of Pierre's father, M. Claude Roussel, near Auteuil.

AFTER holidaying at their ski lodge at Thredbo for the Queen's Birthday weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Barrett, of Double Bay, will make a brief visit to Melbourne. They'll be among guests at the 21st birthday dance being given for their nephew Christopher by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rod Barrett, at the Metropolitan Golf Club on June 16 — and are also looking forward to seeing their daughter Louise. She has temporarily forsaken Sydney town for the season's gaieties in Melbourne, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Julian Barrett, and doing a job with a Collins Street interior decorating firm by day — and studying ballet by night.

WHEN Mrs. John Cover (actress Queenie Ashton) answered the telephone the other morning her heart leapt! On the end of the line was her son, Anthony Lawson, telephoning from London to say he and his wife, Jill, would arrive at the end of June to settle in Sydney. Formerly Jill Wright, one of John Cavanagh's top models, Jill is hoping to continue her modelling career here. She and Anthony will fly out, and their furniture, including a grand piano which was her wedding gift to Anthony, will follow them to Australia by ship. Their wedding made front-page news in London last year when Jill tripped and fell over backwards (very gracefully) on her arrival at St. George's Church, Hanover Square.

MRS. ALAN COOGAN, of Wollongong, will be godmother to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Matthews' second son when he is formally christened Blake William Copland. He'll be called Blake. William is a tribute to his paternal grandfather, Mr. Bill Matthews, of Parkes, and the Copland is after his maternal great-grandfather, the late Mr. Frank Copland.

DURING her recent visit to England, Mrs. Edgar Norman was entertained on several occasions by Lady Baden-Powell at her grace-and-favor apartment in Hampton Court Palace. Mrs. Norman says Lady Baden-Powell looked wonderfully well and was very keen for news about Australia. While she was abroad Mrs. Norman made her headquarters with her son John and his wife (formerly Verity Everingham). They had just settled in an attractive, old three-storeyed house in the village of North Serriby, eight miles from Hull, where John recently bought a dental practice. This week he and Verity are setting off to spend a month summering in Greece.

I LIKE the cute wristlet-watch which Mrs. John Dundas-Smith, wife of the Consul-General for Chile, bought recently in Hongkong. It has seven enamel frames, each of a different color, with matching bands. They clip on and off the watch in a twinkling, to match whatever she is wearing. Mr. Dundas-Smith also shopped for an intriguing wrist-watch for himself during their trip to the East. Charged by a battery the size of a pea it ticks away merrily without winding.

DIARY date: June 21—luncheon at Jonah's, Whale Beach, to aid the Mona Vale, Bayview, and Church Point District Hospital Auxiliary.

ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

CHEERY TRIO. M. Jean C. B. Barthelemy (on the left), who recently arrived in Sydney from Paris, with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Davey, of Double Bay, at the gay buffet dinner party to celebrate the opening of the new cocktail lounge at the International Terminal at Kingsford Smith Airport. The opening ceremony was performed by the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. F. Jensen.



PARTYGOERS. From left, Mr. Lex Carruthers with Miss Kerry Douglass (frolicked in pale pink satin). Mr. Peter Jefferson, Mrs. Brett Falkiner, of "Foxlow," Bungendore, and Miss Deirdre Barriskill at the delightful dance arranged by the Eastern Suburbs branch of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Pixley, of Woollahra. Two hundred young people were entertained.

BELOW. Youthful guests at the dance at Mr. and Mrs. Norman Pixley's home for the Eastern Suburbs branch of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children included, from left, Mr. Hugh Lydiard, Misses Judith Lydiard, Elizabeth Cox, and Shanneen Wilson with Miss Elizabeth Pixley, who with her sister Helen was one of the 33 hostesses. Guests danced in a marquee beautifully decorated with red and white hand-made paper roses.



FLAME velvet coat was worn by Miss Barbara Carroll, of "Redbank," Molong, chatting with Melbourne visitor Mr. John Partridge (on the left) and Mr. Ken Kelsall, of "Broughton Brook," Wagga, at the buffet dinner dance given by the British Breeds' Society at the Wentworth Hotel. Mr. Kelsall was a successful Poll Dorset exhibitor at the Sheep Show.



BETWEEN DANCES. Mr. Geoffrey Masterman with Miss Beverley Dyer, who made her debut at the Legacy Ball at the Trocadero, where twenty-three debutantes were presented to the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward. Miss Dyer, who is the daughter of Mrs. Kenneth Dyer, of Hunters Hill, and the late Flying Officer Dyer, R.A.A.F., wore a lovely gown of Chantilly lace veiling white taffeta.





THE STARS of "Checkmate," friends on and off the screen, dine out in Hollywood. From left: Anthony George, Doug McClure, Sebastian Cabot.

TV STARS SOMETIMES EAT

FOOD on TV often looks attractive, but from the way the stars behave, it's not good enough to eat. They rarely seem to get beyond one forkful, and toy with the rest. Eating to order probably has a lot to do with it.

One man who does eat, both on and off the screen, is bearded, barrel-shaped Sebastian Cabot, of "Checkmate." Cabot plays a former Oxford Professor of Criminology attached to Checkmate Inc. as special consultant.

Other members of the firm are Don Corey (Anthony George) and Jed Sills (Doug McClure). Their adventures thwarting crime are seen every week in "Checkmate," the popular suspense show.

At one of Hollywood's most fashionable restaurants the same night was (right) Pernell Roberts, without his TV father, Big Ben Cartwright, or brothers, Hoss and Little Jo, of "Bonanza," to keep an eye on him.

Pernell, who plays Adam, the level-headed eldest Cartwright son, dined with attractive actress Patricia Donahue (no, no relation to Troy), who crops up again and again in TV shows.

—Nan Musgrove

PERNELL ROBERTS, one of the "Bonanza" stars, with Patricia Donahue.



Art Linkletter sums up on Australia:

TV — wonderful; children — shy

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television was the villain when I interviewed famous American TV personality Art Linkletter recently. It nearly ruined the interview for me.

MY trouble was that I'd seen Linkletter on TV peeking into purses, telling the characters of the owners from the contents, and I was acutely aware of the state of my own handbag.

It bulged. The habit of carrying round practically every portable possession adds up to a great many character-revealing purse bulges that I wasn't eager to parade before Mr. Linkletter's sharp eye.

But he and his charming wife, Lois, were too engrossed in the view from their room of Sydney Harbor at sunset to notice such a detail.

The Linkletters like Australia, its people, its TV, and have done quite a lot for Australians.

His main reason for visiting Australia was to complete an 18-hour telethon in Melbourne for the Heart Foundation Appeal, and his great excitement was the public response to the appeal.

Big interests

I remarked that he'd set a good example by coming here, and he was quick to say that it was not all philanthropy.

"I have big interests in Australia," he said, "and as well as the telethon, I recorded a number of other spots for TV. It was a good excuse for a holiday, too, for me and Lois."

They both looked like the traditional end of a picnic when I saw them — tired but happy. They'd spent four hectic days here and were off the next morning for Paris.

Linkletter had had long talks with the Australian manager of his property, 25,000 acres in the Great Australian Bight, at Esperance, Western Australia.

"It's a vast sandy plain," he said. "We have to develop our own pastures, but we're doing good. I have 7500 sheep, 250 Aberdeen Angus cattle, and am growing linseed, barley, and wheat."

New show

These days the shows Australians are still enjoying, "People Are Funny" and "Art and the Kids," are finished in the States.

In their place, Art does a one-hour variety show, one segment of which is "People Are Funny" or sometimes "Art and the Kids."

He guarantees that all the stunts he does on "People Are Funny" are a complete surprise to contestants.

"At times we might pick people ahead because we know they have some special quality," he said. "But the surprise comes in their reaction to the stunt which is completely unknown to them and unrehearsed."

"Some of the stunts turn out quite differently from what we expect."

"Not long ago we adver-

tised for volunteers for a rocket trip to the moon. It backfired in the most amazing way.

"We expected to get a collection of crackpots with bizarre reasons for their trip."

"Instead we got a great flow of applications from very sane, self-sacrificing, rather noble-type people who wanted to help their country in the race to the moon against Russia."

"We were so touched we practically struck a medal as a gesture to the nobility of the average human being."

While he was here Mr. Linkletter recorded a show with Australian children.

"They are much shyer and much more reticent than American children," he said. "On the average they are exceptionally quiet."

"Twenty kids had a run-through with me backstage and I could only find four anything near what I wanted. Out of that four only one was as good as an average American kid."

"I have interviewed children everywhere in the world, and generally they are all like Australian kids — shy and reticent. The only place they are different is in America."

"In America they are encouraged to be outgoing, their opinions are solicited."

"For instance, when we entertain, our children always meet our guests, are part of the party, make conversation, and give their opinions."



ART LINKLETTER and his wife, Lois. The Linkletters have four grandchildren and five children of their own. Second son, Robert, 16, has a band called "The Tornadoes" which Art says plays "interminably and excruciatingly" for 50 dollars a night. Many of the children of famous stars also play in it.

"But there is one big common denominator shared by every child living. They want love and security and dependability from their parents, and they want discipline, too."

"I am very serious about this. Love and economic security are not enough. The indulgent parent who gives a child love and everything he wants has an unhappy child."

"Children want fences around them, fences built of strong discipline. They like to know that the fence is there, firm and strong. They are always testing it, too, to find if it has weaknesses."

"When there is love and security inside a strong fence of discipline you have a happy, stable child."

Grandparents

Art should know what he is talking about. Last year he was America's "Grandfather of the Year," although he and his wife look ridiculously young for grandparents.

They have five children—Jack, 23, Dawn 21, Robert, 16, Sharon, 14, and Diane, 12. The two eldest are married and each has two sons.

Art said children weren't as adventurous as they used to be and generally preferred safe jobs to exciting ones.

But he found one young man of six recently who was determined to become a round-the-world jet pilot.

Art asked him what he'd

do if all four engines cut out over the Pacific Ocean.

"I'd go into the cabin and tell the passengers to fasten their safety belts, and then I'd bail out," he said.

Art said to him, "Don't you think that's rather a sneaky thing to do to the passengers?"

"Oh, no," he said, "I'd have to go for help."

One thing that doesn't need help, according to Linkletter, is Australian TV.

He finds it exciting, fresh, vital.

"They all seem so friendly and happy in their jobs," he said. "And they do magnificent things here, too—put on wonderful shows with a ridiculously small amount of money—an amount that wouldn't even open the studio doors in the States. I don't know how they do it."

A model wife — and £3000

If you'd listened carefully when John Carew won the £3000 cheque in Coles' £3000 Question recently you'd have heard the faint echo of a special Women's Weekly-type cheer with faint Italian overtones.

John, as well as being the winner and a wonderful contestant, is the husband of one of our Italian mannequins, who as Maria Theresa Paliani

came to Australia in 1955 for our Italian Parades.

Maria Theresa, called "Terry" for short, had been Miss Italy the year before, and arrived here a beautiful young girl with a fair peach-like complexion and a beautiful shape—35, 24, 36.

She met John soon after she arrived, went home to Italy after the parades, but returned to marry John on December 22, 1956.

Today Terry is still breathless with excitement over the win which will help the young Carews towards owning their own home.

At present they live in a flat at Queenscliff with their three daughters, Maria Theresa, 3½, Elizabeth, 2½, and Elenora, 2½ months. Terry keeps house, raises the children, does the cooking (spaghetti nearly every night), and is as beautiful as ever.

Despite the babies and spaghetti, her measurements have altered by only an inch. They are 36, 24, 36.

Terry says she couldn't stand another quiz for John.

"It was such a big strain on him," she said. "He got very excited and used to talk a lot on TV and move about."

"After the quiz (it's on a different night in Melbourne) he'd ring me up and say he'd won but couldn't remember even hearing the questions."

He certainly heard them and answered them like a champion—a £3000 champion.

★★★ THE APARTMENT

Ace director - producer - co-writer Billy Wilder weaves satire, unexpected pathos, and expert camerawork into this slick Academy Award winning comedy. Tempered with subdued laughs, the hilarious plot glides smoothly to its climax.

Bachelor clerk C. C. Baxter (Jack Lemmon) aims to pull out of the middle and make the top in a large insurance company. "Loyal, resourceful, co-operative," he has an apartment, the key of which he barters for promotion. The action, with elevator girl Shirley MacLaine, wily boss Fred MacMurray, and philandering depart-

New
Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

ment heads, swings from the vast, glossy office to Jack's nearby flat.

Lemmon's warm-hearted, whimsical clowning is skilled artistry. MacLaine blends humor with drama in her battle—love-wise—with the executive floor. Excellent support from minor roles completes the strong team.—*Century, Sydney.*

In a word . . . **POLISHED**

★★★ SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING

Albert Finney makes a magnificent screen debut as factoryhand Alfred Seaton in this stirring British drama. His casual arrogance, rebel reasoning, and ultimate acceptance of life's conventions are most convincing. A typical product of a bleak tenement

district, Finney despises his monotonous job, kicks against authority, yet cynically scorns those anxious to succeed. He exists only for his weekend ritual—a boozing contest at "the local" followed by a date with Rachael Roberts, a pal's earthy wife. Colorfully backed by an all-Cockney character cast, the script provokes many timely laughs and much serious thought.—*State, Sydney.*

In a word . . . **PENETRATING**

★★★ THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG

Director Richard Quine's expert colored camerawork in glittering Hongkong and masterful handling of the

teeming Chinese "extras" create an exciting backdrop for this bright East-West romance. Popular glowworm in a downtown bar, Suzie Wong (Nancy Kwan) models for American painter William Holden, guest at the questionable hotel. Determined to be his fulltime girl, Kwan—vital and fetching in her first film—schemes to outwit a rival. Brisk action and broad dialogue in and around Suzie's smoky haunt paint a clear picture of her professional activity without offence.—*Prince Edward, Sydney.*

In a word . . . **VIVID**

★ CONCRETE JUNGLE

Run-of-the-mill crime story, with only a few grim but well photographed scenes of prison

life to distinguish it. Tough guy Johnnie (Stanley Baker) is released, renews his criminal activities, and inevitably winds up in gaol again. The one bright spot is pretty Margit Saad as Johnnie's girl.—*P.F. Capitol, Sydney.*

In a word . . . **DEPRESSING**

★ THREE MOVES TO FREEDOM . . .

. . . is much ado about very little. Austrian aristocrat Curt Jurgens is imprisoned by Nazis in the hope he'll reveal the whereabouts of church valuables smuggled from his country, but the action fails to sustain interest.—*Victory, Sydney.*

In a word . . . **DULL**



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WW3



LOVERS Anthony Franciosa and Gina Lollobrigida secretly rendezvous in downtown San Francisco. Though devoted to his father, Ernest Borgnine, Franciosa dreads the prospect of entering the family business and postpones the inevitable showdown by hiding out with Gina. Later they flee to Florida together.

La Lollo in drama **SHOW BUSINESS**

IN "Go Naked In The World," M.G.M.'s powerful romantic drama, a GI on leave in his home town, Anthony Franciosa, falls helplessly in love with attractive party-girl, Gina Lollobrigida, and defies his father's wish that he marry an associate's daughter. The storm bursts when Gina meets his family.

THE LOOK on wealthy businessman Ernest Borgnine's face (right) spells trouble ahead when his son, Anthony Franciosa (left), introduces his girl-friend Gina Lollobrigida (second from right) to his family. Anthony's mother, Nancy R. Pollock—unaware of Gina's seamy past — welcomes her effusively.



Lovely Saturday Morning

HAPPILY, Sue said, "We don't have to hurry."
"We can stay here till lunchtime," Tony replied.
"Can you believe it? At last—there's nothing to rush for."
"No alarm clock."
"Lovely Saturday morning . . ."

They were not slave-driven, nor did they move in a social whirl. But they lived in London in 1961; they were both overworked; they had many friends, and in any quiet moment their telephone usually rang; their clocks always moved too fast. They had been married just six weeks.

In the breathless months before their marriage, when kind people had kept giving parties for them, when they had raced round London looking for a flat, found one, painted it, and embarked on another search for carpets, curtains, and furniture—always Sue had clung to the thought of "when we are married . . ."

When they were married, she had fondly thought, there would be a wonderful stillness. They would lie on a rock in Spain and soak up the sun. There would be time to be very quiet, and know how much they loved each other. And they would bring that calm home with them: the calm of not having to part at the end of the day, of knowing their affairs and home were in order, everything neat and arranged.

So she had imagined.

Their honeymoon had in fact been two and a half days in another city, Paris. Traffic had roared past their window. They had rushed to get back to their jobs on time—Tony was an advertising executive, Sue a secretary in a rival agency—and they had been rushing ever since.

They had entered a new sphere of entertaining. As two attractive, newly married people they seemed to be on everyone's invitation list for little dinner-parties.

In the evenings which they did have to themselves Tony wrote office reports and Sue cooked, cleaned, and washed their clothes.

About midnight—dozens of pages of reports and dozens of chores later—they fell into each other's arms, and it didn't seem possible that the alarm clock could ring again so soon.

To page 67

Tony and his wife knew the early morning telephone call meant trouble . . . a story

By DOROTHY CARTER



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In-laws moved in

AFTER spending our honeymoon at my mother-in-law's home and living the first five months of our marriage with my mother, my husband and I rented a house in which we have been living for five years. In this time we've had four members of his family living with us. Firstly there was a sister, her husband, and children, who stayed for 18 months—without paying board. Next came a cousin, wife, and child for nine months. Then a brother, wife, and child for nine months. They didn't pay anything, either. Now we have another brother staying with us—he's been here about six months and in this time we've been put about £200 in debt. My husband thinks I'm not being fair because I want to spend our married life alone with our two children.

£1/1/- to "Give It a Go" (name supplied), Vic.

Wasted manpower

TO retire all men on their retiring age is a sheer waste of manpower and an economic loss to the nation. Many men are still physically fit, mentally alert, and capable of giving their employer many more years of honest work, yet their experience, reliability, and capacity for work are written off like a bad debt. Such men should be retained in their jobs subject to a yearly medical checkup.

£1/1/- to "R.M." (name supplied), Yackandandah, Vic.

Her favorite topic—illness

MY neighbor has many good points, but I find it difficult to overlook a major failing. Her favorite topic of conversation is illness—the various ailments, past and present, which have affected members of the family tree to the "nth" branch. While I quietly sympathise, the subject becomes rather irksome as I'm an invalid living alone and rarely mention my trials and tribulations.

£1/1/- to "Ear Plugs" (name supplied), Sydney.

They give out of sympathy

FRIDAY is a badge-selling day in our capital city—and always for a very good cause. The other day an elderly woman stopped in front of a seller and dropped 1/- in the box despite the protests of her companion, "You've no right to do that, Mother; you know you can't afford it!" The two passed on, the little elderly woman with the badge pinned to the lapel of her worn coat, and the expensively dressed, but badgeless, young one. "Nothing unusual in that," commented the badge-seller. "It's the poorer ones who give. Sympathy, perhaps."

£1/1/- to E. Lane, South Perth.

Those book borrowers

WHENEVER we can spare a few shillings, my husband and I buy a book we would like to read. Over the years our bookshelf has become quite attractive, particularly to people who like to borrow books. I don't mind lending to close friends who appreciate them as much as we do, but sometimes people we scarcely know ask if they could borrow one. I hate to say "No," but I also hate to see some of our nicest books disappear and never come back.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Menk, Collingwood, Vic.

Night-walkers

I DON'T think "Sleepyhead" (N.S.W.) need worry too much about her 3½-year-old wanting to sleep with his parents. My eldest son was five before he broke the habit. My second son, now 5½, still comes in every night, and the 2½- and 1½-year-olds—sometimes. It's nothing to find four, five, sometimes six of us sleeping peacefully in the one bed.

£1/1/- to "Child Lover" (name supplied), Noble Park, Vic.

AS a two-year-old, our baby rose daily at 4 or 5 a.m. and slipped into our bed. But our problem was solved by later giving house-guests her room for two weeks. Now that she has it back she wouldn't dream of leaving it.

£1/1/- to "Juanita" (name supplied), Elwood, Vic.

MY friend found a cure for her five-year-old son who used to climb into bed with his parents each night. For the past three months he has been earning "wages" of 3d. a night if he stays in his own bed. During this time he has disturbed his parents on only one night.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Cowdroy, Campbelltown, N.S.W.

WE had a similar problem until my husband began getting up to our son instead of me. He was very firm with him and smacked him if necessary. I had given in to him too often. Now we have a fairly well-adjusted schoolboy.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Five" (name supplied), Cleveland, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE is a stately old Blinkstein piano at Auntie Phyl's.

It is one of those unplayed pianos you often see in living-rooms.

Several of the family learned to play once—Auntie Phyl was quite good. The trouble is we have not kept it up.

I had lessons for a while from a musician who had a colorful private life.

Often when I arrived at 9 a.m. he was still in evening dress. He was very cranky at such times, and hit my fingers with a ruler when I made mistakes.

I know now that the poor fellow must have had a hangover. No wonder he did not enjoy listening to my five-finger exercises.

His tuition did not encourage me in any ambition to become a Schnabel or Joe ("Fingers") Carr. At last I bogged down in "Selections from Rose Marie" and stopped.

I tried the "Indian Love Call" on Auntie Phyl's piano last Christmas, but couldn't get beyond the first "You-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo."

PIANO BLUES

Sometimes Uncle Ted plays Chopsticks. He does a special arrangement with twiddle bits, which the children like. But you can have enough of Chopsticks, however brilliantly executed.

Auntie Phyl's piano is used mainly to keep the children occupied.



Is baby tired of rolling bobs balls on the floor? Someone says, "Put her up at the piano."

She is perched on the stool, and jammed in so she won't fall off. She hits the notes with the palms of her hands and smiles at the noise, which is dreadful.

The older children stand up and peer down under the lid of the piano while baby does her piece. They like watching the hammers hit the strings.

It is wholesome fun, but hardly what the piano was intended for. If Blinkstein and Co. could see what happens to their instrument now, they would cry.

I feel sorry for all the neglected pianos that have survived from the days when everybody had one.

No doubt they can remember the time when girls with sashes practised scales on them and played "Rustle of Spring" for the visitors.

Now the girls are more likely to learn ballet, and the popular instrument for boys is the guitar. As Annette Funicello told me: "Boys like the guitar because it gives them something to do with their hands."

The piano is played only by people who are really keen on it.

It may have another boom some day. But by then I am afraid the existing pianos will be finished. They are being weakened by the Baby Sonata—br-er-r-r, whee, umph, crash.



JAPHETH'S PARENTS WERE BAFFLED WHEN THEIR PROBLEM CHILD REFUSED POINT-BLANK TO FLY OFF WITH HIS BROTHERS

THE OWL THAT ASKED WHY

An amusing short story

By **DON TRACY**

JAPHETH was unusual right from the start. When he was only three days old, a ball of white fluff with a pair of enormous eyes, he uttered his first word. It was, "Why?"

His mother, a barred owl named Emily, was doubly impressed. First, little barred owlets seldom talked before they were at least five days old; second, Japheth showed he was no run-of-the-mill kid who opened up with the conventional "ma-ma" or even the more common "Who?"

"Here, truly, is a smart owl," said Emily at once. "He shall be named Japheth, meaning 'Blessed With Wisdom When Three Days Old.'"

Which will give the reader an idea—Japheth actually means "enlargement"—whatever that means. But Emily, like most owls and all barred owls, was usually a little confused. It was Emily, for instance, who bragged so much about one of her ancestors' owning a castle in Greece, the Emilian twist to the myth of the owl of Pallas Athene.

"Say it again, Japheth," Emily urged in the days that followed. "Say it for Aunt Rosalie and Cousin Clara."

"Why?" squeaked Japheth dutifully, while his brothers writhed enviously and the word spread through Garbrandt's Woods that Emily's Japheth was a very remarkable owlet indeed.

"Hear you've got a boy can rattle off the A B C's and name the Presidents up to Chester A. Arthur" was the greeting often given Japheth's father, Joe. "Hear he's the quiz kid hisself."

"All I know it's discouragin' feedin' him," Joe said gloomily. "All four boys eat like goshawks anyway, but this Japheth, he puts it away faster than you can say star-nosed mole and then asks why. It's enough to make a guy wonder sometimes. Here I bust my tail feathers findin' grub for them little monsters, goin' hungry myself half the time, and this Japheth kid practically asks me if it's worth it. I dunno."

"Well, you know what they say about four boys in one brood," a friend chuckled.

"What do they say?" Joe asked.

"Who?" demanded the friend in turn.

Joe sighed. So many exchanges between barred owls seemed to end in this cul-de-sac; no wonder the art of conversation was dying.

Japheth's three brothers, Art, Charley, and Gervais, were nothing if not normal. They ate their three four-times their-own-weight meals every night like good little owlets; they went from the adorable white fluff-ball stage to their less attractive brown-and-white-pin-feather adolescence in the prescribed time, they rapidly assimilated a mass of misinformation from their mother and became almost as confused as she when the night arrived for them to leave the old hollow-tree homestead.

On Eviction Night, Art, Charley, and Gervais said their goodbyes and winged off into the darkness. Not Japheth.

"Come, Blessed-With-Wisdom-When-Three-Days-Old," Emily said fondly, "it's time to leave the nest. Off you go. Godspeed."

Japheth shook his head. "I'm waitin' till mornin' when I can see somethin'," he said. "If I gotta go, at least I wanta know where I'm goin'. It's dark out there."

"Of course it's dark," Joe said. "Owls only fly when it's dark, stupid."

"Why?" asked Japheth.

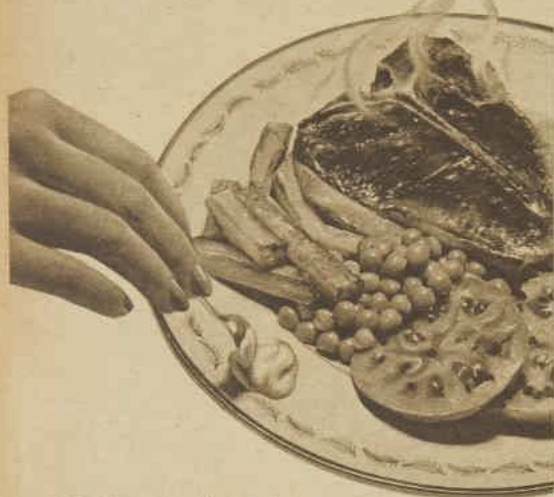
"C'mon, c'mon," Joe said, "quit stallin'. If you think you're gonna freeloader on me for the rest of your—"

"Now, Joe," Emily put in. "Remember, the boy's different." To Japheth she said kindly, "You see, dear,

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WORTH REPORTING

WHEN it comes to the story of Yugoslav artist Leslie Senty, 38, of Kings Cross, Sydney, we're not sure where to begin.

(a) His escape, with his wife and two children, from Yugoslavia three years ago, when he refused to become an international artist-spy for the Communist Party.

(b) His work as an interior designer which won him a gold medal at the International Furniture Exhibition in Milan, Italy.

(c) His recent excited discovery that Australian timbers — silky oak, cedar, maple — become (at least under his gifted hands) works of art in wood inlays.

As we first found Leslie pushed to the background by admiring groups around his inlay mural "Neptune's Feast" at a builders' exhibition in Sydney recently, we'll start there.

To create this lively modern work, he spent 300 hours — making his master drawings and then laboriously cutting and fitting together 2000 pieces of 200 different types of Australian wood veneers.

Samples of the full-scale inlays which he designs for doors (interior and exterior), cocktail cabinets, and tables were also displayed. All the inlays are fire-proofed and water-proofed to last, says the artist, for "1000 years."

"Never did I know such beauty existed in timbers in the world," he said. "See how I am able to get the highlights, the shadows, and the movement because of the texture and figures of the wood."

Exhibited also were some of his ingenious folding furniture designs — 28 are on the market — and futuristic interior plans for homes and offices.

One of these features a fine photo-camera system for opening a safe hidden in the office wall. By peering into a photograph (a secret camera) of himself on the desk, the executive automatically sets in motion the electric device to open the safe.

Describing his escape from Yugoslavia, the artist said he and his wife, Edith (also an artist), had planned it for years — training their two children, from the time they could walk, to master long weekend hikes.

"The night we finally decided, I had just been given eight days to 'co-operate' — travel the world, free passage, as an artist-spy for the authorities," he said.

"We left the house with the lights still on, the records playing. We were driven 60 miles, then walked 27 miles to the Italian border."

Leslie Senty's biggest satisfaction in creating "Neptune's Feast"? "For the first time in my career, I do not have to include — what you call it — a plug for the Party."

ARTIST Leslie Senty with his 96in. x 42in. wall mural, comprising 2000 pieces of 200 different Australian woods.

A NEW parking system, in the form of a lift that can be placed alongside a building or installed underground, is reported by the Japanese Embassy, Canberra.

Cages holding 26 cars at a time are suspended from a chain travelling around two huge pulleys.

Blueprinted in Osaka — the new system costs half that of conventional parking facilities.

Writing's in the family

NONI BRAHAM, whose book "The Interloper" was reviewed by Joyce Halstead in our May 31 issue, is a well-established Australian writer, and also belongs by marriage to an Australian literary family.

She is the wife of William A. Durack, an architect, of Toowoomba, Qld., brother of Mary Durack, whose book "Kings in Grass Castles," published in 1959, was widely acclaimed.

Noni Braham, whose name we misspelt as Brabham, was born in Bathurst, N.S.W., educated there and in Sydney, taking her M.A. degree at the University of Sydney.

She is at present working on a historical novel set in the Bathurst district.

Noni Braham has written many features for radio, and a play "The Min Mins," which has been adapted for ballet and will be presented by The Children's Theatre in Toowoomba next October.

She is the mother of five sons.

Parade for trade dept.

HAVING a 10-day tour of Japan after their successful fashion parades in Hongkong are Sydney models Patricia Duffie, Lorraine Knight, and Judy Lindsay, with chaperon June Dally-Watkins.

The girls, together with Luce Carmagnola, modelled woollen all-Australian clothes — lingerie to evening wear — at a commercial show and at a parade organised by the Department of Trade.

Special food and wines were flown over by the department to mark the occasion.

They ski on boards

IF the Jones' are suddenly taking cross-suburb walks, dashing up and down stairs, and doing physical jerks — don't try to keep up with them — unless you're planning to go skiing.

Pre-ski conditioning courses are the thing now. They strengthen muscles — and cut the "casualty" risk to a minimum.

In Sydney the Y.M.C.A. is holding a 12 weeks' toughening-up course for women skiers. On the second floor of a central city building even a "dry" ski school is operating.

This ski run, from which only the snow is missing, extends the physical training to instruction in the basic know-how of skiing and the handling of gear.

On bare boards, teenagers to middle-aged men and women follow their instructor "leader," walking, climbing, turning, and coming to snow-plough stops.

Special attention is paid to fixing skis to boots and adjusting binders (devices which clamp the boot to the ski, release it in falls).

Absorbing this lesson were Bob Tawse, of Canterbury, and Peter Lloyd, of Vaucluse, who are heading for Thredbo on the long June weekend.

On his first ski holiday last year, Bob took a fantastic header — due to faulty binder adjustment — and had to be dug out of the snow. He was out of action with a torn knee ligament for a month.

Pupils at both the Y.M.C.A. on Tuesday nights and the "dry" school claim the training saves them at least a valued two days of their holiday experimenting on the snowfields.

★ ★ ★

ENGLISH rock'n-roll singer Tommy Bruce locked himself in a dressing-room at Romford Theatre, Essex, until the producer retracted an order for Tommy to don a leopard-skin and chase a girl across the stage.

"I felt terrible in that leopard-skin," explained the Cosmic Age man. "It had no style ... came right down to my blooming knees."



Elizabeth Hunter ... She made and dyed this reversible coat.

She dyes like the Druids ...

ELIZABETH HUNTER, 23, potters for hours about Avoca Beach, N.S.W., picking up seaweed, shells, and moss.

Elizabeth is not bent on proving that Carroll's "Seven maids with seven mops could get the sand clear in half a year." She's collecting raw materials for dyeing textiles.

She makes frequent all-day treks into the bush for berries, bark, and lichen, and has even followed the trail of Burke and Wills from Menindee to the Gulf for soils and stones.

With orders pouring in for her original cloths (some of the dye recipes date back to the Druids), Elizabeth couldn't be busier in her studio built, eyrie-style atop her parents' home overlooking the beach.

Recently returned from England, she learned ancient dyeing from one of the last English experts, Mrs. Susan Bosence, of South Devon.

"Susan," said Elizabeth, "had her dyeing vats set up in old barns attached to her 17-century farmhouse, where I stayed for four months."

"We worked together from dawn to 9 p.m. — sometimes getting up at midnight to experiment on some inspiration of the moment."

"She gave me lichen recipes for many of the original Scottish tartans."

Elizabeth's dyeing methods include the "resists" of India and Africa. Wax or paste is applied to the white fabric to resist the dye — resulting in a predetermined pattern.

Another "resist" is the tying of the dyed cloth around stones, pebbles, or grains of rice — the pressure areas determining the pattern; still another is rucking and sewing the cloth before dyeing.

"Every design is original," she says, "because I couldn't duplicate a pattern if I tried."

★ ★ ★

WELL, may be. U.S. Vice-President Lyndon Johnson to a village chief during his trip to Africa: "I bring you greetings from our great President ... what message would you like me to convey to him?" Chief, thoughtfully: "Tell him to send us outboard-motors for our canoes."



Samantha

Exciting conclusion of our
romantic serial

By **DOROTHY EDEN**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

EARLY the next morning Mrs. Stone's shabby canvas travelling-bag was also fished up from the lake, and in it, as well as her few clothes, were the fur tippet and the jewels, a ruby brooch and earrings, and a garnet necklace that Amalie had missed.

"Remorse!" the sympathetic police-sergeant said, echoing Lady Malvina. "She must have taken the things to spite you, Lady Mallow, even though she only meant to fling them in the lake. But you should have reported the theft."

"I didn't want trouble," Amalie whispered. "My husband and I had already been through so much." She raised her eyes appealingly. She looked pale and fragile.

Everyone had to be questioned as to whether Mrs. Stone had been observed at the lake that evening, but no one had seen her, and Lady Malvina's evidence as to her wild flight was for a previous evening. But significant, nevertheless.

"Out of her wits," the sergeant commented succinctly.

It was obvious that he personally intended to waste little sympathy on the dead woman — a poor, insignificant wretch of no importance compared with these good people at the Hall.

But inquiries would have to be made as to her identity and family, if any. The inquest would be postponed until this information was available.

The sergeant looked surprised when Sarah, at the end of her own short cross-examination, asked: "What was Mrs. Stone's first name?"

"I've never heard it, miss. But we'll find it out. Though what would you think that had to do with it?"

"Nothing, sir. It would just—" Sarah succeeded in looking confused, "—make her seem more of a person."

When the police had left the next morning Blane sent for Sarah to come to him in the library.

His face was bleak and forbidding. It wore the expression of a man who would brook no interference in his affairs. "Miss Mildmay, why were you meeting this man Brodie down by the lake?"

"But I'd never seen James Brodie in my life. I haven't the slightest idea who he is. I thought he admitted he was looking for some poaching."

"With a strange degree of honesty that I don't trust." His hard, searching eyes were on Sarah. "So you swear you've neither seen him nor heard of him before?"

James Brodie was a stranger, wasn't he? Sarah was not lying when she denied knowing him.

"Then what the devil were you doing down at the lake? My wife, it appears, has been haunting it morbidly, for fear this woman had carried out her threat. But that can't have been your reason, Miss Mildmay."

She couldn't escape his intent disturbing gaze. She thought that if he took one step towards her she would have to run away. Or stay to be kissed again in that violent overmastering way.

"Miss Mildmay, will you just assure me that you weren't meeting a lover?"

"A lover! Good heavens, no!"

Her spontaneous astonishment seemed to satisfy him. He relaxed and all at once looked desperately tired.

He had gone to London to meet someone called Sammie in response to a badly written letter saying, "Fancy, I thought you was dead." But Sammie had meant to see him, not in London, but here, and instead had encountered Amalie. And two days later Amalie was saying, "That will be the end of it."

Sarah only had to stay here preserving her secret knowledge until Ambrose returned.

Mrs. Stone had died by drowning certainly enough, but not of her own accord. Amalie knew. Blane knew. Probably Soames knew, since Amalie had wanted him dismissed. Someone in this house had helped the woman to die.

Perhaps, without waiting for Ambrose, she should tell these things to the police. She should relate the burning of Mrs. Stone's bonnet, and the way Blane's hair had shone with rain that night. And Amalie's morbid haunting of the lake.

But she knew she would do none of this. Not because it was better for Ambrose to return with the strange jigsaw of suspicions pieced together and made coherent, but because just now Blane had demanded to know in his hard angry



Blane, Titus in his arms, reached the bottom of the stairs from the bell tower and said wearily to Sarah, "He's quite unhurt."

voice whether she had been waiting for a lover. And she had indignantly denied it as if she had no lover. Not even Ambrose.

That night Titus had his nightmare again. Someone was walking in his room and had blown out his light, he said. Sure enough, when Sarah reached him his light was out, but that may have been due to the candle wick guttering in the wax.

"It was Sammie," Titus insisted in his sleep-blurred voice.

Sarah's heart stood still.

"Who is Sammie?"

"I don't know. I heard someone say 'Sammie' one night. Is it the mouse again, Miss Mildmay?"

"There's no mouse and no Sammie," Sarah said firmly.

She held the trembling little boy in her arms and thought she heard a door shut somewhere in the house. Again, that may have been the wind banging a shutter. The atmosphere was oppressive and uncanny. She almost fancied Mrs. Stone, upstairs at her sewing, had left her work for a few minutes to prow about the house.

For if she were the Samantha Ambrose had mentioned, she had come to this house for some explicit purpose.

Whatever had wakened Titus had infected her with its intangible fear.

She found she couldn't keep silent, waiting for Ambrose, after all. It might not be safe.

She waited until they were all at the lunch table the next day, and then said, conversationally:

"I'm sorry to say that Titus had that strange nightmare again last night."

"What nightmare?" Blane asked sharply.

"He thinks someone called Sammie comes into the room and blows out his light."

There was no doubting that brief moment of suspended breathing. Then Lady Malvina said, "Sammie? I've not heard this before. Miss Mildmay, who is Sammie?"

"I haven't the least idea, Lady Malvina. But I did wonder if by any chance Mrs. Stone's name was Sammie."

"What an extraordinary idea!" Amalie said sharply. "Whatever gives it to you, Miss Mildmay?"

"Only that the first time this happened was the night Mrs. Stone was here."

"But you've always complained about Titus' nightmares."

"Not this particular one, Lady Malvina. No one used to blow out his light. And indeed it was blown out last night."

"Surely the wind," said Blane, speaking for the first time. "The window was open, I imagine. Anyway, the child's much too big to require a night-light. And as far as Mrs. Stone goes, no one knows her first name, not even the police, as yet. So how, pray, could Titus?"

"Unless she told him," Sarah murmured.

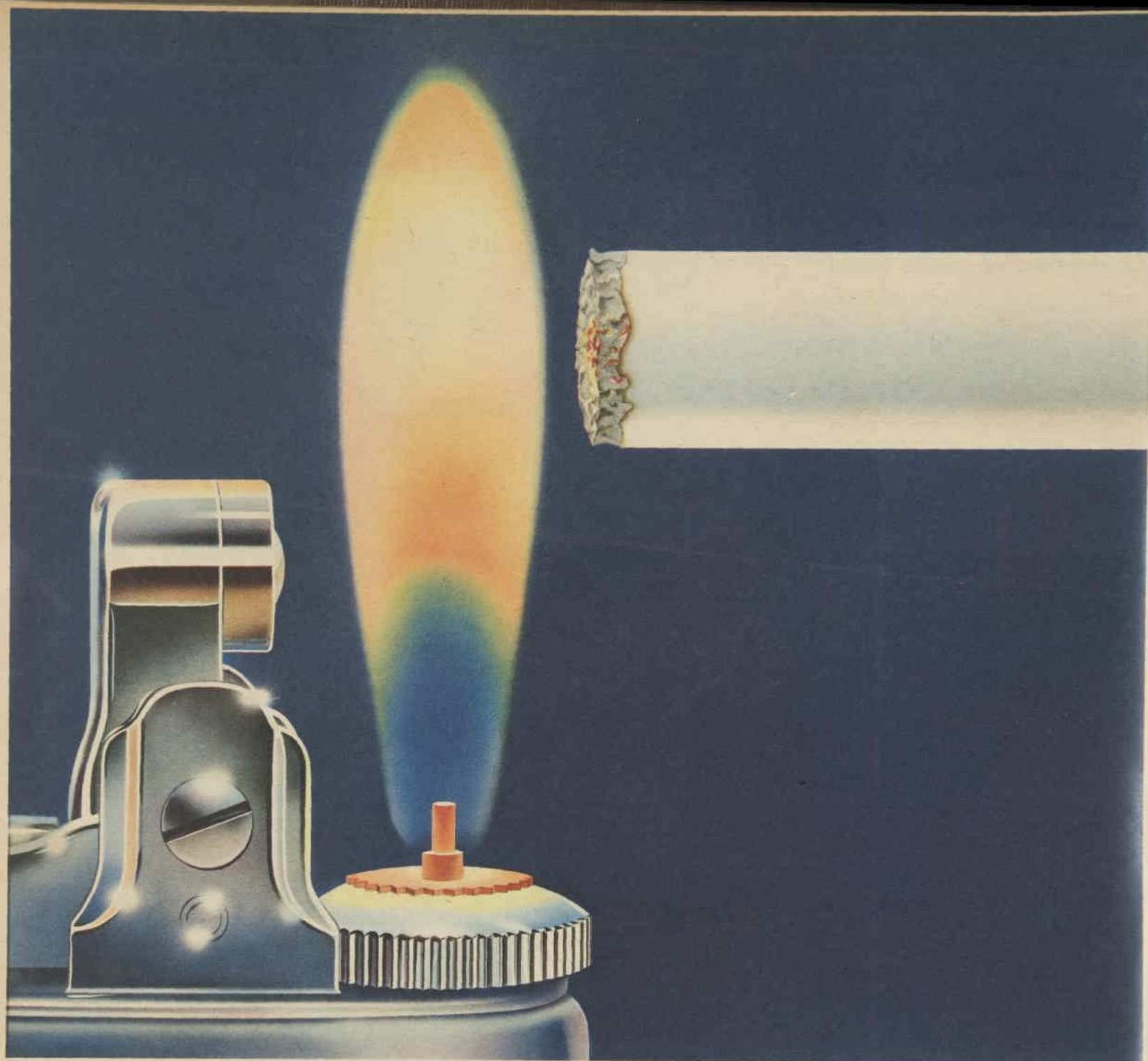
Amalie gave an incredulous laugh. "You mean she'd creep in there late at night and tell my son her first name! What far-fetched nonsense! Anyway, Sammie is a man's name."

Sarah looked at her plate.

"It could be short for Samantha," she said.

Again there was that tiny bubble of silence. Again it was broken by Lady Malvina.

To page 54



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Jane was astonished when the young man handed her a huge basket of beautiful flowers.



Flowers for Miss Benson

THOSE who knew Jane Benson before the change took place would find it almost impossible to believe that it could have happened — and all in the course of one short week — except for the evidence presented in the appearance of Jane herself. And those who came to know her after the transformation simply refused to believe that she had ever been different.

She was rather a pretty girl, although she did not seem to realise it. She was average height and slight of build, but with her father's coloring, blue eyes, and brown hair, which fell softly back from her face and curled gently just above her shoulders. Unfortunately Jane neither seemed to recognise these assets nor to make the most of them.

In a word she was lazy, spending most of her spare time ankle-deep in magazines and discarded clothes in her bedroom, listening to her favorite recordings, reading, or, as Jane put it, "just thinking." All this activity didn't leave any time for cleaning shoes and pressing clothes.

This didn't really worry Jane, because most of the time she wore old jeans teamed with either a sloppy sweater or a loose shirt. Neither her mother's nagging, pleading, nor her tactful hints and offers to help her choose something more suitable for a 17-year-old, just-out-of-school girl seemed to make the slightest difference to Jane.

There were times when her father threatened to stop her allowance. "At least," he told his wife hopefully, "she won't be able to buy those raucous records or those trashy magazines."

And when in a gentler mood he tried bribes, completely forgetting all the advice he had read in such books as "How to Understand Your Child" and "Psychology of the Adolescent." "Now, listen, Jane, honey, if you can manage to keep both your room and yourself tidy, I'll buy you that lemon party frock we saw at Hannaker's."

Apparently Jane was completely uninterested in Hannaker's party frock, because she and her room remained faithful, each as untidy as the other.

Occasionally there were weak attempts like the time when the school end-of-term party was just a few days away to improve her appearance. Jane made a frantic effort, but somehow she seemed to go too far, wearing too much lipstick, painting her fingernails a brilliant shade of red, and dragging her pretty brown hair up into an oversophisticated style, while still wearing her sloppy old clothes.

Then came the final blow. Colin Jenkins, in whose honor Jane had donned all the gaudy paint, did not invite her to the party. Instead he took Irene Saunders. And so Jane missed out on the end-of-term party altogether. This unfortunate occurrence so lowered Jane's self-confidence that she made no further attempts at taking herself in hand and completely lapsed back into her old ways.

It was Saturday morning and Mrs. Benson and Jane were carrying in the weekend groceries from the car when there was a ring at the front door. "I'll go," called Jane.

She opened the front door to a fresh-faced young man. "Flowers for Miss Benson," he said, thrusting a huge basket of flowers at Jane. She rushed out into the kitchen, calling to every member of the family as she went.

"Oh, Jane," gasped her mother as she came in with an armful of groceries, "are they for you? Who sent them? Aren't they beautiful, roses and delphiniums, my favorites."

"One question at a time, Mother," said Jane. "Yes, they are for me, and I haven't the slightest idea who sent them. Look, three white orchids, too. Oh, Mother, my first orchids and I don't know who sent them," she wailed.

"You could find out if you rang the florist," Mrs. Benson suggested. "Here, the name is on the card, Red Rose Salon. You don't recognise the writing, do you?"

Jane went to the telephone immediately, but all the florist could tell her was that the flowers were ordered by a man. "I particularly remembered it," said the florist, "because we rarely get orders for such large baskets."

During lunch the conversation naturally turned to Jane's flowers, and even more naturally to Jane's unknown admirer. "Do you think it could be Michael Dillon?" suggested Mrs. Benson. "He's such a nice boy."

"Oh, Mother, not him. He's not a nice boy, he's a regular drip. He doesn't even know I exist, and what's more I don't want him to know! It may have been Colin Jenkins," she ventured.

"Oh, yes," said Mike, Jane's young brother, with his small-boy talent for saying the wrong thing, "everyone knows he's been taking Irene Saunders out."

"That will do, Mike," said Mr. Benson in a tone that was like a verbal kick under the table. "All this speculation will get us nowhere. Let us look at the facts. Jane has an admirer, and I don't see why he shouldn't remain anonymous if he wants to. Jane is a very attractive young lady, and when the young man feels more confident he will probably come right out and ask Jane for a date."

So the speculation ended, but it was the beginning of Jane's transformation. That afternoon she set her hair, manicured her nails, and even suggested to her father that she might have another look at the lemon frock in Hannaker's. During the following week Jane's room was tidied, her clothes mended, and her voice softened by two octaves. The outcome was an invitation from Colin to the hospital ball, which was the main social event of the season.

"Oh, Jane," called Mrs. Benson a few weeks later, "I'm almost ready to vacuum, would you please dust your father's study before you go to the store?"

"All right," Jane replied.

If men aren't the untidiest creatures she thought as she started on her father's desk, moving a pile of papers from under the old brass Buddha paperweight. As she did so one of the papers fluttered to the ground, and as she bent to pick it up her astonished eyes read, "From the Red Rose Salon, one basket of roses, delphiniums, and white orchids delivered to Miss Jane Benson." Attached to the account was her father's cheque.

Just then Mrs. Benson bustled in with the vacuum-cleaner and Jane hastily tucked the account under the other papers. "If you can keep the secret," she whispered to herself, dropping a kiss on the head of the old brass paperweight, "then so can I."

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A short, short story By TASHIE CRICHTON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 14, 1961



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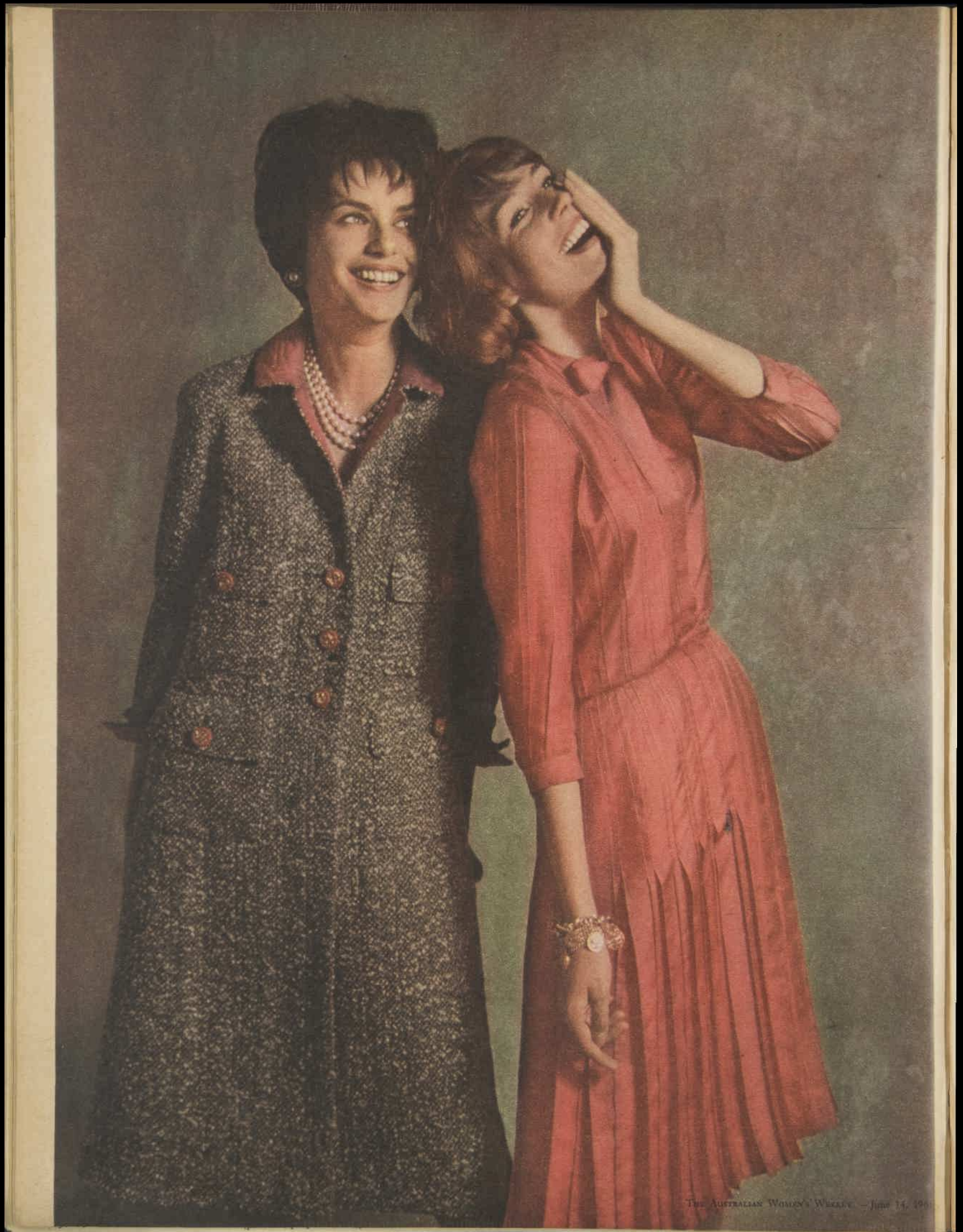
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24 TABLETS 5/9

WOMEN'S

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 14, 1961

Chanel formula for spring

● *The Chanel fashion formula is equal parts youth, elegance, and charm. Chanel thinks a woman should be noticed — but not because she is wearing something that looks extreme.*

AT her fashion-house in the Rue Cambon, Paris, alongside the entrance to the swank Ritz Bar cocktail lounge, Coco Chanel has scored again with her spring collection.

Mademoiselle Chanel does not show her collection on the usual lean and remote mannequins. The clothes are displayed by her friends who are often her clients. The latest recruit in this field is Shauna Trabert, wife of famous U.S. tennis-player Tony Trabert.

Chanel is one of the few French designers who do not deal in that perishable commodity — novelty. She does not believe in fashion fads. Her principle has always been simplicity, with superb attention to detail.

Her look is fluid, easy, young, slim-tipped, the bosom neither concealed nor stressed.

For spring, '61, Chanel continues to triumph without changing her fashion principle. But she has replaced her famous lame dinner-suit with an oriental tunic, has added mink bands to a nonchalant dress-coat costume—and gone all out for flowery chiffon.

Her spring suits—and it's the Chanel suit that made her internationally famous — are slightly more formal than last season's. Her classic cardigan, popular for six years, has been replaced by a suit with a military air. Another best-seller is a suit with a gored skirt emphasised with saddle-stitching.

Chanel makes her own rules in the business world. She refuses to belong to the Chambre Syndicale de la Haute Couture and, if so inclined, ignores the Press. Any private client, known or unknown, however small her requirements, is always treated with courtesy and attention.

Way back in the 'twenties Chanel was the first dressmaker to design costume jewellery. Many of the pieces still on sale were copied or part-copied from her own jewellery. The gems are replaced by fascinating fake stones.

—Betty Keep

OPPOSITE: Chanel dips lavishly into her favorite rose-pink for a slender pleated dress. Accompanying it is a casual coat.

● Shauna Trabert, one of Chanel's star mannequins, models the suit, right. A military mood is created by the officer-type jacket.



● Typical Chanel design is seen left in this jersey dress and sable trimmed topcoat.

● Chanel has introduced gores for spring, above, and accents them with white stitching.

● The Chanel evening dresses are all simple and short. The one below is made in chiffon.



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Dress Sense

by BETTY KEEP

● This two-way party dress—sheath and detachable lace overskirt—is my design choice for a young reader.

HERE is part of her letter, and my reply:

"Please design a slim sheath frock for after-five wear, and suggest some dressy addition for more formal occasions. I want the dress made in a dark shade or in black."

This sleeveless sheath dress made with a shoulder-to-shoulder neckline plus a detachable apron skirt in lace will take care of your party-frock problem for most occasions. Color is really a matter for personal taste; however, deep, deep brown and olive-green are both newer this season than black. You mentioned in your letter that you would require a paper pattern for the design, but you omitted to state your size. A paper pattern is available for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, so I hope you are included in this group. Under the illustration are details.

"I am going on a northern cruise and I wondered if it would be necessary to dress formally in the evening."

No. During the past few years dressing for shipboard life has become rather informal. You will change for dinner, but you needn't dress-up (meaning formal evening dress) unless you choose. Either a skirt and separate top made in a pretty cotton or silk or a late-day dress would be adequate.

"Do you consider beige a becoming shade for a brunette?"

A creamy beige (not a stone) can be very flattering to dark hair and eyes.



DS450.—Sheath dress and detachable overskirt in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. 36in. lace, and ¾yd. 36in. net. Price 4/9. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Does the bride's father wear the same sort of suit as the bridegroom? What is correct male attire for a 6.30 p.m. wedding?"

The men in the bridal party should all wear similar attire. For a wedding taking place at 6.30 p.m. or later, the men should wear tails and white tie or dinner-jacket and black tie. However, these days, even when a girl wears a formal wedding-dress, it is accepted as being correct for the bridegroom to wear a dark lounge suit.

"Is the semi-fitted dress suitable for a matron in her early forties?"

I don't think age comes into this. The easy-fit dress is primarily intended for the woman with a slender figure and good legs. However, as the silhouette is semi-fitted, it has the advantage of covering any minor figure flaws.

"A member of my husband's firm has invited us to a 5 p.m. function, and as I am pregnant I am worried about my frock. If you could offer a suggestion I will take it to my dressmaker."

A high-waisted Empire line is a pretty silhouette for a maternity party-dress. Have the high waist marked by a narrow self-material bow and have the band curved upwards to mould the bosom. The skirt from below this level would be best made with soft unpressed pleats.

"Would it be correct for a 14-year-old girl to wear a tennis frock with a pleated thigh-length skirt?"

Yes, it would. But be quite sure the dress is worn over matching bloomers or fitted panties.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 14, 1961

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- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Neapolitan spaghetti | 4. Chocolate log | 7. Cheese strata |
| 2. Hungarian meat balls | 5. Eggos (cups) | 8. Italian macaroni |
| 3. Austrian meat croquettes | 6. Norwegian smoked egg | 9. Cheese |

1 NEAPOLITAN SPAGHETTI

- 2 cups broken spaghetti
- 1 clove garlic
- 3 tablespoons "SUNSHINE" Full Cream Powdered Milk
- 1 tablespoon grated cheese

Boil spaghetti with garlic in salted water, remove garlic, drain and rinse spaghetti. Add "SUNSHINE" in hot water. Place in double saucepan, add cheese and stir till melted. Add to beaten eggs. Add salt, parsley, onion and spaghetti and mix well. Pour into buttered loaf tin and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour.

2 HUNGARIAN MEAT BALLS (serves 4)

- 2 slices bacon, minced and cooked
- 1 cup minced cold beef
- 2 cups cold mashed potatoes
- 1 minced onion
- 1 cup thick tomato sauce
- 1 tablespoon "SUNSHINE" Full Cream Powdered Milk
- 1 cup water
- 1 tablespoon cornflour
- Pat for frying
- 1 teaspoon paprika

Mix bacon, minced beef, mashed potatoes, onion and paprika together. Make into balls. Combine tomato soup, "SUNSHINE" and water. Bring to boil and add the cornflour, which has been mixed with a little water. Stir and cook for 2 minutes. Fry meat balls until golden brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

3 AUSTRIAN MEAT CROQUETTES (serves 4)

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons "SUNSHINE" Full Cream Powdered Milk
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups finely chopped minced meat
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup dry breadcrumbs
- 2 tablespoons water

Melt butter and blend in flour. Add "SUNSHINE" and water and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add meat, onion, seasoning and parsley and let chill. Form meat patties and dip into breadcrumbs, then into slightly beaten egg mixed with 2 tablespoons water and then dip back into crumbs. Chill. Fry in hot fat until brown.

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We all know the many small irritations, worries and minor setbacks that can make us age . . . write their story on our faces. But do you ever wonder how it is that *some* women manage to look far younger than we know they actually are ?

Doctor's know !

Doctors and dieticians know that the secret of maintaining good health and attractiveness depends very largely on whether we work *with* Nature, or *against* her in the important, basic function of daily regularity.

Natural Regularity is best.

Possibly you have occasional times when you become aware of the fact that you haven't been quite as regular as you would wish to be. So, to get quick relief, you take 'something for it.'

As time passes, these little doses tend to get bigger, more frequent, until your system just can't do without them. Women who suffer from constipation and drain away their vitality in this way, must eventually pay for it. The obvious result will be the loss of a clear skin and bright eyes. *But this is not all !*

A timely warning !

"Family Doctor" the journal of the British Medical Assn. issued this warning :

"The constant use of purgatives does more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

"This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since."

"If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once ! Regular habits adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

Work with Nature!

Help Nature ! Discover the most pleasant, enjoyable way to achieve *natural* regularity and assure your continued attractiveness. This way is through the enjoyment of All-Bran at breakfast each morning ! All-Bran is a delicious nut-sweet laxative cereal made by Kellogg's. Because All-Bran is a food, it builds you up and provides a large part of your daily food

requirements. Laxatives, although they may give temporary immediate relief, actually drain vitality away from your system, and this must surely show in your face ! Only by reaching the cause of your irregularity can you hope to gain safe, lasting relief. All-Bran does reach the cause—lack of essential bulk. All-Bran's gentle bulk stimulates healthful natural regularity.

Make this simple 10-day test !

Enjoy All-Bran each morning, enjoy better health, and enjoy the promise that you needn't show your age. Look forward to continued attractiveness in the future. At each breakfast for ten days, enjoy a cupful of All-Bran, either on its own with milk and sugar, or, sprinkled over your present breakfast cereal.

Drink plenty of water. If at the end of ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of natural regularity, return the empty packet to Kellogg's who will gladly refund double your money.



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.250 mgs. *Vitamin B1*—for steady nerves, normal appetites.
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67 I.U./ounce *Vitamin D*—For strong teeth and bones.
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Plus "bulk" for safe natural regularity.



REACH FOR NEW HEALTH WITH ALL-BRAN

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• Original designs to knit and crochet in this pull-out book include ski-wear (p. 35-38)

Chic crochet coat

Materials: 42 (45) oz. Lincoln "Slick-Knit"; 1 Aero crochet hook size 7; 4 large buttons.

Measurements: 34 (36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 28½ (29½) in.; length of sleeve 18 (18½) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2 in.

BACK

Commence with a loose chain of 66 (70), turn. Work 1 d.c. into each chain.

Next row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., taking up both loops (66 [70] d.c.). Rep. last row until 10 rows have been worked.

Form a hem.

Turn up commencing chain behind work and work 1 row of d.c., taking tog. 2 loops of each st. of previous row and 1 chain from commencement (66 [70] d.c.).

Cont. in d.c. every row until work measures 19½ (20) in.

To Shape Armholes: D.c. until 4 d.c. are unworked, turn, d.c. until 4 sts. are unworked, turn, cont. in d.c., dec. 1 st. at end of next 6 rows (52 [56] d.c.).

Cont. in d.c. until armholes measure 9 (9½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulders: D.c. until 5 sts. rem. unworked, turn, rep. last row once. End off.

LEFT FRONT

Commence with loose chain of 38 (40). Work d.c. into every chain, turning with 1 chain for first d.c. every row for 10 rows.

Next Row: Make hem same as for back.

Cont. to work in d.c. every

row until work measures 19½ (20) in.

To Shape Armhole: With wrong side of work facing work in d.c. until 6 sts. rem. unworked, turn, d.c. 1 row.

Cont. in d.c., dec. 1 st. at end (armhole end) of next row and next 2 alt. rows (29 [31] d.c.).

Cont. evenly in d.c. until armhole measures 5½ (6) in. on the straight.

To Shape for Neck: With right side facing work d.c. until 13 (14) d.c. remain unworked, turn, d.c. 1 row (16 [17] d.c.).

Cont. in d.c. until armhole measures 9 (9½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder: With wrong side facing d.c. until 5 sts. rem. unworked, turn, work 1 row d.c.

Rep. last 2 rows once. End off.

Place 4 markers at front edge for buttons equal distance apart, first one ¼ in. from neck edge and last one 7 in. from lower edge.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

Make a buttonhole thus (right side facing): 3 d.c., 3 chain, miss 3 d.c., then 1 d.c. into each d.c.

Next Row: Work d.c. working 1 d.c. into each chain of previous row.

SLEEVES

Commence with loose chain of 40 (42).

Work 10 rows d.c. and form

hem same as for back. (40 [42] d.c.).

Work 7 rows d.c.

Cont. in d.c., working twice into first and last st. of row (42 [44] d.c.).

Work 7 rows d.c.

Rep. last 8 rows until there are 56 (60) d.c. in each row.

Cont. even without shaping until sleeve measures 18 (18½) in. or length required.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Work d.c. until 4 sts. rem. unworked, turn.

Rep. last row.

Cont. in d.c., dec. 1 st. at end of next 10 rows.

Work until 2 sts. rem. unworked, turn, rep. last row 6 times. End off.

To Seam Shoulders (right side facing): Work d.c. up edge of right front, around neck, and down left front to end, working 2 sts. into same st. at top of front borders, turn.

Rep. last row twice, dec. in corners of neck edge.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Seam sides. Seam sleeves and sew into armholes. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.

CROCHET coat for winter outdoor wear. Directions left.



Checkmate mohair topper

• Soft, silky mohair in stocking-stitch and a large square pattern make this a smart but casual sports sweater.

Materials: 12 (14, 16, 18) oz. Lincoln "Mohair"; 6 (7, 8, 9) oz. main colour; 6 (7, 8, 9) oz. contrast colour; 1 pr. each Nos. 7, 8, 9, and 10 knitting needles; 1 press-stud.

Measurements: To fit loosely 30 (32, 34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 24 (25, 26, 26) in.; sleeve seam, 15 (16, 17, 17) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations: M. — main colour; C. — contrast colour.

Note: When 46 (48, 50, 50) rows are worked above hem on No. 7 needles, colors are reversed for next 44 (46, 48, 48) rows, then reverse colors again for another 38 (40, 42, 42) rows.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles cast on loosely 43 (46, 49, 52) sts. with M. wool, then 43 (46, 49, 52) sts. with C. wool, and keeping

color sequence work in k 1, p 1 rib for 11 rows.

12th Row: (Wrong side facing): Knit.

13th Row: Knit.

14th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 5 times.

Next Row: Knit across row, passing needle through st. on needle and corresponding st. of cast-on edge to form hem.

Next Row: Purl.

Change to No. 7 needles and keeping continuity of color sequence work in st-st. for 80 (84, 86, 86) rows.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 (4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 72 (76, 80, 84) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until 48 (50, 54, 54) rows are worked in armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (6, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 6 (7, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 7 (7, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cast off rem. 34 (36, 38, 40) sts.

FRONT

Work as for back.

LEFT SLEEVE

Using No. 10 needles and M. wool cast on 44 (48, 50, 52) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 20 rows.

Change to No. 7 needles and work in st-st. in the foll. color sequence, 26 (30, 34, 34) rows M. color, then 44 (46, 48, 48) rows in C., and at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of the 7th and every 6th row foll. until 62 (66, 70, 72) sts.

Cont. in st-st. without further shaping until 70 (76, 82, 82) rows above ribbing.

To Shape Armhole: Change to M. wool and cast off 3 (4, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row foll. until 24 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT SLEEVE

As for left sleeve but commencing with C. wool and reversing color sequence.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams, leaving

last 7 sts. of shoulder shaping open on left shoulder.

NECK FACING

Using No. 8 needles and C. wool cast on 7 sts., then, right side facing, pick up and knit 17 (18, 19, 20) sts. along half of front neck, with M. wool pick up and knit 17 (18, 19, 20) sts. along 2nd half of neck, cast on 7 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

Change to No. 7 needles and work 4 rows st-st. Cast off.

Work facing for back of neck as for front.

Turn neck facings to inside of sweater and st-st. in position.

SHOULDER PLACKET

Using No. 8 needles and M. wool pick up and knit 8 (8, 9, 9) sts. along back of left shoulder opening and work 3 rows in garter-st. Cast off.

Sew on press-stud at neck edge. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Steam-press lightly.

More designs on page 35



CHECK SWEATER in two colors. Directions are given to fit 30 to 36 in. bust sizes, sleeve seams 15 to 17 in.

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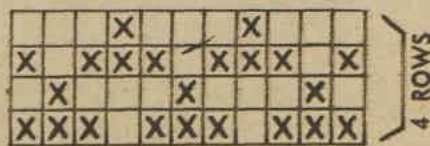
SWEATERS FOR SKI WEAR

● On this and the next three pages are seven ski-wear designs from

Europe, America, and Australia. Featured in color and black and white, they

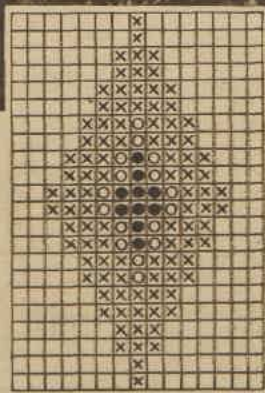
include a man's pullover, hooded jacket, sweaters, and an after-ski outfit.

FRENCH DESIGNS for the snow country. Two-color sweater on left is made in thick-knit wool. Diamond trimmed design on right is knitted in sports and ski yarn.



REPEAT 4 sts.

Graph for sweater at left
Graph for sweater at right



REPEAT THESE 15 sts.

- ☐ MAIN COLOR
- ☒ 1st. CONTRAST
- ☒ 2nd. CONTRAST
- ☒ 3rd. CONTRAST

Two-color sweater

Materials: 15 (16, 17) balls main color (m.c.); 11 (12, 13) balls contrast color (c.c.) Villawool Speediknit; 1 pr. each No. 6 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 22 in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17½ in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

* Using m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 99 (107, 115) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Change to No. 6 needles (k first row) and cont. in st-st., working from graph. Rep. the 4 sts. ending with 3 (3, 1) sts. Cont. until work measures approx. 15½ in., ending on the wrong side of work.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 (5, 6) sts. twice, 2 (3, 4) sts. twice, 1 st. 12 (14, 16) times. Cont. on rem. 75 (77, 79) sts. until armholes measure 4 in., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 stitch each end of the next and fol. 8th row*.

Cont. on these 79 (81, 83) sts. until armholes measure 7 in. on the straight, ending on a p row.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: K 29 (30, 31) sts., cast off loosely centre 21 sts., work to end.

Cont. on last sts. and shape neck edge as follows: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 sts. 3 times. Cont. until armhole measures 7½ in., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 8 (8, 8) sts. twice, 7 (8, 9) sts. once. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and work to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as for back from * to *. Cont. on these 79 (81, 83) sts. until armholes measure 5 in., ending on the wrong side of work.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: K 30 (31, 32) sts., cast off loosely centre 17 sts., work to end. Cont. on last sts. and shape neck edge as follows:

Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 (2, 2) sts. twice, 1 (1, 1) st. 4 times. Cont. until armhole measures 7½ in., ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder as for back. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 49 (51, 53) sts. and work as back until 2½ in. Change to No. 6 needles and cont. in patt. from graph, inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row thereafter until 73 (75, 77) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17½ in., ending on the wrong side of work. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 4 (4, 4) sts. twice, 2 (2, 2) sts. 10 times, 1 st. 12 times, 4 sts. 4 times, 17 (19, 21) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small b-st., sew up right shoulder. Press seam.

NECKBAND

Using m.c. and No. 9 needles and with right side of work facing, beg. at left shoulder and pick up and k 112 sts. round neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Join neckband edges. Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down.

Sweater with diamond trim

Materials: 13 balls main color (m.c.); 2 balls first contrast (f.c.); 1 ball second contrast (s.c.); 1 ball third contrast (t.c.) Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski Yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 7 needles; medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 in. bust; length, 24 in.; sleeve, 17 in. **Tension:** 9 sts. to 2 in.

BACK

** Using No. 5 needles and m.c., cast on 75 sts. and immediately beg. working from graph in st-st. Cont. until the 22 rows have been completed. Cont. in m.c. only and till work measures 5½ in., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 10th row until 83 sts. Cont. until work measures 15 in. (or length required), ending on a p row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 3 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

* **Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.*

Rep. from * to * until 25 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **, then from * to * until 39 sts. rem., ending on a p row.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 12, cast off centre 9 sts., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1.

Cont. on last 14 sts., shaping raglan as before on every 2nd row, at the same time dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 6 times, and 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog., break yarn and fasten off. Ret. to rem. 14 sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 40 sts. and work the 22 rows from graph, at the same time when work measures 2 in. inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row until 68 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. (or length required), ending on a p row. Shape raglan as back until **, then from * to * until 10 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up raglan seams. Press seams. Using a small b-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Using crochet hook and m.c., work 1 row d.c. round all edges. Lightly press edges.

More designs overleaf

SKI KNITWEAR continued



FAIR ISLE pullover is knitted in double quick wool. White, black, and turquoise make fresh color scheme.

IT'S THE BLUE

● Varying shades of blue, purple, and turquoise favorites in ski fashions, and Fair Isle is making

Fair Isle pullover

Materials: 16 balls white, 8 balls turquoise, 4 balls black Patons Double Quick Knitting Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 8 and set four No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: Bust, 38-40in.; full length, 27½in.; sleeve seam, 18½in.

Abbreviations: W, white; b, black; t, turquoise.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in. in width.

FRONT

With No. 10 needles and w. wool, cast on 140 sts.

Work k 2, p 2 rib for 2in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 8 needles and work the 44 patt. rows as given in chart twice, then from 1st to 28th row once.

To Shape Raglan: Keeping patt. even, cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 77 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 45 sts. rem. (end of black patt.). Cast off.

BACK

Work as given for front.

SLEEVES

With w. wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 52 sts.

Work k 2, p 2 rib for 3in., inc. 11 sts. evenly along last row (63 sts.). Change to No. 8 needles and work the 44 patt. rows as given in chart twice, then from 1st to 28th rows once, inc. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until there are 115 sts. on the needle. Cont. straight until 28th row of third patt. is worked.

To Shape Raglan: Keeping patt. even, cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 51 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 19 sts. rem. (end of black patt.). Cast off.

POLO NECK

Using back-stitch seam, join sleeves to front and back, leaving tops of sleeves to form part of neckline. With four No. 10 needles and w. wool and with right side of work facing, pick up 128 sts. evenly round neck. Work in rounds of k 2, p 2 for 6in. Change to b. wool, p 1 round, then work 1 round in k 2, p 2 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using flat seam for ribbing and back-stitch for other seams, join side and sleeve seams.

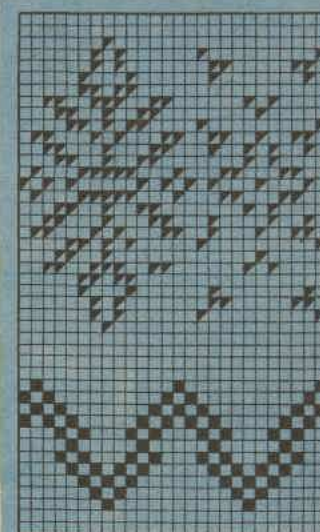


Chart for Fair Isle pullover at left.

Materials: 18 (19, 21) balls Villawool Slalom Ski and Sports Yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 3, 4, and 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit loosely, bust 34 (36, 38) in.; length, 26in. (all sizes); sleeve, 13½in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 2in.

Pattern.—1st Row (wrong side of work): Sl 1, k to end.
2nd Row: Sl 1, * k into st. below the next st., k 1, * rep., ending k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: Sl 1, k 1, * k into st. below of next st., k 1, * rep. to end.

Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

BACK

** Using No. 8 needles, cast on 80 (84, 88) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to No. 4 needles, k next row and evenly dec. 16 sts. along row 64 (68, 72 sts.). Work the

Chunky thick-knit

1st row of patt. Change to No. 3 needles and cont. in patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 16½in., ending on a k row. Place a marker in at each end of the last row as it is from this point that armholes are measured. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 6th and every 8th row thereafter until 72 (76, 80) sts. Cont. until armholes measure 7½in from markers on the straight, ending on k row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 2 (2, 2) sts. 10 times, 4 (4, 4) sts. twice, 2 (2, 2) sts. twice, 3 (4, 5) sts. twice, 34 (36, 38) sts. once.**

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 42 sts. (all sizes) and work as back until 2½in. and evenly inc. 8 sts. along the last row (50 sts.). Change to No. 4 needles and k 1 row. Work the 1st row of patt., change to No. 3 needles and cont. in patt. until work measures 13½in., ending on k row. Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. 8 times, 18 sts. once.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch,

sew up right shoulder seam. Press seam.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, pick up and k 52 (54, 56) sts. on the front, then the same number on back neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 on these 104 (108, 112) sts. for 1in., ending on right side of work. Change to No. 4 needles, k next row and evenly dec. 10 sts. across front, then 10 sts. across back neck. Work the 1st row of patt. on the next row. Change to No. 3 needles and cont. in patt. inclusive on these 84 (88, 92) sts. Cont. until patt. part measures 2½in., ending on k row. Cast off loosely in pattern.

Press collar. Sew up shoulder and collar ends. Pin sleeve tops into armholes between markers and seam edges tog. Press seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.



CHUNKY THICK-KNIT sweater will keep out cold winds on the ski slopes. It is knitted in sports wool on Nos. 3, 4, and 8 needles.

LOOK THIS SEASON

se are top
comeback.



MAN'S SWEATER has double thick collar, cuffs, and raglan sleeves.

Heavy rib sweater for a man

SIMPLE styling makes this a man's favorite sweater. Warm for ski wear, it would also be ideal for winter sailing and golfing. The neckband and cuffs are double to provide a firm finish.

Materials: Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski Yarn—19 (19, 20) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (2, 2) balls first contrast (f.c.), 2 (2, 2) balls second contrast (s.c.); 1 pr. each Nos. 4 and 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit loosely, chest 38 (40, 42) in.; length, 27in. (all sizes); sleeve, 19in. (all sizes).

Tension: 4 sts. to lin.

Pattern—1st Row: Sl 1, * k next st. into the row below, k 1, * rep. to end.

2nd Row: Sl 1, * k 1, k next st. into the row below, * rep. to last 2 sts., k 2.
Rep. these 2 rows inclusive.

BACK

** Using f.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 81 (85, 89) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to s.c. and work until 34in. altogether. Change to No. 4 needles, m.c. and pattern inclusive. Cont. until work measures 19in. (or length required), ending on the 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row 8 (10, 12) times ** then every 2nd row until 27 sts. rem. Cast off.

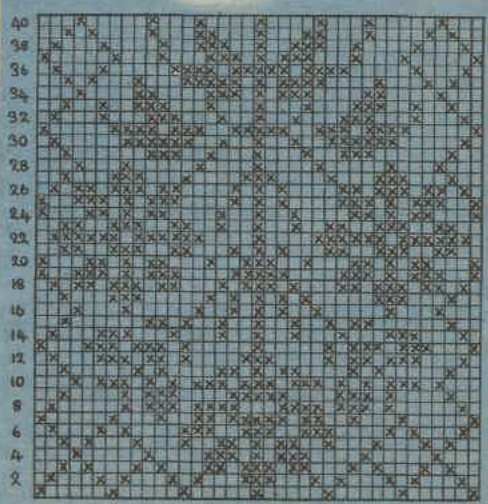


Chart for skirt at right.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **, then every 2nd row until 35 sts. rem., ending on the 1st row of patt.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Patt. 11 sts., cast off centre 13 sts., patt. 11 sts. Cont. on last 11 sts., dec. on raglan edge 1 st. every 2nd row 4 times, at the same time dec. on neck edge 1 st. every row 7 times. Return to rem. 11 sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using f.c. and No. 8 needles, cast on 47 (51, 55) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 22in. Change to s.c., cont. until 5in. altogether. Change to No. 4 needles and m.c. and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 64in., ending on the 2nd row of patt. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 14th row thereafter until 59 (63, 67) sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeve meas-

ures 214in. (or length required, allowing for ribbing to be folded in half), ending on the 2nd row of patt. Shape raglan exactly as back until 5 (5, 5) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side without stretching the rib patt. Using a small back-stitch, sew up the 2 front and 1 back raglan seams. Press seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using spare fine needle and s.c., pick up 112 sts. (all sizes) evenly round neck edge. With right side of work facing and using s.c. and No. 8 needles, k 1 row. Change to rib of k 1, p 1 and cont. until work measures 3in. Change to f.c. and cont. until 54in. altogether. Cast off loosely ribwise. Sew up remaining raglan and neckband ends. Press seam. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Fold all ribbed bands in half to inside and sl-st. down.

Two-piece to wear on snowy evenings



Materials, Skirt: 8 balls main color, 3 balls contrasting color Patons Nyllette crepe yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles; 7in. zip; 24in. elastic petersham, 14in. wide; 1 hook and eye. **Jumper:** 11 balls contrasting color; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 12 knitting needles; 4in. zip.

Measurements, Jumper: To fit a 35-36in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 20in.; length of sleeve seam, 4in. **Skirt:** Length of skirt, 27in.; to fit 24in. waist, 36in. hips.

Tension, Skirt: 6½ sts. and 8½ rows to lin. over st-st. on No. 9 needles; 7 sts. to lin. over Fair Isle on No. 9 needles. **Jumper:** 6½ sts. and 14½ rows to lin. over g-st. on No. 11 needles.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrasting color; inc. 1, k into back of loop between last and next st; g-st., garter-stitch.

SKIRT

Back: With No. 9 needles and m.c., cast on 84 sts. Beg. with k row, work in st-st. thus: **Next 4 Rows:** Work to end.

Next Row: (K 1, inc. 1 k-wise, k 26, inc. 1 k-wise, k 1) to end of row (90 sts.).

Next 5 Rows: Work to end in st-st.

Next Row: (K 1, inc. 1 k-wise, k 28, inc. 1 k-wise, k 1) to end of row (96 sts.).

Next 5 Rows: Work to end. Cont. inc. 6 sts. every 6th row as before until there are 144 sts. on needle. Inc. 1 st. at end of next row (145 sts.).

Cont. straight until work measures 194in. from beg., finishing with a p row. Change to No. 11 needles. Join on c.c.

Next 8 Rows: K to end. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: K to end in m.c. **Next Row:** P to end in m.c. Rep. these 2 rows once more.

Now work from chart, rep. the 36-st. patt. 4 times along row to row 40.

Next Row: K to end in m.c.

Next Row: P to end in m.c. Rep. these 2 rows once more. Change to No. 11 needles. Break off m.c.

Next 8 Rows: K to end in c.c. Cast off.

FRONT

With No. 9 needles and m.c.,

cast on 88 sts. Beg. with k row, cont. in st-st. thus:

Next 4 Rows: Work to end. **Next Row:** K 1, inc. 1 k-wise, k 86, inc. 1 k-wise, k 1 (90 sts.).

Next 5 Rows: Work to end.

Next Row: K 1, inc. 1 k-wise, k 88, inc. 1 k-wise, k 1 (92 sts.).

Next 5 Rows: Work to end. Cont. inc. 2 sts. every 6th row as before until there are 108 sts. on needle.

Inc. 1 st. at end of next row (109 sts.). Cont. straight until work measures 194in. from beg., finishing with a p row. Change to No. 11 needles.

Join on c.c.

Next 8 Rows: K to end in c.c. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: K to end in m.c. **Next Row:** P to end in m.c. Rep. these 2 rows once more.

Now work from chart, rep. the 36-st. patt. 3 times along row to row 40.

Next Row: K to end in m.c.

Next Row: P to end in m.c. Rep. these 2 rows once more. Change to No. 11 needles. Break off m.c.

Next 8 Rows: K to end in c.c. Cast off.

WAISTBAND

With No. 9 needles and c.c., cast on 20 sts. Work 24in. in st-st. Cast off.

TWO-PIECE in crepe yarn. The skirt is in stocking-stitch with Fair Isle trim, and the neat, short-sleeved top is in garter-stitch.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with warm iron over damp cloth. Join side seams, leaving 6in. open at left seam for zip. Sew in zip. Fold waistband over petersham and attach to waist. Attach hook at waist. Finally press all seams.

JUMPER

Back: With No. 12 needles, cast on 122 sts. Work lin. in st-st. Change to No. 11 needles.

Cont. in g-st. until work measures 14in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (110 sts.). Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every foll. 3rd row 6 times (98 sts.). Cont. straight until armholes measure 4in. from beg.

Back Neck Opening—Next Row: K 49, leave sts. on st-holder, k to end.

Working on latter sts., cont. until armhole measures 7in. from beg., finishing at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next and every

Continued overleaf

Another design on next page

**Two-piece—cont.
from previous
page**

fol. alt. row 8 times (17 sts.). Leave sts. on st-holder. Return to 49 sts. on st-holder and work to correspond with other side, reversing shaping (17 sts. rem.).

FRONT

Work same as for back until armhole measures 5½ in. from beg.

Front Neck, Next Row: K 41, leave sts. on st-holder, k 16, leave sts. on st-holder, k to end. Dec. 1 st. at end of next and every foll. alt. row 9 times (32 sts.). Cont. straight until armhole measures 7 in. from beg., finishing at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row 7 times. Fasten off. Return to 41 sts. on st-holder

and work to correspond with other side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

(Working from top downwards)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 26 sts. Cont. in g-st. thus:

Next Row: K to end.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to last st., inc. in last st.

Rep. this last row 13 times more (68 sts.). Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alternate row 9 times (86 sts.).

Sleeve Seam: Cont. straight for lin. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every foll. 4th row until 70 sts. rem. Cont. straight until sleeve seam measures 5 in. from beg., allowing for lin. to be set into armholes. Change to No. 12 needles. Cont. in st-st. for lin. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles, k across the 17 sts. at back neck, pick up and k 20 sts. at neck shaping, k across the 16 sts. at

front neck, pick up and k 20 sts. at neck shaping, k across the 17 sts. at back neck (90 sts.). Work lin. in st-st. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with warm iron over damp cloth. Join side seams. Join sleeve seams, leaving lin. open at the top. Set in sleeves, the lin. open sleeve seam into armhole shaping. Set in zip at back neck. Turn in facing at neck, sleeve, and hem. Stitch into place. Press all seams and facings.

HOODED JACKET has an unusual centre trimming. Buttons are fastened with tags of crochet.



HOODED SNOW JACKET

● Raglan-sleeved, hooded jacket is knitted in single rib pattern in bulky wool. Directions are given to fit 32 to 36 in. bust sizes. Edges have crochet trim.

Materials: 30 (31, 32) balls Peacock Bulkyknit; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 8 and 11; 1 medium-size crochet hook; 16 buttons; press-studs.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 25 (25½, 26) in.; bust, 32 (34, 36) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½ (17½, 18) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to lin.; 7½ rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 110 (116, 122) sts. Work in jersey st. rib of k 1, p 1, knitting into the back of every k st. until work measures 16 (16, 16) in. or required length. Shape raglan armholes as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 2 tog. t.b.s., cont. in jersey st. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: Work in jersey st., allowing for dec. sts.

Rep. the last 2 rows until dec. to 40 (42, 44) sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 62 (66, 70) sts.

1st Row: * K 1, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) 3 times, p 8, (p 1, k 1

t.b.s.) 3 times, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to last 22 sts., * k 1, (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) 3 times, k 8, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) 3 times, k 1 *.

3rd Row: * K 1, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 8, (sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, k 1 * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

4th Row: (P 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to last 22 sts., * k 2, (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) 3 times, k 6, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) 3 times, k 2 *.

5th Row: * K 1, p 1, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 6, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 1, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

6th Row: (P 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to last 22 sts., * k 3, (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) 3 times, k 4, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) 3 times, k 3 *.

7th Row: * K 1, p 2, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 4, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 2, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

8th Row: (P 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to last 22 sts., * k 4, (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) 3 times, k 2, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) 3 times, k 4 *.

9th Row: * K 1, p 3, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 2, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 3, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

10th Row: (P 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to last 22 sts., * k 5, (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) 3 times, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) 3 times, k 5 *.

11th Row: * K 1, p 4, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 4, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

12th Row: (P 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to last 22 sts., * k 6, (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) twice, p 2, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) twice, k 6 *.

13th Row: * K 1, p 5, (k 1 t.b.s., p 1) twice, k 2 t.b.s., (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) twice, p 5, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

14th Row: Rep. 12th row.

15th Row: * K 1, p 4, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 4, k 1 * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

16th Row: Rep. 10th row.

17th Row: * K 1, p 3, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 2, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 3, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

18th Row: Rep. 8th row.

19th Row: * K 1, p 2, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 4, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1,

k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 2, k 1 * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

20th Row: Rep. 6th row.

21st Row: * K 1, p 1, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 6, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, p 1, k 1, * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

22nd Row: Rep. 4th row.

23rd Row: * K 1, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave at back, k 1 t.b.s., p st. from spare needle) 3 times, p 8, (sl. next st. on to a spare needle and leave in front, p 1, k st. from spare needle t.b.s.) 3 times, k 1 * (p 1, k 1 t.b.s.) to end.

24th Row: Rep. 2nd row.

Rep. these 24 rows until work measures 16 (16, 16) in. or required length. Dec. 1 st. (2 sts. in from armhole edge) every 2nd row until dec. to 27 (29, 31) sts. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working the 22 sts. of patt. (from * to *) at opposite end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 56 (58, 60) sts. Work in jersey st. rib for 2 in. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in jersey st. rib, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 82 (86, 90) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17½ (17½, 18) in. or required length, shape raglan the same as for back until dec. to 12 (12, 12) sts. Cast off.

HOOD

Join sleeves to back and fronts. With right side of work towards you, using No. 8 needles and commencing about 1½ in. in from centre front, pick up and k about 116 sts. around neck to within 1½ in. of other front.

Next Row: Cast on 24 sts., k the cast-on sts., work in jersey st. rib to end, cast on 24 sts.

Next Row: P 24, work in jersey st. rib to last 24 sts., p 24.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 22, work in jersey st. rib to last 24 sts., k 22, k 2 tog.

Cont. in this way, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 128 sts. Cast off.

FRONT PIECE

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 100 sts.

1st Row: Work 28 sts. in jersey st., 44 sts. in patt. as for front of cardigan, work 28 sts. in jersey st.

Cont. to keep 44 centre sts. in patt. and 28 sts. each end in jersey st. rib for 2 in., then work across all sts. in jersey st. rib for 8 in. Run end of wool through all sts. and draw into a circle and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP:

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Work 1 row of d.c. down each centre front. Sew press-studs at neck and lower edge. Crochet 8 lengths of chain about 5 in. long, then work 1 row of d.c. into chain. Fold in half and join down centre, leaving an opening each end to form buttonhole. Sew on buttons as shown in illustration and fasten with the loops of crochet. Stitch front piece of hood to lower part, turn back the cast-on sts. each side and work 2 rows of d.c. around edge.

GLAMOR TOPS AND SKIRTS FOR PARTIES

● Glistening and colorful, these cocktail separates are knitted in soft mohair and crepe wools. Skirts have bands of wide elastic at the waist.

Gold-threaded sweater and skirt

Materials—Sweater: 7 (7, 8, 9) balls Villawool Mohair; 4 (4, 5, 5) spools Lurex; 1 pr. No. 4 needles; 1 medium crochet hook.

Skirt: 18 balls Villawool mohair; 11 spools Lurex; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 10 needles; length of 2in.-wide elastic for waist.

Measurements—Sweater: To fit bust 34 (36, 38, 40) in.; length, 21in.

Skirt: To fit waist 24 to 28 in. as required; length, 25in. (or length required).

Tension—Sweater: 4 sts. to 1in.

Skirt: 9 sts. to 2in.

Note: Use Mohair and Lurex together throughout.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 68 (72, 76, 80) sts., and work in st-st. for 1in., ending on a p row. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 3rd row thereafter until 52 (56, 60, 64) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 6in. from beg., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row thereafter until 68 (72, 76, 80) sts. Cont. until work measures 13in. from beg. (or required length), ending on a p row. Tie a marker in at each end of last row, as it is from this point that sleeves begin.

To Shape for Sleeves: Inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 74 (78, 82, 86) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 5½ (6, 6½, 6½) in. on the straight from markers, ending on a p row.

To Shape Neck and Shoulder—Next Row: K 25 (27, 29, 31) sts., turn, leaving rem. 49 (51, 53, 55) sts. on holder. Cont. on these 25 (27, 29, 31) sts., and dec. on neck edge 1 st. every row 5 times, at the same time when sleeve measures 6½ (7, 7½, 7½) in. on the straight from markers, cast off on sleeve edge at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 (5, 6, 6) sts. twice, 5 (6, 6, 7) sts. twice. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, cast off centre 24 sts. (all sizes), k to end. Cont. as for other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until sleeves measure 4½ (5, 5½, 5½) in. on the straight from markers, ending on a p row.

To Shape Neck and Shoulder: Work as for back, but dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 5 times.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew

up shoulder and side seams to markers. Press seams. Work 1 or 2 rows of double crochet round neck, sleeves, and lower edges.

SKIRT

BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 156 sts. Knit 2 rows. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 24in. (or length required).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows—

Next Row: * K 1, p 2 tog., * rep. to end.

Next Row: * K 1, p 1, * rep. to end.

Rep. last row until ribbing measures 1in. Cast off ribwise.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up side seams. Press seams. Attach required length of elastic to wrong side of waist, using a herringbone-stitch.

Purple sweater and striped skirt

SWEATER

Materials: 12 (13, 14, 15) balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; 1 pr. each Nos. 10, 11, and 12 needles.

Measurements: To fit bust 32 (34, 36, 38) in.; length, 20in. (all sizes); sleeve, 10in. (all sizes).

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

BACK

** Using No. 12 needles, cast on 106 (112, 118, 124) sts., and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Cont. until 4in. altog., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row thereafter until 118 (124, 130, 136) sts. Cont. until back measures 12in., ending on a k row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next 2 rows, 122 (128, 134, 140) sts. Break yarn and leave aside.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 3 sts. and shape both sides at the same time as follows:

Right Side Edge (sleeve edge): Inc. 1 st. every 2nd row 15 times.

Left Side Edge (underarm edge): Cast on at the end of the 1st and every 2nd row thereafter 3 sts. 3 times, 4 sts. twice, 5 sts. 8 times, 6 sts. twice (87 sts.), ending on a k row. Break yarn and leave aside.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as right sleeve in reverse, ending on a p row. Proceed to work sleeve and back on one needle, using the same needle as that holding the 87

sts. of left sleeve, p 122 (128, 134, 140) sts. of back, p 87 sts. of right sleeve, 296 (302, 308, 314) sts.

To Shape Upper Sleeves: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 52 times, 3 sts. 24 times, ** 5 sts. 8 times, and 80 (86, 92, 98) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck and Shoulders—Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., knit until 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. on needle, cast off centre 22 (24, 26, 28) sts., k 29 (31, 33, 35) sts.

Cont. on last 29 (31, 33, 35) sts., and shape shoulder by casting off at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 sts. 4 times, 2 (4, 6, 8) sts. once, at the same time cast off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 4 sts. once, 3 sts. once. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **

To Shape Neck and Shoulders—Next row: Cast off 5 sts., k until 47 (49, 51, 53) sts. on needle, cast off centre 16 (18, 20, 22) sts., k 52 (54, 56, 58) sts.

Cont. on last 52 (54, 56, 58) sts., and shape shoulder by casting off at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 sts. 8 times, 2 (4, 6, 8) sts. once, at the same time shape neck by casting off at beg. of every 2nd row 3 sts. once, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. 3 times. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press work after pinning out each piece flat on table. Using a small back-stitch, sew up the right upper arm and shoulder seam. Press seam.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle, pick up 128 (132, 136, 140) sts. around neck edge.

Using No. 11 needles, work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 12 needles and cont. until 2in. altog. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Sew up the upper arm, shoulder, and neckband, side and underarm seams. Press seams. Fold to inside a hem 1in. wide on sleeve ends and slip-stitch down.

SKIRT

Materials: Villawool Mohair, 8 balls dark color (d.c.), 6 balls light color (l.c.); Villawool Slalom, 2 balls contrast color (c.c.); 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 10 needles; length of 2in.-wide elastic for waist.

Measurements: To fit waist 24 to 28in. as required. Length, 25in. (or length required).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 5 needles and d.c. in mohair double, cast on 156 sts. Cont. with single yarn and k 2 rows. Cont. in st-st.

throughout as follows: 20 rows d.c., 2 rows c.c., 18 rows l.c., 2 rows c.c. Cont. in stripes as before, but working 2 rows less in d.c. and l.c. stripes until work measures 24in. (or length required). Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows—

Next Row: * K 1, p 2 tog., * rep. to end.

Next Row: * K 1, p 1, * rep. to end.

Rep. last row until ribbing measures 1in. Cast off ribwise.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up side seams. Press seams. Attach required length of elastic to wrong side of waist, using a herringbone-stitch. If desired, brush work on right side only.

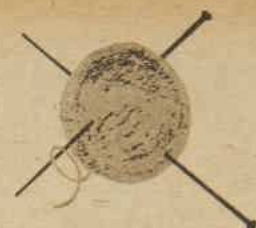
More designs overleaf



GOLD-THREADED skirt and matching top at left can be made in 24 to 28in. waist and 34 to 40in. bust sizes. Striped mohair skirt and crepe sweater can be made to fit 32 to 38in. bust and 24 to 28in. waist. Make the skirts to the length required.

DESIGN FOR THE FULLER FIGURE

● Slim-line mohair pullover to fit 38 to 42 inch bust sizes has an unusual, eye-catching collar in double rib.



Twisted cable stitch panels and knit 2, purl 2 rib are stitches used for this pullover.

Materials: 23 (B-24, C-25) balls Patons Mohair Brushed Knitting Yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 8 knitting needles; 1 cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 38 (B-40, C-42) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 24 (B-24, C-25) in.; length of sleeve seam, 21 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 11 sts. to 2 in. in width.

Abbreviations: "Twist A," slip next st. on to cable needle and hold at front of work, k next st., then st. from cable needle; "Twist B," slip next st. on to cable needle and hold at back of work, p next st., then st. from cable needle.

BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 114 (B-122, C-130) sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 3 in.

With No. 8 needles proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 14 (B-18, C-22) * ("Twist A," k 1) twice, "Twist A," k 18. Rep. from * twice, ("Twist A," k 1) twice, "Twist A," k 14 (B-18, C-22).

2nd Row: P 14 (B-18, C-22) * ("Twist B," p 1) twice, "Twist B," p 18. Rep. from * twice, ("Twist B," p 1) twice, "Twist B," p 14 (B-18, C-22). Rep. these 2 rows until back measures 15½ in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 (B-8, C-9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 86 (B-94, C-102) sts. rem. Work straight until armholes measure 8 (B-8, C-9) in.

To Shape Shoulders—1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 9 (B-10, C-11) sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 18 (B-20, C-22) sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 28 (B-31, C-34) sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as given for back until armhole shapings have been

completed, 86 (B-94, C-102) sts.

Work straight until armholes measure 5 (B-5, C-6) in.

Next Row: Pattern 38 (B-41, C-44), k and slip next 10 (B-12, C-14) sts. on to a st-holder, pattern to end of row.

Cont. on last 38 (B-41, C-44) sts., and leave rem. sts. on a st-holder. Dec. once at neck edge in next and every alt. row until 28 (B-31, C-34) sts. rem.

Work straight until armhole measures 8 (B-8, C-9) in., ending at neck edge.

To Shape Shoulder—1st Row: Work to last 8 (B-9, C-10) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 18 (B-20, C-22) sts., turn.

4th Row: Like 2nd row. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work in rem. 38 (B-41, C-44) sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 54 (B-58, C-62) sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 3 in.

With No. 8 needles proceed as follows:

SIZE A

1st Row: "Twist A," k 1, "Twist A," k 18, ("Twist A," k 1) twice, "Twist A," k 18, "Twist A," k 1, "Twist A."

2nd Row: "Twist B," p 1, "Twist B," p 18, ("Twist B," p 1) twice, "Twist B," p 18, "Twist B," p 1, "Twist B."

SIZE B

1st Row: K 2, "Twist A," k 1, "Twist A," k 18, ("Twist A," k 1) twice, "Twist A," k 18, "Twist A," k 1, "Twist A," k 2.

2nd Row: P 2, "Twist B," p 1, "Twist B," p 18, ("Twist B," p 1) twice, "Twist B," p 18, "Twist B," p 1, "Twist B," p 2.

SIZE C

1st Row: K 1, * ("Twist A," k 1) twice, "Twist A," k 18, rep. from * once, "Twist A," k 1) twice, "Twist A," k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, * ("Twist B," p 1) twice, "Twist B," p 18, rep. from * once, "Twist B," p 1) twice, "Twist B," p 1.

Keeping continuity of pattern, inc. once at each end of needle in next and every foll. 6th row until there are 102 (B-106, C-110) sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 21 in.

To Shape Top: Cast off 6 (B-7, C-8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 54 (B-58, C-62) sts. rem.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off.

Neckband: With No. 8 needles work across sts. from st-holder and work 1 in. in st-st. Cast off.

Collar: With No. 8 needles cast on 134 (B-138, C-142) sts., and work 5 in. in rib as given for back of sweater. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn back neckband and slip-st. in position on wrong side. Sew on collar as illustrated. Finally steam all seams.

Pullover in bold ribbing

● A sweater you can make in double quick time. It is knitted in thick, chunky wool on large, No. 3 needles.

Materials: 17 (21, 24) balls "Peacock" Chunkyknit; 2 prs. needles, Nos. 6 and 3; 1 set of 4 No. 6 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 25 (27, 28) in.; to fit bust 34 (36, 38) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (18, 18) in.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1 in.; 5 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 55 (59, 63) sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 1½ in., ending with 2nd row. Change to No. 3 needles and work as follows:

1st Row (wrong side): Knit.

2nd Row: P 1, * k the next st. double by knitting into the row below and slipping st. off needle, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 16 (17, 17) in. or required length to armholes. Shape raglan armholes by dec. 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until dec. to 31 (31, 31) sts., then dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 21 (23, 23) sts. Leave on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until dec. to 29 (31, 31) sts.

Next Row: Work 8 (8, 8) sts., work the next 13 (15, 15) sts. and leave on a spare needle, work 8 (8, 8) sts.

Cont. on last 8 (8, 8) sts., dec. 1 st. each end of every

second row until dec. to 2 sts. Work 1 row, then k 2 tog. and fasten off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 33 (33, 35) sts. Work in rib as for back for 2 in. Change to No. 3 needles and work in pattern, inc. 1 st. each end of every 10 (10, 8) th row until inc. to 45 (47, 51) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (18, 18) in. or required length, shape the raglan top by dec. 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until dec. to 21 (19, 19) sts., then every 2nd row until dec. to 11 (11, 11) sts. Leave on a spare needle.

NECKBAND

Join sleeves to back and front. With right side of work

towards you, using 4 No. 6 needles, work the 21 (23, 23) sts. across back in rib, inc. 1 st., work the 11 (11, 11) sts. of sleeve in rib, pick up and k 9 (9, 9) sts. down one side of front, rib the 13 (15, 15) sts. of front in rib, pick up and k 9 (9, 9) sts. along other side of front, then rib the 11 (11, 11) sts. of other sleeve, inc. 1 st. Cont. in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

CHUNKY-STYLE design that's fun to wear. Directions are given at left to fit 34, 36, and 38 in. bust sizes.



Home is a PERSON not a PLACE

By MARY WILKINS

● *Children who are with their families can take travelling or moving house in their stride—home is where the parents are.*

"WE'VE moved five times in as many years," a rather worried mother once told me, "and I'm afraid that the children will never know what a real home feels like."

I had a good deal of sympathy with her because children like to have a settled home if it is a pleasant one and they have a happy association with it.

But to children growing up a particular person is far more important than any mere house and garden, however familiar or attractive.

For home, as far as young children are concerned, is where mother is—and, if possible, where father is also.

The roof that affords their shelter may be a house on a farm or in a suburb, a furnished flat, a caravan, or rooms in the house of a friend or relative.

But the one thing that makes it home is the parents' presence.

With mother to make all the domestic arrangements, backed up by father going off to work each day, a home can be made even in the most unfavorable surroundings.

For those parents, therefore, who may hesitate to transfer their young families from one State or one district to another when the necessity arises, I would point out that although the disadvantages are fairly numerous, they are as nothing compared with the harm that can be done by breaking up the family.

Any child needs the inestimable benefit of home life, as represented by the familiar people whom he loves and trusts.

"One human being"

It is, of course, only comparatively recently that the importance of human relationships in connection with child care have come to be considered so seriously.

Not so long ago, even social workers were inclined to remove children from what appeared to be unsuitable homes to cleaner and better surroundings.

Today they are coming to realise that what really matters to a child is not merely cleanliness, good food, and ordered routine—important as these things are—but a personal

attachment to one human being who loves him and whom he can love in return.

This was brought home to me by a social worker in Britain who was dealing with problem families and who illustrated the point with a case in his own area.

He had found a very dirty old woman who was trying to bring up her four orphaned granddaughters and making, to all appearances, a thorough muddle of the job.

So, with the best of intentions, he had the girls, whose ages were eight to 14, removed to a Home, and offered to keep in touch with both the girls and the old woman and keep them in touch with one another.

Granny loved them

It was only, when he found that the moment he appeared at the Home he was overwhelmed with anxious inquiries from all the children as to who was fetching Granny's groceries, was her rheumatism any worse, and was anyone seeing that she wore her cardigan, and other questions of a like nature, that he realised that Granny, though dirty and slovenly, was the mother figure on whom they lavished all their affection.

For in spite of her regrettable habits, she was kind and she did love them.

So the social worker took off his coat, cleaned Granny's house from top to bottom, brought the children back, and showed the two eldest how to cook.

Among children of more well-to-do parents, separations equally distressing can occur in our own country.

The parents or guardian may have excellent intentions, but still fail to give love. I am referring to instances like these:

- A mother and father may, for some reasons of their own, part company, and perhaps the mother takes a job and leaves the children for at least part of the day with a relative.
- One parent may be absent temporarily.
- Or perhaps both parents die and the children are in the care of a guardian or relative.

Of course, some aunts and grandmothers make excellent substitutes for the parents, particularly when they are not full-time substitutes.

But the chances are these good people also

have their own families, interests, or businesses to attend to, and then the children they take into their homes automatically fall into second place.

These children are not necessarily not loved by their "substitute" parents. Their tragedy is that they are not needed.

Though they may be quite well looked after, there is still no home life in the real sense of the word—and it is home life which is the best foundation for happy maturity.

Sometimes, also, it so happens that the father's work takes him away from home for days at a time. Sometimes he is habitually away all the week, returning at weekends.

This is hard on the whole family.

The disadvantages are best overcome if the mother "fills in" cheerfully for both parents during the week and then makes Dad's home-coming a happy family event.

The same principle applies when the father has to go away for longer periods—perhaps to some area where the climate, or lack of schools or housing, or the temporary nature of his work there, or some other thing makes it impracticable for the whole family to go.

The mother must keep the home atmosphere going while he is away and then give him a family welcome when he comes back again.

Most parents will agree, however, that

where it is possible for the whole family to be together it is best that they do so.

Finally there are, of course, the children who have no relatives at all but who do so desperately need a substitute for the mother and father they have lost.

While many people are willing to give a helping hand, often they do not realise that the orphan does not only need food and shelter, he needs also a mother substitute to love him for himself and not for charity.

Foster parents often take the responsibility, and many make great personal sacrifices to give the child a happy home life.

In ideal cases the children become well adjusted and happy and their personal tragedy is minimised or forgotten.

But all cases are not ideal, and the children who have lost their parents have many unhappy hours wishing and wishing for homes they know they cannot have.

Homelessness in the full sense of the word is a tragedy which may overtake any child from the wealthiest to the poorest, and let us never thrust it on any single one where it can be avoided.

And when natural parents are no longer available, let us always remember that shelter and food are not enough by themselves, because a real home is needed—and a home is a person, not a place.

Happy mother of five

● *A mother of two girls and three boys has written in reply to the article "Is a Family a Luxury?" in our issue of May 17. She recommends big families.*

Her letter, in part, reads:

"We mothers of families are cheered and encouraged by reading the article.

"If only non-mothers, and mothers of only one or two, knew how sorry we feel for them.

"At present I haven't enough time or money to be quite as well groomed as I desire, but just wait!

"I chose to be as I am, rather than have two well-dressed parents and two well-dressed children, in a well-ordered home, and with a newer car.

"We don't like wearing not-so-new suits, and enduring sleepless nights, but these things do pass.

"And then we also have our five beautiful children.

"My husband and I started out as

glamor types who thought vaguely of one or two children when we could afford them.

"But, thank goodness, I was able to puzzle out why so many girls who had good houses and clothes still seemed discontented at times.

"They were living for themselves mainly. Their two children were only part of their chosen pattern of life.

"They didn't understand real love for their children.

"I was able to look at my one child in a different light, and set about giving her three brothers and a sister.

"Deep satisfaction and contentment are what we feel, underneath plenty of surface ups and downs." — "Another Reader" (name and address supplied).

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AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● One of the most difficult things about being a parent is that it's so hard to get any sort of clear view of what your technique is like.

A DANCER can use a mirror to check up on her attitudes, a golfer can get his pro to straighten out the kinks in his game for him, but parents tend to just plod doggedly on making the same old mistakes over and over again.

The best of all mirrors for parents, I often think, is to have another family of parents and children staying in your house.

It's so wonderfully easy to pick holes in other people's handling of their children and to see why certain results follow certain bits of behaviour.

But after a few days of silent criticism of somebody else you find yourself beginning to wonder whether something that has been bothering you about your own children isn't just a simple bit of obvious cause and effect.

It's strange how reluctant we are, too, to be put right over anything to do with bringing up our children.

We all know somebody who's a better cook or a better dressmaker or a better laundress than we are, and we're only too glad to be given some tips.

But all but the most saintly of us believe that we know by instinct the perfect way to bring up our own children, and we don't welcome any criticism or any help from anyone else.

"Not mothered but smothered"

MY saintliness, if I'd ever had any, would have been strained to breaking-point this last week.

I've had one of my oldest and closest friends staying with me with two of her five children and we've been at it hammer and tongs, tearing each other's technique to shreds.

It's only a very old friendship that can stand this sort of thing without quarrelling, but we've managed to get a lot of amusement and a lot of enlightenment out of it.

"You're not mothering your children, you're smothering them," Beth tells me rudely.

Katherine's seventeen—what's it got to do with you whether she has remembered to press the skirt she wants to wear tomorrow or whether she's got enough money left from her allowance to pay for her lunch? That's her affair.

"You let her make her own mistakes and you make yours. This morning you reminded her three times that it was almost time for her to leave for the bus."

Of course, Beth is perfectly right. Now that she has pointed it out I can hear myself doing it, and I don't feel quite so irritated by the tone of weary boredom that Kay uses to answer me.

I can see, too, that it's very bad for Kay. She may answer rudely when I remind her of something that she happens to have remembered for herself, but nine times out of ten she depends on me to check up for her and prod her along and keep her up to time.

And I've always blamed her for that! It had never occurred to me that she didn't take responsibility for these things because I had never let her.

Beth has with her her eldest daughter (who is Katherine's age) and her youngest son, John, who is five.

John is a monster—we're all agreed upon that.

He's a good-looking child and very intelli-

gent, and, at the moment, at least, is Beth's favorite.

"It's utterly ridiculous to pretend people don't have favorite children," Beth says.

"I've got five—how can I like them all equally at any given moment?"

"The fortunate thing is that your favorite can change from week to week or from day to day."

"The only important thing is that you keep your feelings to yourself and don't let them show in the way you treat your children."

Loves them all, but likes one best

AT first hearing I thought this was rather a shocking statement, but now it seems to me to make a certain amount of sense and to be realistic.

Beth emphasises that she's talking about liking, which is altogether a different thing from loving.

"I'm sure I love them all equally, in the sense that I'm completely bound up in their health and their happiness," she says.

"But they're not just 'my children,' they're five different personalities, all different from mine."

"It stands to reason that at different times I'll rub along better with one than with another."

"The only good thing about it is that these things change."

"Just at present Molly (the second child) irritates me a great deal, and I suppose I irritate her."

"But six months from now, with any luck, we'll be as thick as thieves and SHE'LL be the one of my children I'd most like to be wrecked on a desert island with."

Tempted to tell fibs

THE thing that worries Beth about her current favorite, John, is that he's what she calls "such an appalling liar," which gives me my chance to get my own back by criticising her handling of him.

Beth makes far too much fuss about it, and at the same time she isn't consistent.

Half the time John gets away with his lies and the other half he is punished and lectured as though he will surely land in hell.

All children tell fibs at some stage, and that very first fib is usually forced on them by some stupid adult asking the right question in the wrong way.

This morning there was a loud crash from the sitting-room and Beth and I rushed in to find a vase on the floor (not broken, luckily) and five-year-old John surveying the wreckage of flowers and water with Diana's tennis racquet in his hand.

"Did you do that?" Beth said to him threateningly.

John denied it, of course, and blamed Mike's cat Bobo, who happened to have been out in the garden with us when the crash occurred.

My point is that if you say "Did you do that?" to a small child, when you know darn well that he did, you're putting too much of a burden on him—you're suggesting the possibility of a lie when it mightn't have occurred to him otherwise.

With the fib once told it's very difficult for a child to back down, even if he wants to.

If Beth had said, "Oh, John, look what you've done!" or even "How did you do that?" the chances are even that she would have got a straight answer.



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CURRIES

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● To make a perfect curry, spiced to the degree which suits your family's taste, takes a lot of practice. But once this is mastered, you may be sure of praise each time you serve this aromatic dish.

PREPARED curry powders vary so much in flavor it is almost impossible to judge the correct amount necessary when you are using a brand for the first time. It is necessary to try a few different types and varied amounts before estimating just how much to use for meat, fish, or vegetables.

Age also affects curry powder, so it is wise to buy it in small amounts and keep the jar or tin tightly lidded between use.

To obtain the full flavor of curry powder throughout the dish, fry the powder with the fat and onion or other foods at the beginning of the cooking of the dish. Do not just blend it to the cooked food towards the end.

As a guide to the newcomer to curry cookery, use the following amounts at first — then alter to suit yourself or your family's taste.

2 to 3 teaspoons per pound for meat.

1½ to 2 teaspoons per pound for fish.

2 to 3 teaspoons per cup for sauces.

½ to 1 teaspoon per pound for vegetables.

For the more ambitious cook who wishes to make her own curry mixtures, here are recipes for both powder and sauce.

Curry Powder: One ounce coriander seeds, 1oz. caraway seeds, 1oz. turmeric, ½oz. cumin seeds, ½oz. black peppercorns, ½oz. cinnamon, ½oz. ginger, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cardamom seeds, 1 teaspoon fenugreek, pinch mace, chilli powder to taste.

Grind ingredients well in electric blender or with mortar and pestle.

Curry Sauce: Two tablespoons ground coriander, 1 tablespoon pepper, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, pinch chilli powder, 1 crushed clove garlic, ½ cup vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 tablespoon ginger powder, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Combine all dry ingredients and garlic, mix in vinegar and lemon juice, mix to smooth paste. Slowly add heated oil. Simmer paste 5 minutes. Allow to cool before using. Bottle, seal, and store in refrigerator.

In the following recipes spoon measurements are level and the 8-liquid-ounce cup is used. Quantities are sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

CHICKEN MANDALAY

One 3lb. chicken, ½ cup seasoned flour, 1 or 2 tablespoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons oil or butter, 2 large chopped onions, 1 large carrot (sliced), coconut milk (½ cup coconut soaked in 2 cups boiling water), 1lb. prawns, 1 cup peas, 1 cup corn, salt, pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs, hot fluffy rice.

Cut chicken into sections, dust with mixture of curry powder and seasoned flour. Fry in hot oil or butter until browned, remove from pan. Add chopped onion and carrot, sauté lightly. Remove coconut from water and add liquid to pan. Mix in the shelled prawns, peas, and corn, simmer gently 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange chicken in casserole dish, pour over vegetable sauce. Cover, bake in

moderate oven until chicken is tender (about 1 hour). Just before serving, garnish with egg wedges, place rice round edge of dish.

CURRIED VEAL

Two and a half pounds veal, 1 onion stuck with 2 cloves, ½ teaspoon thyme, salt, 12 medium-sized mushrooms, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 medium-sized onions, 4 teaspoons curry powder, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup cream, hot rice.

Cut veal into 2in. cubes, place in casserole with onion stuck with cloves, thyme, salt to taste, and enough boiling water to cover. Cover, simmer 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Slice mushrooms, cook them gently in 2 tablespoons butter. Peel onions, slice them very thin, sprinkle with the curry powder, cook in remaining 2 tablespoons of butter until soft but not brown. Add flour, cook gently 4 minutes. Remove veal from broth, measure 2 cups of broth. Strain, add slowly to curry mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until well blended and thickened. Beat egg-yolks, mix with the cream. Take a little of hot sauce and stir into egg-yolk mixture. Add this slowly to curry sauce, stirring until thickened. Do not boil. Pour sauce over meat. Serve with rice.

STEAK SIAM

Three pounds bladebone steak, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 teaspoons curry powder, 2 sliced onions, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 4 carrots (peeled and quartered), 2 diced turnips, 2-3rd cup dried apricots, 2-3rd cup prunes, 2-3rd cup stock.

Cut meat into cubes, coat with flour. Heat butter, brown meat on all sides, sprinkle with curry powder, salt, cook 5 minutes. Add the vegetables and dried fruits, pour over enough

stock to cover, bring to boil. Lower heat, cover, and simmer gently 2 hours or until meat is tender and vegetables and fruits have blended.

INDIAN-STYLE CHICKEN CURRY

One boiling fowl, 2 medium-sized sliced onions, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 sliced tomato, 1 cup yoghurt, 3 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cups cooked rice.

Cut chicken, including giblets and neck, into pieces. Cook onion and curry powder in butter until lightly browned. Add chicken to onions with tomato, yoghurt, and salt. Cover, simmer until chicken is tender (about 2 hours). If sauce is watery, remove chicken when tender and boil sauce rapidly to reduce and thicken it. Reheat chicken in sauce. Serve with rice.

CURRIED POACHED FISH

Three onions, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 cup fish stock or water, 6 fish fillets, salt and pepper.

Chop onions, sauté in butter. Add crushed garlic, curry powder, tomato puree. Simmer 5 minutes. Add fish, stock or water, salt and pepper to taste. Cover, poach gently until done (about 6 minutes or until fish flakes easily).

CURRIED BEEF ROLLS

Three tablespoons salad oil, ½ cup chopped onion, 1lb. minced steak, 2 cups chopped mushrooms, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 cup rich white sauce, 2 cups sifted flour, extra ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 4 tablespoons butter, ½ cup white wine.

Heat oil in pan, sauté onion, curry powder, steak, and mushrooms 10 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent lumps forming. Add salt, pepper, and white sauce. Mix well, correct

seasonings. Set aside. Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder into bowl; rub in butter. Stir in the wine, roll out dough in rectangle 1-3rd inch thick. Spread meat mixture over, roll up. Seal edges with water, brush top. Place in buttered baking-tray. Bake in moderately hot oven 35 minutes.

PIQUANT CHICKEN SAUTE

One chicken (3lb.), 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon curry powder, ¼ cup dry sherry, 2 cups cream or evaporated milk, cornflour.

Cut chicken into pieces, cook in large saucepan or frying-pan over low heat with butter, salt, pepper, onion, and curry powder about 10 minutes with lid on. Add sherry and cream or evaporated milk. Bring mixture to boil, cook over low heat 25 minutes or until chicken is tender. Remove chicken from pan. Reduce liquid in pan to smooth sauce. If necessary add little cornflour blended with water. Season to taste, return chicken to sauce. Serve hot.

CAMBODIA STEAK

Two tablespoons butter, 2lb. bladebone steak (cut into cubes), 1 minced onion, ½ cup sherry, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon curry sauce, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups water, 1 cup tomato puree, extra ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon meat extract, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 lemon.

Heat butter, brown the meat. Remove and reserve. In same butter fry the minced onion. Replace meat, add wine and salt, simmer until all liquid has been absorbed, then add curry sauce and 2 cups water. Simmer 30 minutes. Add cinnamon, tomato puree, extra water, pepper, and meat extract. Simmer further 15 minutes. Add lemon juice and rind.



A GREAT VARIETY of fresh garden vegetables, a good chicken, and fresh prawns go into the making of this unusual spicy curry dish called Chicken Mandalay. Recipes for this curry and seven others are on this page.

DAIRY FOODS RECIPE CONTEST

Readers can win cash prizes totalling £3005

● Thousands of entries are being received from readers in our wonderful Dairy Foods Recipe Contest, in which a total of £3005 will be awarded for recipes featuring dairy foods.

WE are conducting this big recipe contest in conjunction with the National Festival of Dairy Foods, to be held during October.

The Grand Champion Prize of £2000—the largest cash prize we have ever offered in a cookery contest—will be awarded for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections of the contest.

In addition, the winner of the Grand Champion Prize will be acclaimed the Dairy Cooking Queen of Australia and will be invited to tour Australia during the National Festival of Dairy Foods.

The winner will tour all capitals and will be presented to housewives as the "First Lady of Fine Cooking." She will make guest appearances at leading hotels and restaurants and other places where fine food is appreciated.

If she has children, they will be offered a wonderful holiday on an Australian dairy farm.

The winner of the £2000 Grand Champion Prize may also be the winner of a £200 first prize in one of the three sections of the contest. Thus she will receive a total of £2200 in cash.

You can enter the contest by sending in recipes in which the four dairy products—milk, cream, butter, and cheese—are featured ingredients.

The three sections of the contest are:

Section 1. Lunch Menu. (Two recipes.) One main dish and one sweet, either hot or cold.

Section 2. Dinner Menu. (Three recipes.) Soup, main dish, and sweet; or hors-d'oeuvres, main dish, and sweet; or entree, main dish, and savory.

Section 3. Between-Meal Snack. A single recipe for biscuits or cake, teacake, savory, dip, or sandwich spread.

Dairy products used in entries submitted in this contest should be:

Butter: The usual brands of household butter, either salted or unsalted (sweet).

Cheese: Any type of Australian manufacture. Use of imported cheese will disqualify an entry.

Milk: Fresh, powdered, condensed, or evaporated.

Cream: Either fresh or tinned.

Competitors can enter as many menus (with their recipes) and as many single recipes in Section 3 as they wish.

But please remember that all entries to be eligible for a prize must contain one or more of the four dairy products.

Send entries to:

DAIRY FOODS RECIPE CONTEST,
BOX 5252, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

The contest will close on June 19. The last three weekly progress prize winners of £5 each will appear in our issue of June 28.

Here are this week's progress prize winners of £5 in each of the three sections.

SECTION 1: Lunch Menu

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. F. J. Overton, Mount Caroline, Box 133, Killerberrin, W.A.

MENU

Tomato juice cocktail
Cheese Fondue with Green Salad
Prunes and Aussie Ice-cream
Coffee

CHEESE FONDUE

Four ounces of dry breadcrumbs, sprigs parsley, ½ lb. cheddar cheese, 1 pint fresh milk, 2oz. butter, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, extra cheese (1oz.) for garnish, cayenne pepper.

Soak breadcrumbs in the milk. Grate cheese, melt butter. Beat eggs lightly and fold into crumb mixture, adding salt, cheese, and melted butter. Turn into ovenproof dish, cook in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven, sprinkle with grated cheese. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and little grated cayenne pepper sprinkled on top if liked.

PRUNE AND AUSSIE ICE-CREAM

Prunes: One pound prunes, 1 pint water, ½ lb. sugar.

Ice-cream: One ounce cornflour, 1 pint fresh milk, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, ½ pint fresh cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Prunes: Place prunes, water, and sugar in saucepan, cook over gentle heat 30 minutes. Cool, turn on to serving-dish, and chill.

Ice-cream: Bring to the boil ½ pint milk, blend the cornflour with remainder. Add sugar, stir into boiling milk. Cook 3 minutes. Separate egg-whites from yolks. Beat yolks, stir into milk mixture, cook 1 minute. Cool. Beat egg-whites and stiffly whip cream. Fold egg-whites and cream into cooled mixture. Add essence, mix well. Pour into trays and freeze.

SECTION 2: Dinner Menu

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. O. Lawson, Town Hall, Launceston, Tas.

MENU

Potato and Leek Soup
Kidney Casserole
Marshmallow Dessert



DELICIOUS PEACH-FLAVORED SCONES are topped with brown sugar and cinnamon and filled with whipped cream and peach slices. See recipe in Section 3 of the Dairy Contest progress prize winners on this page.

POTATO AND LEEK SOUP

Four potatoes, 6 leeks, 1½oz. butter, salt, pepper, ½ pint milk, ½ pint water, 2 egg-yolks, ½ pint cream, croutons of fried bread.

Slice potatoes and shred leeks. Melt butter in pan, add potatoes and leeks (reserving ½ cup of leek). Season with salt, pepper. Stir over low heat until vegetables are nearly soft. Add the milk and water, stir until boiling. Turn heat to very low, simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Rub through sieve, gradually add the egg-yolks beaten into the cream. Cook over low heat until thickened (this mixture must not boil). Serve with the remaining leek blanched and scattered over the top with croutons.

KIDNEY CASSEROLE

Two pounds veal or sheep kidneys, ½ lb. mushrooms, 5 tablespoons butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup fresh cream, 1 cup milk, 1 medium-sized onion (chopped), 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 cup sherry, 2 tablespoons brandy, salt, cayenne pepper.

Soak kidneys in cold water about ½ hour. Bring to boil quickly, then rinse immediately in cold water. Slice kidneys into pieces. Brown lightly in 2 tablespoons of the butter. Wash, chop mushrooms coarsely, cook with the chopped onion in 1 tablespoon butter. Place layer of kidney, then onion and mushrooms in a casserole. Make sauce by melting remaining butter, adding flour and stirring over heat, then adding milk and stirring until it boils and thickens. Mix in cream, season with salt,

pepper, paprika. Pour sauce over kidneys, place in moderate oven until thoroughly heated (about 20 minutes). Add sherry and brandy, stir through and serve very hot with fried rice or mashed potatoes.

MARSHMALLOW DESSERT

Marshmallow Case: Two tablespoons raspberry jelly crystals, 3 teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup pineapple syrup, pinch cream of tartar.

Pineapple Filling: Five slices tinned pineapple, 5 rounds plain cake (same size as pineapple slices), 4 tablespoons coconut, ½ cup condensed milk, 2 tablespoons butter.

Custard: Two cups milk, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 2oz. castor sugar, 1oz. butter, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2½ tablespoons condensed milk, ½ cup chopped nuts, shredded coconut.

Marshmallow Case: Place all ingredients into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Boil 10 minutes; cool. When beginning to thicken, beat until fluffy. Spread over base and sides of greased 9in. pie-plate. Swirl edges to give scalloped effect. Chill.

Pineapple Filling: Dip cake rounds in condensed milk, toss in coconut. Fry in butter until golden brown on both sides. Remove, cool. Arrange in marshmallow case with slice of pineapple on each cake round.

Custard: Blend cornflour with little of the milk. Heat remaining milk, add cornflour, stir until mixture boils. Cool slightly. Stir in egg-yolks. Beat castor sugar and butter to a cream, add condensed milk, lemon juice and rind, cooled custard, and nuts. Beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pile over pineapple slices. Sprinkle with coconut.

SECTION 3:

Between-Meal Snack

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. Watix, 16 Queens Road, Westmead, N.S.W.

PEACH CIRCLES

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, ½ cup fresh peach pulp (or tinned), 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 egg-white, cream, sliced peaches, extra milk.

Sift flour, salt together, rub in butter. Peel and mash ripe peach or drain tinned peach pulp. Add to butter mixture with lemon rind and sugar, mix well. Add beaten egg-yolk and milk, mix to scone consistency, adding little extra milk if necessary. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to lin. thickness. Cut into 3in. circles, brush with milk, place on greased oven-slides. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. While still hot brush over with egg-white, dust with mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon. When cold split open, fill with whipped cream and sliced peaches.

THE PRIZE LIST

Here are the prizes to be awarded in our Dairy Foods Recipe Contest

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe in contest) £2000

First prize in each section £200

Second prize in each section £75

Third prize in each section £25

Fourth prize in each section £10

In addition, progress prizes of £5 each are being awarded weekly in each section throughout the contest.

Grill this tasty rarebit — *it's so easy*

— with **KRAFT CHEDDAR** — your best cheese for grilling

5-MINUTE RAREBIT

Here's a simple rarebit with zesty flavour. It's made in minutes — for a tasty breakfast . . . a quick family lunch . . . or a delicious supper snack.

Ingredients: 4ozs. (½ packet) Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 teaspoon milk; ¼ teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; few drops Worcestershire sauce; pinch dry mustard; 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce; 4 slices hot buttered toast.

Method: Combine shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, milk, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, mustard and tomato sauce. Mix well. Spread on hot buttered toast and place under a heated grill until golden brown. Cut into halves. 4 servings.

Kraft Cheddar is the best cheese for sandwiches, too. Here are some sandwich filling suggestions.

★ Combine 2 tablespoons chopped celery; 2ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ½ teaspoon lemon juice and one 1½oz. can sardines, drained and mashed.

★ Combine 2ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped; ½

teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon curry powder.

★ Combine 1 tablespoon well-drained crushed pineapple; 2ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; and 1 dessertspoon chopped walnuts.



At breakfast-time . . . supper-time . . . any time . . . everyone enjoys grilled Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Melts to perfection, and browns so temptingly. And flavoursome Kraft Cheddar is nourishing, too. It takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8oz., 1lb. and family-size 2lb. packets. Also in 1oz. portions.

Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a **cheese from KRAFT** on your table



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BEST WASHDAY VALUE IN AUSTRALIA!



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SAFE FOR IT, BEST IN IT. Why is New Rinso the only product recommended by *every* washing machine maker? Because tests have proved New Rinso's richer, softer suds give best protection to rubber rollers, machine bearings — all delicate working parts.



NOTHING BEATS NEW RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS FOR VALUE. Compare the price. Compare the size. Why pay fancy prices when you get extra whiteness and extra brightness from New Rinso. It's Australia's best washday value!



Australian women buy nearly three times more Rinso than any other soap powder or detergent

Nothing beats New Rinso's richer, softer suds for
EXTRA WHITENESS · EXTRA BRIGHTNESS

COOKERY COURSE

VEGETABLES

— boiling, steaming, baking

CAREFULLY prepared, well-cooked vegetables are an important item of the diet because they supply essential minerals and vitamins.

Some vegetables are best served with meat, fish, or poultry. Others can be made into appetising, satisfying dishes to serve as entrees or main dinner dishes.

Vegetables picked fresh from the home garden have the best flavor and food value. If vegetables must be bought, buy small quantities at a time and use quickly.

Because potatoes are such a staple item in the family diet, they will be discussed exclusively in next week's cookery lesson.

SELECTION

To obtain best value when buying vegetables look for:

Root Vegetables (those with the edible part growing underground; for example, carrots, potatoes, onions): Smooth, firm, clean, good color; tops, if any, fresh and green.

Green Vegetables (those with edible part growing above the ground; for example, beans, cabbage, pumpkin): Crisp, firm, good color, free from insects; beans should snap in two easily; pea-pods should be full; cauliflowers should have close, white flowers, green leaves; cabbage and brussels sprouts, firm outer leaves not eaten by insects; spinach, young, green leaves; pumpkin, dark outer skin, dry, deep yellow flesh; chokoos, small, smooth light green skin; broccoli, crisp, firm stalks, thin and tender.

PREPARATION

Root Vegetables: Scrub, scrape lightly or peel thinly.

Turnips: White or swede, peel thickly to remove coarse outer skin.

Beetroot: Remove all but 3in. to 4in. stalk, leave unpeeled.

Green Vegetables: Discard any discolored or wilted outer leaves. Avoid soaking, but if necessary (as for cabbage and cauliflower), ½ hour in cold, salted water is sufficient.

Beans: Top, tail, and slice, or cut in ½in. lengths.

Peas: Shell and wash.

Marrow: Cut into rings, remove thin skin and centre seeds.

Chokoos: Wash and, if young, leave skin on; if old, peel under running water.

COOKING METHODS

Vegetables can be cooked in several ways.

BOILING

Generally used for green and root vegetables. Place in pan with ½ to ¾ cup boiling water, according to quantity of vegetables and size of pan. Add ½ to ¾ teaspoon salt. Cover with tightly fitting lid to prevent steam escaping, water evaporating, and vegetables burning. Cook quickly 10 to 15 minutes for greens, 20 to 30 minutes for roots, shaking pan occasionally. Drain, reserving liquid for gravy, sauce, or soup, with the exception of cabbage liquid, which has a strong flavor.

Note: Avoid using bicarbonate of soda in greens; if young and fresh, quick cooking preserves color.

Vegetables which require special methods of boiling are:

Beetroot: Cook whole and unpeeled in boiling

water to cover; do not add salt until after cooking. Allow to cool in liquid, then peel and slice.

Peas: Add sprig of mint and ½ teaspoon sugar to salted water for cooking.

Spinach: Water which remains on leaves after washing is sufficient for cooking. Add salt sparingly. If spinach is very old, chop or shred coarsely and add ½ cup water.

STEAMING IN PRESSURE COOKER

Two or three types of vegetables can be cooked simultaneously if the types chosen take approximately the same cooking time. Use cooker according to directions, remembering that 1 minute too long can spoil texture. Prepare vegetables as for boiling, but divide root vegetables into smaller pieces for even cooking.

Approximate cooking times in a pressure cooker are:

Two minutes: Shredded cabbage, cauliflowerets, peas, spinach leaves.

Three minutes: Broad beans, french beans (sliced or in ½in. lengths), brussels sprouts, celery (2in. lengths), thick onion slices, marrow slices.

Four minutes: Quartered cabbage, quartered parsnips, pumpkin pieces (½in. thick), ½in. slices of potato or swede for mashing.

Five minutes: Whole french beans, quartered carrots, quartered chokoos.

Six to ten minutes (or more): Small whole cauliflower, medium whole onions.

IN MELTED BUTTER

Suitable for baby potatoes, carrots, and parsnips; also for green vegetables provided they are very young, fresh, and of first-grade quality.

Prepare vegetables as described for boiling. Heat sufficient butter to cover bottom of saucepan. When hot, but not smoking, add vegetables and seasoning, cover closely. Place over moderate heat, cook until tender (approximately 10 to 15 minutes according to type of vegetable), tossing occasionally. Serve immediately with any liquid there may be in saucepan.

IN COVERED CASSEROLE

Vegetables are baked in covered casserole in oven. Suitable for all except green vegetables. Slice vegetables, place in casserole with a little butter, seasoning, and sufficient water to moisten. Cover, bake in moderate oven until tender.

VARIATIONS

In addition to the basic methods of cookery given above, vegetables can be made more interesting if slight variations are experimented with. The following suggestions provide variations of the basic techniques.

Peas Parisian: Melt 1oz. butter in pan, add 2 small sliced onions and 1 small head of lettuce (shredded). Cook 2 minutes before adding peas and seasoning, then cook in usual manner.

French Fried Onions: Peel onions, slice thickly, divide into rings, dip these in seasoned flour. Fry in hot deep fat until crisp and golden. Drain well, serve hot.

Stuffed Peppers: Cut large green peppers in halves lengthwise, remove seeds and membranes. Parboil 5 to 10 minutes in water to cover, drain, stuff with suitable savory filling, bake 10 to 15 minutes in fairly hot oven.

Carrots Provencal: Parboil young tender carrots 10 minutes, drain and slice. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in frying-pan, add 1 chopped onion and 1 peeled and chopped tomato, saute until soft, add sliced carrots, cook until golden.

RECIPES FOR MAIN-COURSE DISHES

Vegetables combined lavishly with unusual sauces and seasonings can be made into excellent main-course dishes of which these recipes are typical:

SPINACH PIE

One large bunch spinach, salt, pepper, 1oz. butter, ½ cup cream, 1 tin sardines, 1 egg (beaten), ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Cook spinach. Drain, press through sieve or puree in electric blender. Place in bowl, add salt, pepper, butter, and cream, mix well. Skin and mash sardines, add to mixture with eggs and crumbs. Turn into greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle remaining crumbs on top, dot with extra butter, bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven.

RATATOUILLE

Three or four tomatoes, 2 eggplants, 2 onions, 2 green peppers, oil, salt, pepper.

Peel and slice tomatoes, slice unpeeled eggplants (leave 15 minutes sprinkled with salt). Slice onions and peppers, place oil in pan, add onions, fry until soft, add eggplant and peppers. Cook 10 minutes, add tomatoes and seasonings, cover pan, simmer 20 minutes. Remove cover, cook further 10 minutes. This dish improves when reheated.

NEXT WEEK: All about potatoes

IN 1944

Diana Brownbill was a "happy little VEG-E-MITE"

(Extract from 1944 advertisement)

Riding the Rocker!



Sturdy little Diana Brownbill, aged 18 months, loves to romp with her Rocking Horse in the back garden. Says Mrs. Brownbill: "Diana thrives on Vegemite. She's been a 'happy little Veg-e-mite' since she was 8 months old."

AND NOW

Diana is an expert horsewoman and still a



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All the family need delicious VEGEMITE every day

Through the years, the Brownbill family have eaten Vegemite every day—as a safeguard against the Vitamin B₁ deficiency that exists in even the best Australian diets.

Vegemite, the richest food source of Vitamin B₁, and rich also in Vitamin B₂ and Niacin, has benefited all the Brownbill family. It has helped give DIANA her vitality and clear skin . . . brother TOM his hearty appetite and healthy growth. Dad, who watches his weight these days, gets his essential Vitamin B₁ from Vegemite—a food he really enjoys. And MOTHER likes Vegemite because it's good for her nerves, and because it's so economical.

Remember! Your body cannot store Vitamin B₁ . . . it needs a fresh supply daily.



Made by KRAFT
For big savings, buy the 16oz. or 32oz. family-size jars.

KR72

Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table



● Mrs. Smith's china ornament.

Collectors' Corner

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, who is an authority on antiques, answers readers' questions about old and treasured objects in their possession.

"COULD you tell me how old this china ornament of mine is, please? Markings in dark ink are 746 and a small 4." — Mrs. Smith, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

This pretty ornament is a late 19th-century specimen of German origin.

"I possess two Wedgwood jardinières, one large (shown in picture) and a smaller one. They are both very beautiful and are dark Wedgwood-blue. How old are they?" — Mrs. R. Perkins, Wilston, Qld.



● Mrs. Perkins' jardinière.

These jardinières are very fine Wedgwood specimens and were made about the year 1910.

"My coffee-pot stands 10½ in. high, has a hinged lid and a hand-carved wooden handle. The markings on the base are 6 James Dixon and Son, 1595. I would appreciate any information you could give me about it." — Mr. Hugh Fraser, Auckland, N.Z.

Your coffee-pot is Britannia metal and was made about the year 1860. It is a very good example of its period.



● Mr. Fraser's coffee-pot.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

PRIZE RECIPE

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. H. Smith, 57 Farmborough Road, Unanderra, N.S.W., for a nutty-flavored meat loaf recipe.

Spoon measurements are level.

WALNUT MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds minced steak, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, ¼ cup grated carrot, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, ½ cup melted butter, 2 cups wholemeal breadcrumbs, ½ cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup water.

Mix minced steak with onion, carrot, salt, pepper, sauce, the 1 cup breadcrumbs, milk and 1 egg. When blended, place half this mixture in greased loaf-tin or shallow baking-tin. Mix remaining egg with melted butter, wholemeal breadcrumbs, celery, and nuts. Add salt and pepper to taste, then the water. Pack lightly and evenly on top of meat in tin. Cover with remaining meat mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours or until cooked through. Remove from oven, stand few minutes before turning out on to serving-dish. Serve hot with potatoes and cabbage or cold with potato-celery salad.



Give your skin this lovely young look

It takes a really gentle soap to keep your skin young. You'll find Coronet is a new experience in gentleness. So rich in gentle beauty oils you can actually feel the fragrant lather smoothing your skin. Bring back — and keep — that lovely young look with Coronet.



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PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive L-shape of design No. 601.

601

House that's cool in summer

● The popular L-shape of this week's plan, with the living wing opening on to a covered terrace, ensures excellent cross-ventilation in the summer months.

THE bedroom wing has large windows opening out into the back garden, and each room has been designed with built-in wardrobes and dressing-tables.

Each bedroom has french windows opening out on to its own private terrace.

An unusual bathroom has a spacious 5ft. by 4ft. shower recess, and there is a separate toilet.

The kitchen has been designed with a breakfast bar serving the dining-room, and can be easily extended to take a breakfast table in the kitchen, if preferred.

The living-room, 16ft. by 17ft., has a feature wall, and includes a large fireplace.

This house has been de-

signed to suit most building sites. It can be reversed or turned on the block for maximum privacy.

Plan reversed

The court can be placed to the right or left, or the plan can be turned over and the living wing placed at the back of the block.

See your local Home Planning Centre (addresses above)

for the best arrangement on your own site.

Approximate building costs are — in timber, £3450-£3950; in brick, £3700-£4300. Areas are 11.46 squares in timber and 12.4 squares in brick.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and each of the seven Centres is supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

Plans for a wide variety of houses are available through the Centres, and cost £10/10/- a complete set — five copies of working drawings, and three copies of specifications.

ADDRESSES OF OUR CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

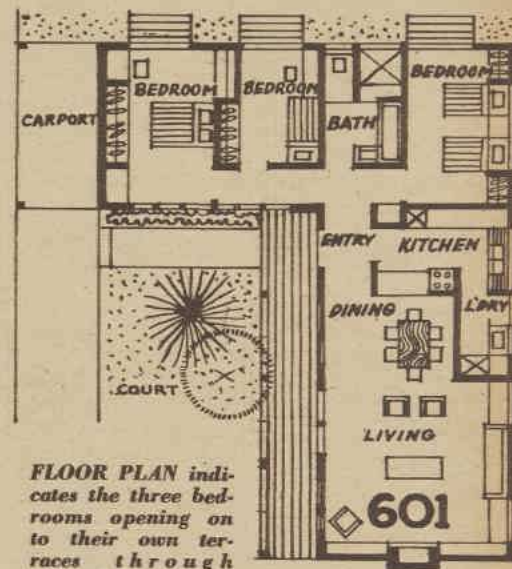
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Telephone X6111.)



FLOOR PLAN indicates the three bedrooms opening on to their own terraces through french windows.

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cough? Make quite sure that coughs are stopped quickly... try Tussils, the new double-action cough lozenge that controls coughs of colds, night cough, dry cough or smokers' cough in seconds.

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—because nothing shines through
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Six "personality" shades: Natural, Blushing, Honey, Tawny, Golden, Bronze. "Blue Angel" case, 5/9; Glamorous Pink Compact, 9/11.

Angel Face

BY POND'S

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

THE ALL-IN-ONE COMPACT MAKE-UP

C442

BACKGROUND



• *Cornus alba*, with its drifts of white flowers, is a popular dogwood. Also included in this variety is the cornus known as *Gouchaultii*, which has variegated leaves margined with yellow and stained with rose pink.

● Two of the most effective flowering small trees or shrubs which give brilliant flashes of color to a garden are the *Cornus* family, commonly known as dogwoods, and the *Chaenomeles* or japonicas. Both these species deserve much more attention from gardeners than they receive.

DOGWOODS These are hardy and deciduous, doing best in colder areas of Australia. The species *Cornus capitata* is an evergreen and can be grown to advantage in warmer districts.

Several of the family produce white fruits after the flowers fall. These are not edible, but are excellent for flower arrangements and also look effective on the shrubs in the garden.

Cornus florida rubra is one of the gems among dogwoods. In spring it produces pink flowers, which are usually large if the shrub is grown in good, deep soil. The foliage of most varieties is very richly colored in autumn.

As a family, dogwoods grow in loamy soil with abundant moisture. Most of them can be easily propagated from cuttings in the open, grown like willows. Layering is advised for those that do not strike easily from cuttings. They can also be grown from seeds, which usually are freely set.

JAPONICAS come into their own when most of the flowering shrubs have finished their display. They flower through the cold winter months into the spring.

Suitable for wall planting, sunny corners, or in the open, these small shrubby plants, which range in height from three to six feet — the growth depending on the severity of pruning after the flowering period — will adapt themselves to most climates.

There are many new hybrids and the color range is wide, from white, cream, yellow, and pale pink, through to deep rosy shades, brilliant reds, and orange.

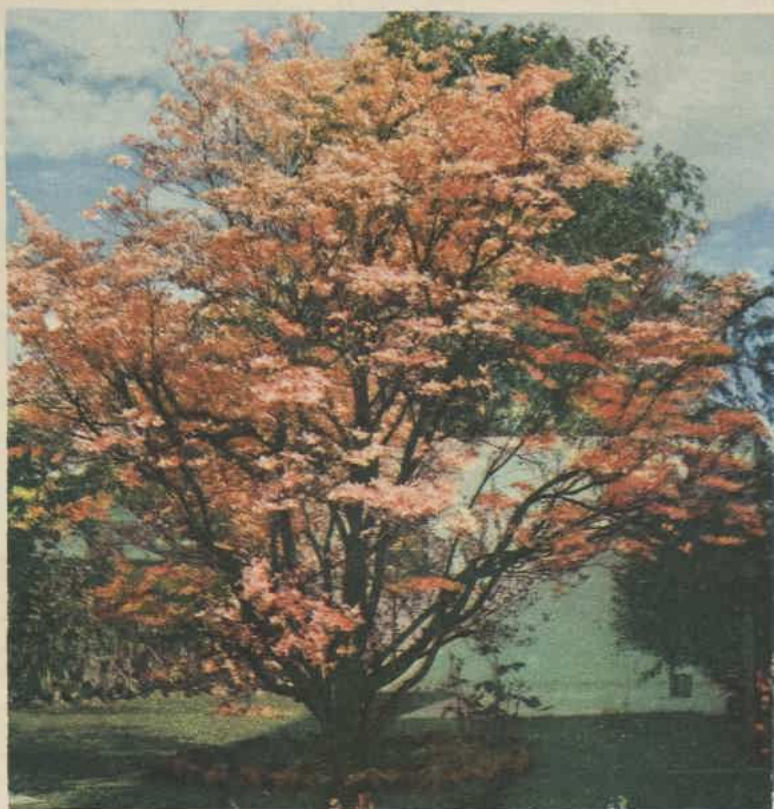
When the flowers are past, there is often a wealth of green fruit on the slender bough. It is so gelatinous that it is used by thrifty housewives for setting jelly and jams, and its piquant flavor is delicious.

Pruning is necessary to keep the shrub tidily shaped. Rooted side-shoots and slips are a simple means of propagation.

• *Cornus florida rubra* and white azaleas are a highlight of Mrs. J. D. Mack's garden at Ballantrae, Mount Macedon, Victoria.



OF COLOR



• This lovely dogwood tree (*Cornus florida rubra*) is 50 years old. It grows in Mrs. Wallis Tressie's home in Heyington Place, Toorak, Vic., and is a picture in spring, blossoming for six weeks to two months.



• *Chaenomeles lagenaria* Knaphill scarlet, a lovely red single japonica, is very showy.

• *Chaenomeles alba*, a vigorous upright - growing shrub with single white blossoms.



• *Chaenomeles lagenaria* Falconnet Charlet, one of the most popular of the japonicas, with its masses of double salmon-pink flowers.



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MULLIGATAWNY	TV (Tomato and Vegetable)



Rosella
DOUBLE STRENGTH
SOUPS



OUR COVER JACKET

● Here are directions for knitting the royal-blue ski jacket shown in color on our cover.

Materials: 28 balls Patons Jet Tripleknit; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 4 knitting needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 37-38in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 24in.; sleeve seam, 18in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2in. in width measured over st-st.

Pattern (for body of sweater):

1st Row (right side): Knit.
2nd Row: * Sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Knit.
4th Row: * Sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

LEFT FRONT
With No. 9 needles cast on 42 sts.

Work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 4 needles and work straight in patt. until front measures 16in. from beg.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every alt. row until 33 sts. rem.

Work straight until armhole measures 5½in., ending at neck edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 21 sts. rem. Work straight until armholes measure 8in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge every alt. row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT
Work to correspond with left front, making shapings at opposite end of needle.

BACK
With No. 9 needles cast on 36 sts. Work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 4 needles and



CLOSE-UP of the pattern. The loops are formed by slipping a stitch purlwise.

cont. in patt. until work measures same as front to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 67 sts. rem. Work straight until armhole measures same as front.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVES
With No. 9 needles cast on 42 sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 4 needles and cont. in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 3rd and every foll. 8th row until there are 60 sts. on the needle, then inc. every foll. 4th row until there are 78 sts. on the needle.

Work straight until sleeve seam measures 18in.

To Shape Top: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

COLLAR
With No. 9 needles cast on 32 sts. Work in st-st, casting on 3 sts. at end of every row until there are 62 sts. on the needle.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the 3rd and every foll. 4th row until there are 80 sts. on the

needle. Work 1 row straight. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 62 sts. rem. Work 3 rows straight. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every row until 32 sts. rem. Cast off.

Left Front Band: With No. 9 needles cast on 18 sts. Work in st-st. until band measures 2½in. Cast off. Mark position for 7 buttonholes on band, the first 1in. from beg. and the other 6 evenly spaced.

Right Front Band: Work as given for left front band, making buttonholes opposite markers on left front band as follows:

1st Row: K 3, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., k 3.
2nd Row: Cast on 3 sts. where cast off in previous row.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using flat seams for ribbing and back-stitch for other seams, sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Fold front bands in half and join lower ends. Sew to fronts, turn over and st-st. on wrong side in position. Fold collar in half and join ends. Turn to right side and sew in position, beg. and ending 4 sts. from front edge. Work round buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 25

"The thing to be disturbed about isn't the name of this mysterious prowler — if there is one — but that Titus is being alarmed. I don't like that at all."

"Titus has always had nightmares!" Amalie exclaimed. "Just as he's always been travel sick. He's a nervous, delicate child. I can't think what the fuss is about. If you're nervous yourself, Miss Mildmay, you have only to say so and we'll find someone less susceptible to the wind in the night. And I quite agree with my husband that the boy is old enough not to require a nightlight."

Lady Malvina looked perplexed. She had just contrived, in a slightly fuddled way, to analyse Sarah's implications.

"But Miss Mildmay, you aren't talking sense, you know. For if this Mrs. Stone is by any chance called Sammie, or Samantha, it's certainly not her going into Titus' room at night. How can it be when she's dead?"

"I merely meant that it might have been her first

time, and now if Titus is disturbed he imagines it's the same person disturbing him."

"I believe Miss Mildmay is suggesting that her ghost walks," Amalie said dryly.

Blane, who had been silent, suddenly pushed back his chair.

"Tomorrow Titus shall return to London."

His statement was an order. Sarah was startled, but not as startled as the other women.

"Oh, dear, I shall miss the boy," said Lady Malvina. "Do you mean this, Blane?"

"Of course he doesn't mean it," Amalie exclaimed. She was trying to look at her husband indulgently, and failing completely. Sarah had an odd feeling that under her calm there was both panic and hate.

Blane looked directly at his mother. He behaved as if Amalie hadn't said a word.

"Perhaps you'd like to go with him, Mamma. He's grown fond of you, I believe."

Lady Malvina's face softened.

"Why, of course. If you're insisting on his going. What about Miss Mildmay?"

"Miss Mildmay will stay here."

"Blane, what are you talking about?" Amalie exclaimed. "The woman is Titus' governess. Do we pay her to have a holiday in the country without her charge?"

Blane met his wife's anger with his hard level gaze.

"Miss Mildmay will be required at the inquest. That's why she stays."

"Why will she be required more than Mamma?"

Blane sighed and began a patient explanation.

"Because, as I understand, you sent for Mrs. Stone at five o'clock that afternoon and dismissed her, telling her she could stay until morning but that she must be out of the house by daylight. Isn't that so?"

Amalie nodded.

"Miss Mildmay says she took some sewing up to Mrs. Stone at seven o'clock that evening when she was in her room. After that time no one else appears to have seen her. So if everyone is speaking the truth you can see that makes Miss Mildmay a very important witness. She was the last person to see Mrs. Stone alive."

Amalie sprang up.

"Then I shall take Titus to London myself."

"I think not."

"Am I a prisoner here?"

"If that's the way you want to look at it."

Amalie was not acting any longer. Her face had gone very sallow and wore an expression of extraordinary malevolence.

"Oh, no," she said. "I don't need to be a prisoner anywhere. I'll show you that. What you seem to forget is that Titus is mine. And I shall do exactly as I please with him."

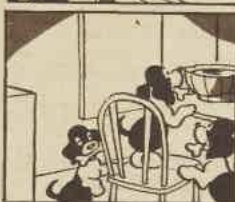
Then she whirled round and left the room.

To page 55

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Since I changed to FAB my clothes have never looked whiter



Women who have changed to FAB are thrilled to find that they've said goodbye to nasty grey soap scum forever. They find their clothes sparkling white — brighter than before. FAB's richer, hardworking suds make light work of the heaviest wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright. See for yourself how FAB leaves your clothes as clean and fragrant as clothes can be. If your clothes are still suffering from 'left-over' grey soap scum, change to FAB today!

FAB leaves no left-over soap scum that settles in your clothes

FAB makes richer suds that keep on working long after other suds have given up



FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!

"Blane," said Lady Malvina after a long silence. Her voice had lost its resonance and was that of someone very old and frightened. "Blane, what does she mean?"

"Mean?" Blane jerked himself to attentiveness. "Oh, nothing, Mamma. That's just Amalie in a tantrum. She enjoys theatricals."

"She wouldn't take Titus away?"

"You're taking him away, Mamma. That's what we arranged. Nothing has been altered." Then Blane's expression changed from its harsh and moody reflectiveness to a curious tenderness. "Do you love the boy, Mamma?"

"Oh, more than I can say."

"And he cares for you a little?"

"A little, I think," Lady Malvina's voice was humble.

"Then why, may I ask, are you looking so unhappy? You can have him to yourself for a few weeks in London."

The old lady began to brighten.

"Can I really? But that would be tremendous fun. And the child needs a holiday. He's worked hard at his lessons and he's been ill. But not for too long, Blane," she added. "I want him to love Mallow."

"He's going to love Mallow. I don't know why you think he wouldn't."

Sarah went upstairs and found Amalie in the nursery dressing Titus in his outdoor clothes, while Eliza stood nervously watching.

"Where are you taking him?" Sarah burst out.

Amalie looked up.

"I am his mother, Miss Mildmay. Had you forgotten?"

TITUS' lip drooped. His acute sensitiveness had already told him that something was wrong. Sarah saw the appeal in his face. Long ago, for some reason, he must have lost trust in his mother. It had turned him into the timid little boy he had been. Sarah had hoped he had outgrown his timidity, but it was not far beneath the surface, after all.

"He's been talking about a black swan on the lake," Amalie decided to explain. "We're merely going down to look for it."

"No! You shan't take Titus near the lake."

"Why, Miss Mildmay! I believe you think I pushed Mrs. Stone in! Oh, dear, no! If she were pushed in—if she were—it would require someone with more than my frail strength."

"You said it was a black swan," whispered Titus. His eyes became dilated and his voice rose. "You told me a lie!" He stood there, dwarfed by his tweed coat, a very small boy trying valiantly to cover his bewilderment with anger.

Amalie smiled soothingly.

"There, my lamb. Perhaps Miss Mildmay really did think she saw a black swan. Perhaps we'll see it, too. Now, come."

She took his hand, but Titus, suddenly reverting to being the child Sarah had first met, began to scream and tug away from her.

"No. I don't want to go! I won't go!"

"Darling! You're only coming for a walk with Mamma. Don't you love Mamma?"

"No, I'm not coming. I don't love you. I hate you!"

Red-faced and hysterical, Titus snatched his hand away and flew to Sarah. For the second time, at a crucial moment, he sought refuge in her arms. Bundled in his thick coat, she picked him up and faced Amalie.

"So you've succeeded in spoiling him," Amalie said, with the quietness of extreme self-control. "I always said you would. And you've done it deliberately. You're the most scheming woman I've ever met. You've stolen my husband and my son."

Sarah's mouth dropped open in sheer surprise.

"Don't bother to deny it, Miss Mildmay. And don't think you've got away with it. I shall ruin you, I promise. And my husband as well. I can, you know. Much more easily than you think." She paused, then added significantly. "I only have to tell the police who Mrs. Stone really was."

"Then you did know her!"

Amalie laughed. "I didn't. But Blane did. She was his wife."

A bigamist? And now a murderer? For Amalie's words had a deadly implication. Blane could not afford to have a woman like that turning up to wreck all his plans. He would have to be ruthless about her as he had been about everything else.

And Amalie, suspecting what he

had done, haunted by fear, had walked every afternoon at the lake to see if the body appeared . . .

Police-sergeant Collins and the young constable were back that afternoon. They spent a long time down by the lake, walking up and down, testing the ground and the rickety piles of the jetty.

Sarah happened to pass the library door and saw Blane at the window staring out. He was watching the activities at the lakeside. There was the stillness of complete absorption in his figure. What did his face express? Anxiety? Fear?

Sergeant Collins came in later and was shut in the library with Blane for a long time. Eliza reported this. The servants were all whispering and surmising. Sarah was trying to make up her mind whether, if the sergeant wanted to question her again, she would tell him of the brooch she

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 54

had found. Not in the mud by the lakeside, where it might presumably have fallen off, but in the summer-house. As if a struggle might have taken place there.

But the sergeant left without asking to see anyone else, and Sarah felt sick with relief. She knew she had not meant to say anything about the brooch. She also could not believe that Blane had ever kissed Mrs. Stone's sour and secretive face.

And Amalie had certainly been bluffing when she had made those extraordinary statements, for she made no attempt to see the police.

She waited until they had gone,

then came down to tea, wearing a simple dark merino dress and a woolen shawl. She had a strange extinguished look, as if her moment of madness in the nursery had burnt out all her anger.

"Well, that's more sensible, my dear," said Lady Malvina. "You look as if you've put on an extra petticoat."

"I have. It's freezing cold. This house is like a tomb."

She kept her eyes down as if she wanted to hide what was in them, but her voice was normal enough, with its familiar peevish quality.

"Where's Titus, Miss Mildmay?"

"Eliza's giving him his tea, Lady Mallow."

"Now it's so cold perhaps it's as well I didn't take him out." That

was as near to an apology as she would ever get. But at least she didn't sustain her anger, vindictive as it was at the time.

"We'll have to wrap up well for our journey tomorrow," Lady Malvina said.

"Titus has a fur-lined coat somewhere," said Amalie. "I'll look it out presently. And, Mamma, if you take him out walking in London, do see he doesn't get wet feet. He catches cold so easily."

"I'll look after him like a cherished jewel," Lady Malvina said happily.

"Thank you, Mamma. I do trust you with him. I was overwrought earlier today."

Then Blane came in, and without lifting her eyes Amalie said smoothly:

"Tea, my love? I hope the police didn't detain you too long. What did they want this time?"

To page 57



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NE75/61

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"Merely to verify suspicions."

"Such as whether the woman's death was not suicide at all."

Amalie's eyelids flew up momentarily. Then dropped again as she said calmly, "They have to do their duty. Have they discovered anything more about the woman's identity?"

"Only that she arrived by train at Yarby. She asked the porter the way to Mallow. He remembered her very well. She told him she'd come a long way and wasn't sure whether she could manage the ten-mile walk, but would have to since she had no money."

"And what did Police-Sergeant Collins make of that?" Amalie asked.

"He would have been very mystified if it hadn't been for Mrs. Stone's last remark."

"Yes?"

"She said she'd had a lot of bad luck but hoped to catch some good from us."

"Inferring that we were lucky?"

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 55

"I imagine so."

Amalie gave a short laugh, then said with strange resignation:

"Doesn't she know you can't buy luck? Well, she does now, I imagine."

Blane took his teacup and turned to the fire.

"The police have decided now that the woman probably fell in the lake accidentally. The path is very slippery and cut away in one place. If it was very dark and she was taking the short cut through the woods, she could easily have stumbled too near the water. That would account for her bag in the lake, too. And the ring on her finger. Apparently it's a strange fact that when a woman takes her life she usually preserves her valuables."

Lady Malvina leaned back in her chair, sighing with relief.

"That's the first sensible thing I've heard since this

dreadful business began. The whole thing was an accident, of course. That will be the coroner's verdict, Blane?"

"I should think so, Mamma. The woman seems to have been a vagrant and a sneak thief. I fear there'll be no sympathy wasted on her."

"And no one will identify her?" Sarah said in her clear voice.

Blane turned. He met her gaze levelly.

"Unless someone turns up from her past."

"What about you, Lord Mallow?"

"Me! But I'd never set eyes on her before."

His eyes met hers unwaveringly and with astonishment. His answer had been quite spontaneous. But he was a devilishly clever actor. Ambrose had said so all the time.

For he must be lying. There was the letter from Sammie to prove it, the letter out of his past. "Fancy, I thought you

was dead . . ."

But it was Sammie (Samantha), who optimistically hoped

She turned reluctantly.

"Lord Mallow, couldn't I go to London tomorrow with Titus? If the police have decided Mrs. Stone's death was an accident there's no need for me to stay."

"What has my wife been saying to you?"

"She told me Mrs. Stone was your wife."

"And what did you think of this story?"

He didn't deny it, she noticed, neither did he seem surprised.

"I thought perhaps for some reason she wanted to hurt you."

"So she does," he muttered.

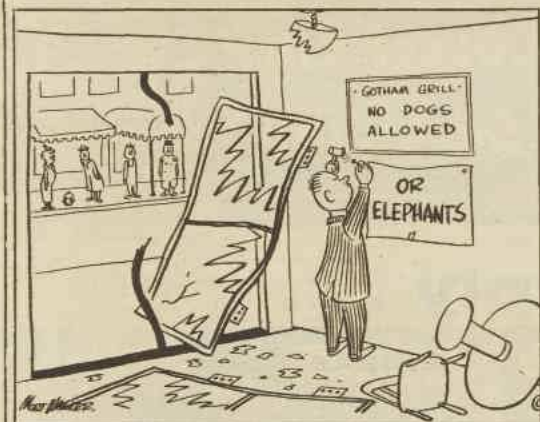
"I believe she would swear that wretched woman turned up inconveniently out of my past and that I pushed her in the lake. Chumsily, like that, leaving her body to float!"

The unguarded horror in his face communicated itself to Sarah.

"But, Lord Mallow, surely you don't think—" This new suspicion was also unspeakable.

"Where did you pick up that brooch?"

"In the summerhouse. It



her luck would change, who lay dead. Sammie, who had lost her cheap jet brooch in the summerhouse . . .

Amalie was standing up, smiling. Her expression was unreadable.

"Blane, let me congratulate you on finding Miss Mildmay. You recognised her talents when I was quite blind to them. She's so clever, isn't she. So observant. And so good for Titus. I think you ought to give her a present. What about the diamond ring Mrs. Stone had. It's a very fine diamond."

"Amalie!" Lady Malvina's voice was rough with shock. "What a peculiarly grisly thing to suggest! Anyway, you said the ring was yours."

"Not mine. Blane's. I believe it would fit Miss Mildmay. She has slim fingers, too. Perhaps you've noticed the similarity, Blane? And governesses don't often have the opportunity to acquire valuable rings. Not if they're honest people."

She lifted her head high. For a moment her face, defiant and shrewish, she faced her husband. Then she said lightly, "I must look out Titus' fur coat for the morning. Will you excuse me?" and left the room.

"Blane! Blane!" Lady Malvina burst out pleadingly. "That ring wasn't Mrs. Stone's? Surely you didn't give it to her!"

"I told you, Mamma. I'd never seen the woman in my life."

"Then Amalie—" Lady Malvina began uncertainly.

"Go up to Titus, will you, Mamma. Stay with him until Miss Mildmay comes."

Sarah moved towards the door.

"I'll go now."

"Stay here!" The harsh command stopped her. "I want to talk to you."

hadn't a very good fastening. It would have fallen off . . . Sarah's voice died away.

"The diamond was on her finger. It was a bribe, of course. She hadn't stolen it. I gave her credit for that. But when and where was she bribed?"

"And why?" Sarah asked.

The ghost of a smile touched his lips. "Amalie's right. You are observant, Miss Mildmay. Too observant. I think you're going to find out more than you will enjoy. That's what you want to do, isn't it? Outdo the judge and jury and all by yourself prove I don't belong here."

Somehow Sarah contrived to speak steadily. "If you think that, why have you insisted on my staying? Why didn't you dismiss me long ago?"

"Because your little plot amused me. That was the first thing. The second was that you proved enormously good for Titus, as I knew you would. The third is simply that I've fallen in love with you."

She couldn't move. He didn't need to take her wrist in his hard grip to hold her there.

"Why?" she whispered.

"Heaven knows. And a pretty mess you've made of all my plans."

"You're being—preposterous, Lord Mallow."

"Am I?"

"It's true you fall in love with every new face, as your mother says."

"But that was Blane Mallow. You don't believe I'm that person, do you?"

Sarah's brain spun.

"I don't know what to think!"

"You've been trying to trick me into some admission ever since you've been here. You've

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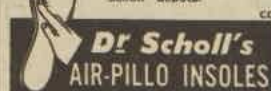
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taken pleasure in discovering any evidence you could, such as that verse on the window-pane, and testing me with it. Or making Titus do so. You've spied and schemed. Not nice activities for a well-brought-up young lady."

"Then why —"

"Why do I love you? Because we're two of a kind. And we'll see this through together. Won't we?"

He had let her go and she could have escaped had she wished. She stood rubbing her wrist and trying to think of Ambrose.

"Who are you?" she burst out in baffled anger.

He laughed and touched her cheek lightly with his fingers.

"My dear Miss Mildmay, I fear you're going to find out very soon. So don't run away. I've too much trouble on my hands already. And anyway, I should find you."

Somewhere in the house a door

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banged. Sarah thought she heard Titus crying. With an enormous effort she pulled herself together.

"I must go to Titus."

"Yes, go to him now. But he has to begin learning to do without you. That's why I'm sending him to London with Mamma."

"So I've served my purpose!" Sarah flashed indignantly.

"Only that purpose — my dearest one!"

There were no complexities in his face now. Only longing. Tears sprang to Sarah's eyes. She must go before he saw them, and read something into them that was not there.

For this was all crazy, crazy! He was married to Amalie, and she was waiting for Ambrose.

And, anyway, she hated and despised him.

But he should not have shown her even momentarily his vulnerable side. It was a low trick . . .

"Blane! Blane!"

Lady Malvina's hoarse voice reached them long before that lady had come bundling down the stairs, her face purple with breathlessness, her eyes full of alarm.

"What is it, Mamma?"

"We can't find Titus. Eliza left him with his mother. She said she would stay with him while he had his tea. When Eliza came back to the nursery they were both gone."

Blane was at the door. "Where's Amalie?"

"I don't know. I thought she meant to look out Titus' fur-lined coat for the morning."

"For now," said Blane, his face like stone.

"But why should she be taking him out now in the dark? She said herself it was too cold."

"The lake!" Sarah whispered.

Blane was ringing the bell for Tomkins.

"She must have been so quick," Lady Malvina said. "I went up at once. But I'm slow on the stairs. And I never saw her coming down. She must have gone the back way."

Tomkins had come across the hall. Blane spoke curtly.

"Has Lady Mallow given any orders? Have you seen her go out?"

"No, my Lord."

"See if she's in the house, will you?"

Look in every room. Don't stop to knock at doors. Get Betsy and Eliza to help. And send someone for Soames."

Blane himself, a moment later, had flung the front door open and was running down toward the lake. Sarah followed him, forgetful of the freezing wind and the flakes of snow in the air.

But the lake was deserted. A curved moon hung upside down in the branches of the elm on the opposite side. The water shimmered faintly. The little summerhouse was dark and deserted, the wind whistling through the broken window.

They were not too late, were they? The surface of the lake looked undisturbed, with no sinister bubbles or settling ripples. Blane stood a moment, a dark, brooding silhouette. Then he swung round and saw Sarah.

"No, she wouldn't do it twice," he said. "She's not as stupid as that."

There was no time to ponder his deadly words. He was hurrying back to the house.

Tomkins was waiting to report that Soames could not be found.

"Where is he?" Blane's voice was a lash.

"No one seems to know, sir. Mrs. Soames says he went out of the house just before six and a bit later she heard horses."

"Well, isn't there a groom around?"

"Only young Jim, and we can't get any sense out of him. He's blubbering and saying he had orders to do it."

"To do what?"

"Saddle the horses, my Lord."

"He'll saddle some more before he's finished," said Blane, and was off at a run to the stables.

A LITTLE later he came back, riding his big chestnut hunter. He leaned down to say to Sarah and Lady Malvina, huddled shivering in the doorway, "All I can get out of that fool of a boy is that he saddled a horse for Amalie and she rode off with a bundle," he said.

"A bundle," Lady Malvina echoed faintly.

"Soames followed," Blane said grimly. "Heaven knows where they're heading for. Soames knows this country like the back of his hand."

"Why should he be going?" Sarah asked.

"I thought I could trust him. I'd have sworn I could."

"Lord Mallow, I'm coming with you!"

Blane looked down at her.

"Can you ride?"

"Of course I can."

"Then hurry. We'll get another horse. What about your petticoats?"

"Never mind my petticoats."

It was dark, and she didn't mind if they flew over her head. She rode astride like a boy. She had always done so, except when her mother or governess had been there, and forbade it, in horror. She didn't know what the dark night held, but this was action at last, and she revelled in it.

Amalie and Soames could not have got far, and there was not a lot of cover in the marshes. As soon as they were out of the wood they would show up against the skyline. Unless Soames had some secret hiding place where they could stay until morning.

"Is she trying to kidnap Titus?"

Sarah shouted, galloping up to Blane.

"More likely to kill him."

"Kill him! Is she mad?"

"When it comes to jealousy, yes. Hadn't you noticed? But why should you? For I hadn't myself until recently."

The night was dark and the conventions far away.

"You shouldn't have locked your door against her," Sarah said.

He turned to look at her. The wind streamed through his hair.

"So you knew that, too," he said, and that was all.

Eliza could not be made to stop crying. Finally, Lady Malvina slapped her sharply across the face and exclaimed, "For goodness' sake, girl, stop that noise! Nobody's blaming you. After all, you couldn't have been expected to defy your mistress."

"Miss Mildmay did, this afternoon," Eliza hiccupped. "She didn't let the mistress take Master Titus out."

"Miss Mildmay isn't a servant."

Lady Malvina heard herself speak the words with some surprise. She wondered why she had not realised earlier that Sarah Mildmay had never behaved with the slightest servility. She might have tried to, but her serene confidence

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had always showed through. Then who was she? If it came to that, who was anyone? The poor drowned woman, Amalie, with her shrewishness, and her tendency to vulgar ostentation, the tall dark stranger who had just ridden off, and whom she had always known in her heart was not her son.

There was only Titus of whom she was sure, and Titus had been carried off, no one knew where. In the space of a few minutes her world had disintegrated. She was a forsaken old woman surrounded by stupidly weeping servants, and with only her pearls to show that this had not all been a dream.

Her pearls. In a daze, Lady Malvina went off to her room to make sure of them, at least. If Amalie had run off, one could be certain she had taken the Mallow diamonds, so if this was the pattern of future events, she might as well lay a firm claim to the pearls.

But sitting with the necklace in her hands, Lady Malvina realised that all that mattered was getting Titus back. And whatever else she admitted she had been wrong about, she would never admit that Titus was not her own flesh and blood. She knew that he was.

An hour had gone by and it was quite dark when there was the sound of horses' hoofs coming up the curving drive. Lady Malvina started up eagerly and unsteadily.

Tomkins was coming toward the stairs. Lady Malvina began to run down in a flurry.

"Who is it, Tomkins?" Tomkins' face was impassive, as always.

"Mr. Ambrose, my lady." Alarm shot through Lady Malvina's fuddled head. What had he discovered there? But her greeting was cool and haughty. She liked Ambrose's pale elegant face no more now than she had ever done.

"Well, Ambrose, this is a surprise. You haven't visited me at Mallow for a very long time."

"No, Aunt Malvina. And I apologise for arriving so unceremoniously. But I've just returned from Trinidad. My ship docked this morning. I came down immediately."

Lady Malvina's brows rose. "There was a reason for such urgency?"

"There are various questions I want to ask, is Blane in?"

"No. He's out riding."

"But it's late. It's dark."

"My son was always unpredictable. Don't you remember?" Lady Malvina gave her hoarse chuckle. She enjoyed baiting Ambrose, cold, dry stick of a boy that he had been. His careful avoidance of trouble since the day of his birth had always contrasted unfavorably with her own son's endless predicaments.

"If you insist on waiting until Blane returns, and I warn you it might be any hour of the night, you'd better come into the library. We'll have some sustenance. It's a cold night."

"Very cold," said Ambrose, rubbing his hands. "Especially after the tropics."

"Ah, yes. And how did you find the tropics?"

"Of great interest, Aunt Malvina."

"H'm. You'd better tell me. But first let us have some brandy. Will you pour it? We don't want the servants in. We have things to talk about."

"We certainly have things to talk about, Aunt. What's this I hear about a woman being drowned in the lake?"

"You didn't take long to hear that!"

"Everybody at Yarby is talking of it. There seemed to

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

be a good deal of unpleasant speculation."

"Are they saying she was pushed in?" Lady Malvina asked bluntly. "And serve her right if she was. She was a lying, thieving creature."

"Was her name Samantha?"

Lady Malvina stared. "I haven't the least idea what her name was. Neither, for that matter, have the police."

"Was she Blane's wife?"

"Good heavens, what nonsense are you talking?" Lady Malvina took a deep swallow of her drink. The brandy curled comfortably inside her, renewing her optimism. So Ambrose had come here to

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muttered. "I found that out. The wily old man changed his name from the Spanish some time ago. He has his ambitions. It was fine for him to have his daughter become the wife of an English lord. Naturally, he wasn't going to tell more than was necessary. If the Court hears that Blane's chief witness is also his father-in-law, they might take a different view of the evidence."

"But you've just said Amalie isn't Blane's wife," Lady Malvina retorted.

A look of uncertainty crossed

ing on a spar for ten days, with only a dead man for company."

"And you're telling me the dead man's name was Evan St. John."

"That's what one assumes." "What a tragic story!" cried Lady Malvina. "Poor Blane, in those desperate straits, and to see his last companion die."

"You don't understand what I'm getting at," Ambrose exclaimed impatiently.

"Oh, yes, I do, you crafty devil!" Lady Malvina was beyond politeness now. Her voice rose richly with anger and contempt. "You're suggesting it was Blane who died, and this man came ashore to step into his shoes. He had seen the advertisements for the heir to Mallow, and concocted a plot, with the aid of his wife and son, to come and take possession."

"Having, in those ten days at sea, in desperate straits, got all Blane's history from him," said Ambrose, with some smugness. "You must admit, Aunt, that it's a neat plot."

"And this woman Samantha?"

"Or Sammie, as she was known. Blane's wife, of course. Whom I gather turned up most inconveniently to denounce this impostor. Or to share in the spoils, of course."

Lady Malvina sat very quietly for a moment.

"Admit, Aunt Malvina, that you always knew this man wasn't your son. Oh, I know you haven't seen him since he was a boy of sixteen. And I agree that this fellow has a certain resemblance; he's tall and dark and has a look of wildness. But a mother must know her own son instinctively. And you didn't know this man. I swear it."

"Ambrose, you're impertinent!"

"I see you have your pearls," Ambrose said softly. "That must have pleased you, when you thought they were gone forever. And you like being back at Mallow. You enjoy your return to importance. You could have been just an impoverished old lady living unnoticed in some insignificant place. But with your son home all this has changed. It was very lucky for you, wasn't it, Aunt Malvina? Even if you had to perjure yourself in court, and risk what would happen to you at the hands of these strangers."

"You have no real evidence of all this," Lady Malvina said.

"No, but I shall have when I've put my story together with Sarah's."

"Sarah's?"

"Sarah Mildmay, of course."

"That girl! What has she to do with this?" Lady Malvina's face crumpled into bewilderment and despair. "When Blane hears this he'll be furious. He liked her, as I did."

"But it isn't Blane, is it? Is it, Aunt Malvina?"

Lady Malvina saw the long, handsome, superior face before her in a haze. Was it true that her son was dead, and that this cold, clever young man was the new Lord Mallow? Was she to lose everything, even Titus?

"Come with me, Ambrose. Come and take another look at this."

She led him into the hall, to the foot of the stairs.

"Look!" she said commandingly. "You've seen Titus. Can you deny the likeness? Can any inscription on a tombstone or any marriage register explain that away? Can you say that boy can be anything but Blane's son?"

She pointed with her thick, ringed finger. Her voice rang out magnificently: "There's the heir to Mallow!"

Below stairs, Jim the stable boy came bursting unceremoniously into the kitchen.

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bluff, had he? Since he was asking questions, he obviously hadn't yet discovered the answers.

But that sneaking pasty-faced woman, Blane's wife! She had to conceal the deep shock such a suggestion gave her.

"I thought you had met Blane's wife. You surely did so at the time of the Court proceedings."

"Amalie?" said Ambrose. "But I don't believe Amalie is his wife at all."

Lady Malvina threw back her head and gave her shouts of laughter.

"Ambrose, my dear boy, the hot sun in the tropics has affected your brain. My daughter-in-law, Amalie, is a most devoted wife and mother."

"I know she's the daughter of Thomas Whitehouse," Ambrose

Ambrose's face. Lady Malvina pounced on it.

"Don't you think the Court might be a little aware of your ambitions, too, Ambrose? And if you can't prove these extraordinary statements it isn't going to look very well for you."

"I've got to prove them!"

Ambrose said with intensity. "That's why I've come here. I intend to face this man you call your son and Amalie with some very suspicious facts. There's a newly erected gravestone in the British cemetery at Port of Spain. It has on it only 'Evan St. John. Aged 35 years. Died at sea.'"

"You heard in Court the story of one of Blane's miraculous escapes, how once he was the sole survivor when his ship sank in a hurricane. But a thing that didn't come out was that he came ashore, after float-

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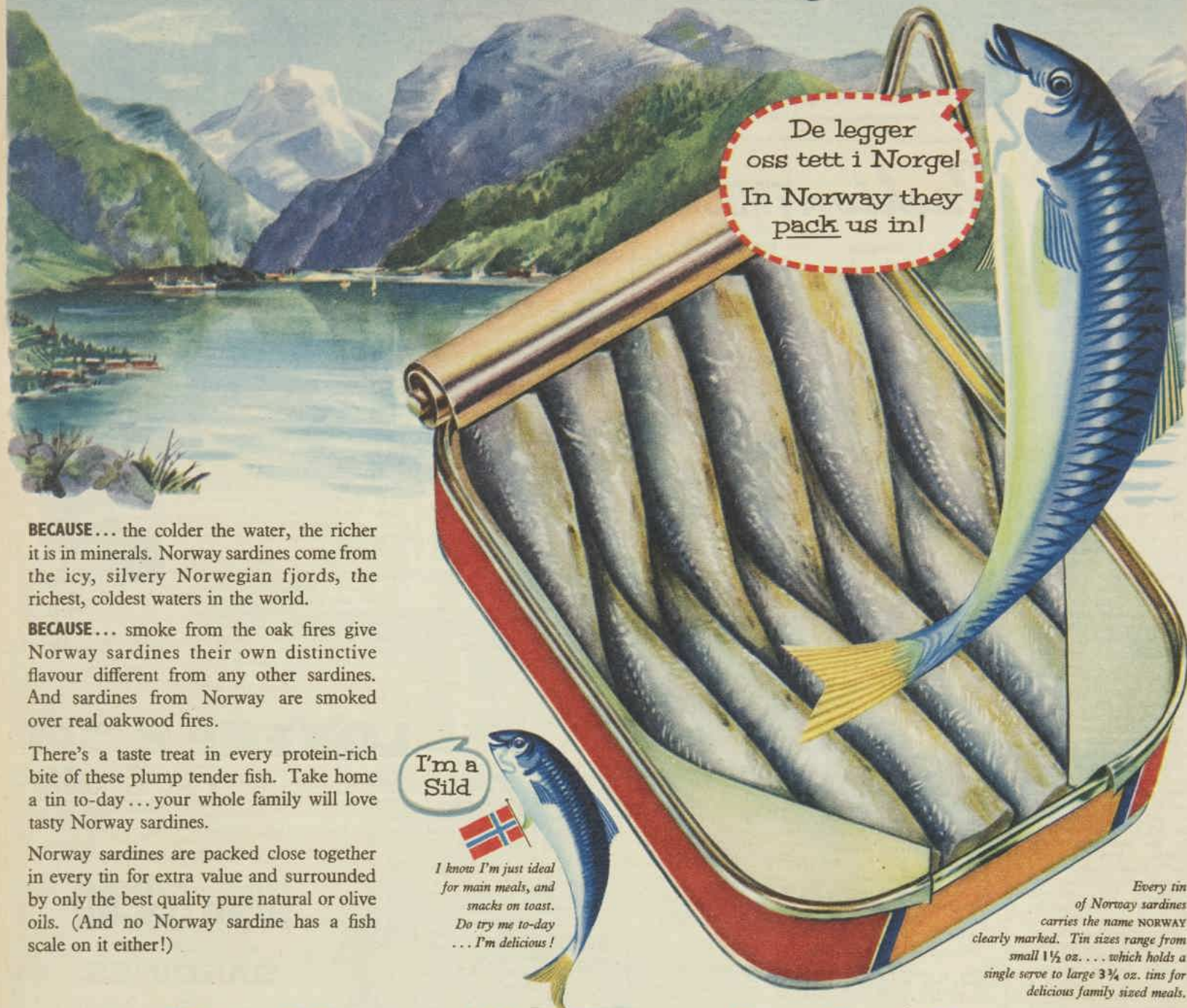
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Cook one 8 oz. packet spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Combine with 1½ cups tasty white sauce or 1 can cream of mushroom or tomato soup and 1 cup grated cheese. Heat and stir until cheese melts. Open two (3¾ oz.) cans of Norway Sardines, drain off oil. Pour half the spaghetti in casserole, arrange over this the contents of 1 tin of sardines, top with remaining spaghetti; arrange sardines on top, sprinkle with dried crumbs and a little cheese. Bake in moderate oven till heated through, about 20 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

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his emblem of the Norwegian Cannery Association — it is on many tins of Norway sardines.

"I heard the church bell tolling!" he gasped.

Everyone looked at him askance. Then faintly from a long way over the marshes came the dull boom. They all heard it. Just that single sound and then silence.

"I tell you!" Jim whispered. "Someone's dead!"

They came out of the woods into the empty marshland. Blane drew rein to listen.

"We can't be far behind them," he said. "Soames would take the short cut, but after that he'd keep to the road. Amalie can't jump ditches with a child. She doesn't even ride well."

"Couldn't Soames be carrying Titus?"

"Perhaps. But I still can't believe it. Why, Amalie wanted me to dismiss him not two weeks ago. That was meant to be a blind, no doubt. She must be bribing him pretty heavily."

"What with?" Sarah asked dryly.

"Heaven knows. The Mallow diamonds, perhaps. If Soames is fool enough."

THE horses fidgeted. The moon, coming from behind a dark streamer of cloud, showed an horizon empty of everything but wind-bent trees, a far-off farmhouse, its tawny roof blackened by night, and at the end of the curving, rutted road the church tower.

"There's not a sound," said Sarah hopelessly.

"I think they must be on the way to Yarbry. Soames will have friends there. And to think the wretch lied for me at the trial."

"Lied?" said Sarah sharply. "You knew it all the time. But I'm done with lying now. Come, we're wasting time."

But just as they set forth again, a deep reverberant sound boomed over the countryside.

"What's that?" Sarah exclaimed.

"The church bell. Come on," he shouted. "The church, of course. Why didn't I think?"

The bell didn't ring again. There had been just that deep solitary boom to sound the alarm.

The horses galloped down the muddy track. The gate that led into the field dotted with sleeping sheep was standing open. Someone had come in a very short time ago, and in a hurry.

The door was open into the midnight darkness of the church.

Blane stood in the doorway. He put out an arm to bar Sarah, and whispered to her to be quiet.

For someone was talking. It was Soames. His uncultured country voice was strangely soft and persuasive.

"It's no use hiding up there, my lady. Bring the lad down. I'll take him safe home. I'll say I found him wandering in the woods."

There was a little silence. Then Amalie's voice, taut and full of furious anger, came from somewhere above them.

"You're like all the rest, Soames. You only care about Titus. No one cares about me. What if I tell you he isn't Titus, that he's George? And that I'd never heard that other horrible name in my life?"

"He's Titus now, my lady. That can't be altered."

"You only want to think so, you and your precious Mallow. What did you want to follow me for? I was only taking the boy away. Why should you think I want to harm him? Anyway, he's my son, and I can do what I like with him. I can even jump off the tower if I please. And if you try to come up here—" there was rising hysteria in her voice—"I will."

"Don't talk daft, my lady. Come down now. I promise I'll never tell a word of what I know."

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 59

"You're only bluffing, Soames! You don't know anything!"

"I'll say I never saw you in the summerhouse, my lady. With the woman, Mrs. Stone. No, nor I never heard a word of what you said to her, telling her she could have the ring—worth five hundred pounds, you said it was if she went away and said nothing about being the master's wife. And I'll say I never heard Mrs. Stone laughing, crafty-like, and saying now she had the ring on her finger and what was to stop her from having the master as well. And Titus, too. At least, she said, she'd get Titus and ruin your plot."

"So then you said you'd arrange for the master to meet her in the summerhouse the next night when he got back from London. And that she might be sorry she hadn't met him there as she'd written saying she would, because here there was the lake, and some-time people got drowned accidentally. Oh, yes, I'll forget I saw her running back like a wild thing, through the garden."

"What else have you concocted, Soames?"

"I'm only saying the things I won't tell if you send Master Titus down safe now. Such as the master being with me in the stables the next night at the time when you'd promised he'd be in the summerhouse to meet the woman. So it must have been someone else who met her there. Someone else who went back to the house alone, slipping in by the garden door. But I won't say none of that if you bring Master Titus down now, my lady. My lips is shut forever."

"She slipped!" Amalie screamed. "She slipped in the mud. I'm telling you the truth! I couldn't go for help. It would have been too late."

Then, as footsteps began to grope on the stairs, Amalie's voice, high and furious, echoed through the dark church.

"Don't come another step, Soames! I warn you! I'm deadly serious. I'll jump with Titus. I'm right at the window."

She must have moved sharply in the darkness, for suddenly the bell gave a muted boom.

There was a gasping scream, and Amalie's voice came involuntarily.

"It's dark! I can't see where I am!"

Sarah gripped Blane's arm in an agony.

"Why doesn't Titus make a sound?"

"He's probably asleep. I suspect Amalie put some of her own sleeping draught in his milk. Eliza said she left him with his mother to finish his tea. Amalie couldn't risk him screaming."

Blane pressed her arm and whispered, "Stay there. I'm going to Soames."

Quiet as his approach down the aisle was, Amalie heard it, for she suddenly gasped:

"Who's that? You've been lying, Soames. You've got someone there who's heard all you said."

Blane abandoned his caution, and shouted in the deep ringing voice with which, not long ago, he had read the lesson from the pulpit.

"Amalie, don't move, or the bell will strike you. Wait until I bring a light."

"You! I've had enough of you! Don't you dare come near me!"

"Don't move!"

"For you! You'd better think again this time. I'm no longer your chattel who's not expected to have feelings. I have feelings, all right, and now they're all hate. I'll kill Titus rather than let him go back to you. I'll ruin your plans."

Sarah could hear Blane's swift footsteps.

"Soames and I are coming for Titus now, Amalie. Just keep quite still and you'll be safe."

"You won't get him!" Amalie's voice was a harsh whisper. "He belongs to me."

"He belongs to his grandmother and to Mallow Hall. And to Soames, who loves him."

"I'll expose you! I'll tell everyone in England who you are. You'll be gaoled. For years. I hope forever."

"Do what you like about me, Amalie! But let us get Titus safely down."

"Sammie would have killed him. She was going to kidnap him one night. I stopped

FROM THE BIBLE

— Two versions

● "Do not let your heart be distressed; as you have faith in God, have faith in me."

— John 14:1.

(Knox translation)

● "Set your troubled hearts at rest. Trust in God always; trust also in me."

— John 14:1.

(New English Bible)

her. But I'm his mother, and I have a right to take him away if I like. And to do exactly what I like with him. If hurting him is what hurts you most, my dearest love, I'll do it with pleasure. He's here on the floor asleep. He won't know a thing."

"Don't you dare!" Sarah couldn't stop herself.

"Ah! The clever Miss Mildmay, too! I might have known. Then this is the end. I've finished with you all. I'm going to jump with Titus."

"Amalie!"

She gave a high hysterical laugh. "You might have started pleading sooner, Blane. As I had to do with you. But I won't listen any more than you did. I'm going to—"

The sentence was never finished. For suddenly the great bell boomed deafeningly, and the fragments of a scream—or was that imagined, just a drift of sound out of the church's past centuries?—were lost in the echoing sound. It seemed as if there would never be complete silence again. The decreasing circles of sound went humming on and on.

Someone struck a match. The trail light shone for the merest moment on Soames hanging exhaustedly to the bell rope.

Blane sprang up the stairs, stumbling and blundering. After a long time, his footsteps began to descend slowly and heavily.

"I've got Titus," he said tiredly. "He's quite unhurt. Are you there, Sarah? Can you take him?"

It was Soames then who struck matches and for a

moment his long narrow face hung over the sleeping child.

"He's all right, I tell you, Soames. He was lying on the floor—as you assumed."

That was all. In that moment Sarah knew the glimpse of Soames still holding the bell-rope, and the last terrible echoes dying away, was something that would be pushed into the back of all their memories. It would never be spoken of.

As Sarah took the sleeping child there was a bustle at the front door and alarmed voices.

"What's going on here? We heard the bell? Is there trouble?"

It was the vicar and his wife who had hurried across the field in some perturbation.

Blane spoke in a remote voice: "I'm afraid there's been an accident. My wife was in the belfry. In the dark she must have stumbled against the bell. It swung back as you heard."

"We must get help. The poor lady! Is she badly hurt?"

"I'm afraid it's too late."

"Oh, my dear boy!"

"I'm sorry, Vicar. She was always highly emotional and unpredictable. That poor woman accidentally drowned preyed on her mind. She seems to have had a brainstorm. We followed her—but too late."

The vicar bowed his head.

"She came to my church for comfort. And the little lad is safe. He'll never know anything of this."

Those comforting words were still in Sarah's head as later they rode wearily home. They had resisted efforts to have them stay at the Vicarage all night. His mother would be desperately anxious, Blane said. She was dearly devoted to her grandson.

TENDERLY and possessively, Soames carried Titus on the saddle in front of him. Nobody spoke much until Soames turned to say:

"This will blow over, sir." It was significant that he no longer called Blane "My Lord."

"It'll cause talk, but there's always been talk about Mallow when the master's home."

"You have the master in your arms," Blane said briefly.

For a moment, the two men's eyes met. Then Soames nodded.

"You can trust me, sir."

"I know it, Soames. I apologise for ever thinking otherwise. You'd have died for that boy, wouldn't you?"

"As I would have for his father and his grandfather."

"Then make a man of him. Lady Malvina will help you. Now ride on. I want to talk to Miss Mildmay."

Yet he didn't speak at once, and when he did it was to say, "I'm going away as soon as Amalie's funeral is over. I'll never come back again."

"You're—giving up?"

"No. I've merely done what I set out to do."

"You mean to get Mallow for your son?"

"Not my son. Blane Mallow's son."

"So you never were Blane!"

"No. I'm merely the younger son of another English family who also set out to make his life at sea. I'm also a wanderer. But I'm not Blane Mallow. Any more than you were Lady Mallow with the diamonds round your neck."

He was far more subtle and clever even than she had guessed.

"Blane was my friend," he went on. "We'd sailed together many times. He once saved my life. When I couldn't save his, after our ship went down in a cyclone, I promised him to do all I could for his son. 'Get Mallow for him,' he said. And I promised. It was his last

To page 62

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moment of consciousness, and I didn't know myself that I would ever reach land alive. But I promised."

"And did that mean you had to impersonate him?" Sarah flashed.

"It did, because I discovered that what should have been perfectly simple wasn't simple at all. You see, Titus — and I can trust you, Sarah — is certainly Blane's son, but he's not legitimate."

Sarah stared. "Then Blane really was married to that awful woman, Mrs. Stone!"

"To Sammie. Samantha. Whatever her lost name was. Yes, Blane was married to her. But she'd left him years ago, deserted him, or he her, I'm not sure which, and he genuinely thought her dead when he married Amalie. However, she wasn't. They heard of her some time later, but hoped there'd be no trouble."

"Amalie had her marriage certi-

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 61

cate and her baby. She didn't expect trouble because Blane was still the ne'er-do-well sailor Sammie had left. And Sammie knew nothing of the Mallow inheritance. The newspaper advertisements hadn't reached her at that time — at least, that's what we know now. Then she'd disappeared again, and perhaps really was dead."

"Why couldn't Amalie have brought Titus home and made the claim by herself?" Sarah demanded.

"She hadn't the courage. She knew her marriage was bigamous. She needed support. It was she who noticed how much I resembled Blane, and since we'd lately spent ten days

floating on a spar in the Caribbean. I'd heard every detail Blane could remember of his childhood, some related in delirium. You might have called it lucky for me. One way and another, I was pretty well equipped to make the attempt. It was easy enough to acquire a scar beneath my ear."

"And you enjoyed doing all this!"

"I enjoy a challenge as much as you do, Sarah."

"You didn't happen to think you were depriving Blane's cousin Ambrose of his inheritance?"

"Ambrose could look after himself. Titus was only a child."

"So you had it all your own way. Lady Malvina was so delighted to have her son home that she shut her

eyes to trouble, and Soames had this obsession about Titus, the true heir, and willingly committed perjury. They simply carried you through. What about the other man, Thomas Whitehouse?"

Blane grinned. "Amalie's father, with his English name. Faithful Thomas. He liked his daughter being a lady. He was quite prepared to swear he had always known me as Blane Mallow."

"You're incorrigible!" Sarah exclaimed. "You did have it all your own way."

"No. You're wrong. It was far from that. You forget Amalie. And I completely underestimated her."

"She fell in love with you."

"Passionately. Embarrassingly. She drove me into every corner. She was shameless. She hadn't had an English upbringing, of course. She hadn't your courtesy or self-discipline, or the

modesty of an English woman. I confess I'd never expected to have to rely on locked doors. The plan had been that I was to stay here long enough to establish Titus and her, and then go back to sea, and this time get completely lost."

"Then you came, and I, I confess, lost my head. I saw you standing in the hall looking furious with everybody because Titus was unhappy. You'd had the intelligence to see that at once. I liked the way you so firmly took his side. I liked the way you looked. You were so full of spirit and indignation and tenderness. I recognised you at once. You were the kind of woman I had always looked for. So I determined you were to stay."

"And it was worse than you had expected?"

"Oh, much worse. You know that yourself. But it's all over now." He took a backward glance at the church tower dissolving into the night sky. "But I never meant to bring Amalie to this."

"She was the kind to destroy herself."

"Or others. Yes. You're right." After a while he added, "I'll leave when the funeral's over. It will be perfectly easy. Everyone will think I have a broken heart. Titus will be all right. His grandmother will bring him up. She'll always know him as Blane's son. You and Soames, and Thomas Whitehouse, who would never betray his grandson, and I are the only living people to know the truth."

"How are you so sure I'm to be trusted?" Sarah asked in a low voice.

"I have no doubt of it."

"Where shall you go?"

"Who knows? The Caribbean, the South Seas. I'm a wanderer. I should have gone crazy with boredom, leading this kind of life for too long."

THEY were riding up the long curving drive, the house standing pale and elegant across the meadow. "It's a beautiful place," Sarah said wistfully.

His voice was sharp with surprise. "Don't tell me you had ambitions, too!"

"Let's call them dreams."

She slid off her horse at the door. She could scarcely stand for weariness.

Blane said again sharply, "What is it, Sarah? Had you some claim to this place?"

The great door was flung open before Sarah could answer. Lady Malvina stood there, swaying slightly, her arms outstretched.

"Blane, have you brought him back? Where's my grandson?"

"He's here, Mamma. Soames has him. He's perfectly safe."

"Oh, thank heavens! Ambrose and I heard the horses."

"Ambrose!" exclaimed Sarah. Even before she saw Ambrose's lean, self-possessed figure in the background she was aware of Blane's inquisitive eyes on her. His face was hard with suspicion.

Ambrose came forward quickly to greet her. He obviously intended to make no secret now of their relationship.

"My dear Sarah!" He took her hand and kissed it tenderly.

"You two appear to be old friends," Blane's voice came with detached interest. "Or should I say, more than friends?"

"Miss Mildmay! What is this Ambrose has been telling me?" Lady Malvina demanded. "How long have you known each other?"

Ambrose answered for her. "Sarah is my fiancée."

Sarah withdrew her hand.

"We can talk later. At present Titus must be got to bed. Fortunately, he's been asleep almost all the time. He knows nothing."

"Nothing of what?" The fear was naked in Lady Malvina's eyes. "Ambrose has been driving me mad with questions, and now you make these strange statements. Where's Amalie?"

"Lord Mallow will tell you, Lady Malvina."

Sarah went to take Titus from Soames. "Blane, what is this?" Lady Malvina was insisting.

"Amalie has had an accident, Mamma."

The bleak words told her everything. "Not dead?"

"I fear so."

Lady Malvina clutched her throat. "Do you want to tell me how?"

"Not now, Mamma. It was the result of her brainstorm."

"It was more than a brainstorm. She

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THE LIZARDS



JEW LIZARD, or Bearded Dragon (*Amphibolurus barbatus*), is found over the southern half of Australia.

KADITCHA LIZARD, believed by some desert tribes to contain a dead medicine man's spirit, by others to cause childlessness. (Picture enlarged.)



PICTURE of Kaditcha lizard by Mr. P. Slater, Derby, W.A. Others by Mr. R. D. Mackay, Australian Museum, Sydney.

AUSTRALIA has 250 species of lizards. The biggest are goannas up to eight feet long and more. The harmless 3-inch Kaditcha lizard has inspired certain aboriginal superstitions (see below left) and is subjected to a ritual ceremonial killing when discovered. It is one of the small knob-tailed geckos.

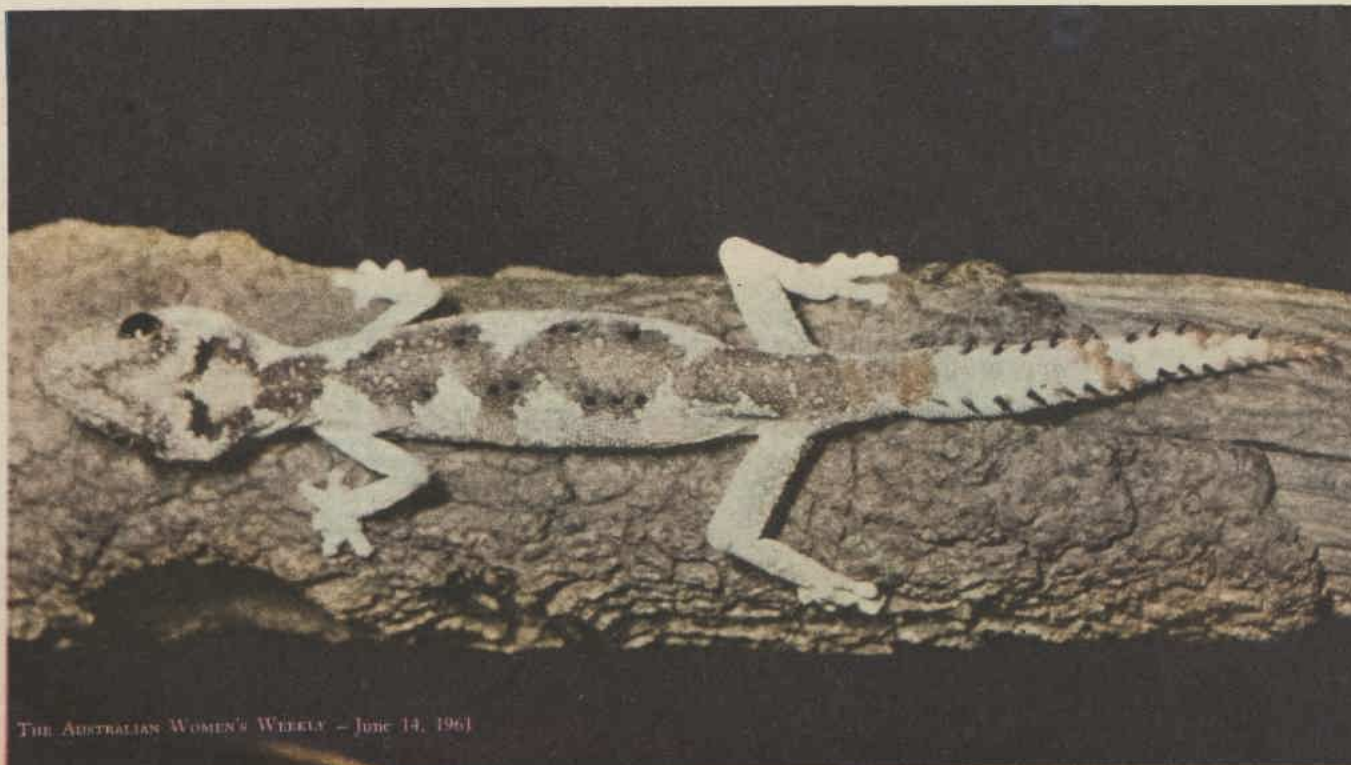
AUSTRALIAN

NATURE



GOULD'S MONITOR, or sand goanna (*Varanus gouldii*), common all over Australia, often lives in hollow logs. Grows over 4ft. long. End of tail is usually white or yellow.

SPINY-TAILED GECKO (*Diplodactylus strophurus ciliaris*) lives under bark by day and hunts insects at night. Individuals can change color to an extent. (To 9ins. long.)



from page 62

was quite mad, I believe. Thank heaven Titus is safe. Blane, my poor boy! You look quite exhausted."

"I'm all right, Mamma. Shall we talk about this in the morning?"

"No," interposed Ambrose. "It must be talked of now. You can't make these extraordinary statements and not explain them. What has happened to Amalie? How did she have this brainstorm? Sarah, give that child to Betsey."

Sarah obeyed, handing the child to the elderly servant.

"Now come into the library and we'll have this out once and for all," Lady Malvina said.

"But, Ambrose, I ask you to have some delicacy, if you're capable of it. Remember that Blane has just lost his wife."

"If she was his wife."

"Oh, I know you have this fantastic story about Samantha and tombstones and suchlike, but we really can't believe them at this hour of night."

"Sarah must know the truth by now," Ambrose said pointedly. "You've been putting two and two together. haven't you, my dearest? Tell me what opinion you have formed. Is this man Blane Mallow? Was Amalie his wife? Is that boy just carried upstairs his son?"

Blane had not spoken. He stood negligently leaning against the mantelpiece. His gleaming eyes were fixed on Sarah. His expression told her nothing. She looked from him to Ambrose. She had thought she loved Ambrose, she reflected in astonishment. He was so handsome, so elegant and cultured, so sure of himself.

But she had not realised he was so cold. His eyes were the color of the lake water.

"Ambrose went to the West Indies to discover all these things," Lady Malvina said. "But he seems to have failed. He has no proof of anything. And he a barrister, too, with a trained legal mind. But Miss Mildmay, is it really true that you're his fiancée? How could you be so deceitful?"

Sarah didn't enjoy meeting the hurt old eyes. Suddenly Blane answered for her.

"The Mallow diamonds suited her very well. And I grant you, she loves this house. Everyone has ambitions, Mamma. Why shouldn't Miss Mildmay?"

He was mocking her. He was accepting the challenge. He was an adventurer. He lied with amazing ease and versatility. He had no sympathy for Ambrose's rights. But her decision as to how she would act in this situation had been

made when she had seen Ambrose standing in the hall. Or had it been made weeks ago?

"I haven't found out anything of account, Ambrose. To the best of my knowledge this man is Blane Mallow, and Titus is his son. As far as I know, Mrs. Stone was a dishonest vagrant, and Amalie was Blane's wife. Both of these women are tragically dead, so now I fear we'll never know if anything is different from what we imagine."

Ambrose's gaze was narrowing in disbelief, and a frightening cold anger.

"So I must release you from your promise to me, Ambrose. You must marry an heiress, as I advised you at the beginning. You'll soon forget me, I assure you."

She turned to Lady Malvina to say sincerely, "I apologise for my deception to you, Lady Malvina. I thought at the time that I was justified, but I realise now that I was not. I also apologise to you, Lord Mallow."

"I shall arrange to leave tomorrow morning. Titus will be very happy with his grandmother, and perhaps a tutor could be arranged for him shortly. He's getting too big for a governess."

She withdrew a step. "So may I say goodnight, and goodbye?"

"Sarah!" Ambrose protested, in a frozen voice.

"Leave her," said Blane.

"But, Blane, must Miss Mildmay go like this?" Lady Malvina said peevishly.

"I admit she's been very deceitful and secretive, but Titus loves her. And so, I believe, do I."

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid Sarah must go."

"You call her Sarah!" Ambrose burst out. "You always were a mannerless cad!"

"Thank you, Ambrose. So at last you credit me with a past." He turned to Sarah. "I shall take you to London myself. After all, everyone must agree, especially you, Ambrose, that this is no place for impostors."

"Sarah! Will you go with him? What would your family say?"

Her sisters, Amelia and Charlotte, with their dull existences, were going to be deeply envious. And Aunt Adelaide was going to say dryly that as usual Sarah had done the unexpected, which was hardly the way to get a husband.

"Some day, Lord Mallow," she said, her eyes downcast to hide their leaping joy, "I hope you will meet my sisters. But I myself don't intend to take another imprisoning situation. I haven't the disposition for this kind of life. I think I will travel. So I will be happy," she lifted her eyes to his shatteringly bright gaze, "to begin my journey with you."

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Soak Sunwhite Rice for 30 minutes then place in the top of a double boiler. Add the tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk and warm water. Stir till well mixed and cook until thick and

creamy.

Pour into oven proof dish. Place pineapple rings on top. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter. Place under the grill for a few moments till glazed. Decorate with cherries, serve hot or cold.

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Change pineapple for apricots, peaches, pears, apples.

Soft fruit such as plums, rhubarb, loganberries can be placed in the dish before adding Sunwhite Rice and the top of the rice glazed for another delightful dessert.



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1 tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 cup water
 1 chopped red and green pepper, 11 lbs. steak, chopped
 1 chopped onion, Flour, salt, pepper, 1 tblspn. curry powder
 1 tablespoon butter, melted, 1 tblspn. cayenne (optional)

Season meat with salt, pepper and dust lightly in flour. Brown in melted butter. Remove meat from pan, set aside. Brown onion, add pepper, curry powder. Mix to a paste. Add water and cayenne to Milk, stir in to paste mixing well. Place meat back into liquid. Cover with lid and simmer for 30 minutes. Serve with 1 cup Sunwhite Rice cooked for 15 minutes.

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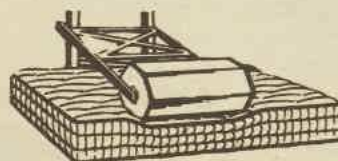
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At the weekends their families were running a campaign to make sure that they got their quota of country air. And so they drove long miles to Norfolk to see Tony's parents, to Sussex to visit Sue's, to Hampshire where Tony's sister lived, and even to the Cotswolds to see an affectionate aunt.

But now at last it had come — a beautiful, longed-for blank. A Saturday morning when there was absolutely nothing they had to do.

TONY lightly slept again, but even in sleep his arms remained around Sue. She lay curled up against him, snug with warmth and happiness, and in her mind the tensions of the past week began sweetly to unwind.

The tension of early morning, her own particular battle with the clock between seven and eight-thirty; the very act of leaving Tony.

In her office telephones rang, papers poured in, people walked fast, talked faster, her pencil flew, her typewriter boomed, her mind was a whirl of advertising policy, laundry lists, and menus.

At lunchtime she shopped and queued to pay in supermarkets. At five-thirty, time to go home, she was usually being dictated to. Then her tension really mounted, with thoughts of Tony getting home

before her, of the dinner she wanted to prepare.

But all that was in a different, harsher, weekday world. This was Saturday, a special kind of a Saturday morning, a cocoon of warmth, pleasure, and privacy . . .

She heard, simultaneously, the telephone ringing and rain beating on the roof.

Tony, suddenly awake, said: "Don't answer it."

"No. We'll just let it ring."

"That's right, snuggle down."

"Only — it might be your family, or mine. Someone might be ill."

She went to the telephone and told Tony it was the people in the flat below. They had invited them to tea.

"I didn't know how to refuse," Sue said apologetically when she saw Tony's displeased face.

"We're already going out to dinner. Now we're going out to tea. Our lives simply aren't our own. That's the whole day gone."

"No, it isn't. This morning can be perfect."

And yet — the mood had changed. Sue had planned to take their breakfast to bed, but when she was making the coffee she heard Tony already splashing about in the bath, and in the end they had breakfast as usual, off the kitchen table.

The drumming of the rain seemed to make her mind alert and restless. Suddenly she real-

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ised that this wasn't to be the slow, pleasurable morning she had anticipated.

This was a morning for getting things done, things which otherwise she would not have time for . . . like buying a pair of shoes, choosing a wedding present for a girl-friend in New York, searching for a brass fender for the living-room of the flat. It was senseless to waste these hours.

"Darling," Sue said tentatively, "how would you feel about a little gentle shopping?"

"Our shopping is never gentle. We do it at a gallop," he said. "We get in a frenzy and spend too much. And I thought this was the one morning when we were going to stay at home. You said you'd done the shopping."

"Oh, yes, I have, for food. The fridge is full. But I meant shopping for amusing things — like that brass fender you want us to have." (The fender had always been her idea.)

"Let's stay at home," Tony said, and she lost him to the morning paper.

But a few minutes later Tony looked up again and said — almost in the same tentative tone which Sue had used — "Of course, if you really want to go out, I could take the car to the garage and get them to check on that oil leak . . ."

Fifteen minutes later they were off, with a shopping list as long as Sue's long gloves.

"Yes, we'll have to separate and each do some errands," Sue said. "Otherwise we'll never be through before one o'clock." Tony accelerated. They were in a hurry again.

"All right," Tony said. "I'll see about getting this picture framed, buy the TV licence, look for the fender, and call in at the garage."

"And I'll buy my shoes and see about Millie's present, and look for the fender, too."

Tony had stopped the car outside a big store. "I'll pick you up in an hour," he said. "In garden furniture."

"Okay. In an hour, darling."

Exactly an hour later Sue was sitting in a taxi in a traffic jam. Rain was streaming down the windows.

She had, long ago it seemed, chosen some vivid Irish table linen for Millie and filled up incompressible forms in the store's export department. She had then looked for shoes, but could find none to fit her narrow foot.

The hour was up. But she

wasn't too worried. Tony had probably been delayed also.

An hour and a quarter were up. Tony would certainly be in garden furniture by now. And he hated to be kept waiting. She felt her tension mount.

Sue was, in all, half an hour late. Tony was not in garden furniture. But he would arrive in a minute.

Her feet were wet. She felt tense and bedraggled.

She grew more tired, more worried, and decided that Tony was in hospital, or dead.

"Excuse me, madam. Have you seen our Italian corner?"

"No — I mean, yes — thank you. I am just waiting for someone."

She repeated the last words loudly and reassured herself. Tony was alive, he had been

● A prejudice is a vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

— Ambrose Bierce

detained by something trivial, he would appear at any second. She moved closer to the entrance door.

There she waited more calmly, seeing the rain still bouncing on the street, seeing the hands of her watch eating what was left of their precious Saturday morning.

We were going to keep it to ourselves, she thought, and we aren't even together. It was going to be so calm, and it's become a panic. It's my fault. Why do I let us live like this? Trying to do too much in too little time.

She turned and looked inwards, toward the centre of the store, where charming people, who appeared immune from rain, haste, or worry, were lingering over purchases.

That's how Tony and I should have looked this morning, Sue thought. Some people live with grace and leisure, but we don't. Traffic jams, telephones, alarm clocks are the symbols of our lives. And while we're stuck in them, or listening to them, our whole lives will be over!

Twelve-fifteen. It dawned on her unwillingly that perhaps Tony had looked for her at the appointed time and had gone home without her.

She went out of the store and started walking until she could find a taxi or a bus.

As she walked, her thoughts were full of blame. She blamed Tony for being impatient, for not waiting. She blamed herself for wasting their time together by chasing after material things.

Much more deeply, she blamed herself for letting a sense of haste pervade their life when, sometimes, they should stay perfectly still and thank heaven they could live it together.

Out of the corner of her eyes she saw it, gleaming in a window, the perfect little brass fender.

Five minutes later the rain had stopped; she had bought the fender and was in a taxi riding home with it.

Tony had wrenched open the front door before she could get out her key. She had never known it could be so wonderful to see his face. There might have been an accident . . .

But it was Tony who was saying, "Darling, darling, what happened to you? I thought there'd been an accident. I came here to be by the phone."

"No, I thought that of you!" she cried. "What happened to you?"

"But I called for you on time. I waited some while, too."

"I got stuck in a traffic jam. But never mind. Look what I bought!"

Behind Tony the flat was suddenly filled with sunlight. Sunlight which glinted on something shiny round the fireplace . . . a perfect brass fender.

"Oh, no, it's not possible," Sue said weakly. "You found one, too!"

And suddenly, instead of laughing as she might have done, she cried. She cried and told him of her thoughts in the past two hours.

Of how terrible it was to have wasted their lovely Saturday morning. Of how wrong it seemed to live at such a pace that any morning could be so precious. With no repose, no time to themselves, never that long, long stillness in which they could simply know how much they loved each other.

Tony listened, and looked at her as she thought he had never quite looked at her before. And then he kissed the tears on her face and put peace in her mind for ever.

"My darling," he said, "I don't need special moments in which to love you. I love you on wet Saturday mornings when everything goes wrong. I love you when the alarm clock rings and when you tear home late from the office, and even when we buy too many brass fenders. This is our way of living now, but it won't always be. We shall grow older and know many quiet moments."

"Together," she said. "Yes, together." He had kissed away the last of her tears, the last of the rain. "It's so simple, you see. I love you always."

She sat there entranced, in love, and as if in a sweet stillness.

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"Mrs. Sherman's Summer"

Marjorie Fischer (Hodder & Stoughton) 20/-

This novel, which is set in the early part of this century, might have been written then, so "period" is its style and form. Mrs. Sherman is the matriarch of a Jewish family, members of which are staying with her for the summer at her Long Island, New York, home. Joe Sherman, her eldest son, runs the family's Wall Street business, holds the purse strings, and dominates the family, especially his youngest brother, Larry, who would rather be an art dealer than a clerk in the family office.

Claudia, the moody one, best understands her brother Larry. Belle, a divorcee, and the family beauty, is defiantly intending to marry a Gentile. Mrs. Sherman is a "big" character, autocratic and shrewd, but sympathetic and loving. An intriguing and skilful study of family relationships.

"Valiant Companions"

Helen E. Waite (Hodder & Stoughton) 22/6.

The story of Helen Keller and her teacher-companion Anne Sullivan Macy is a moving and famous one. This version tells it adequately. Anne Sullivan, partially blind herself, came to Helen in 1886 when she was five years old to try to teach her some means of communication — Helen was blind, deaf, and mute from a babyhood illness. Anne managed in a few weeks to "release her from darkness" by teaching her finger-pressing language. Helen, extremely intelligent, learnt so well that in due course she was able to enter Radcliffe College. She also learnt to speak. Anne Sullivan remained Helen's companion even after her marriage to John Macy. In fact, the author blames Helen for the break-up of this marriage. Anne Sullivan died in 1936.

Continuing . . . THE OWL THAT ASKED WHY

it's the system of things; it's the way the world was made. Long, long ago, the great god Manitoba—

"Manitou," Joe put in without much hope. "Manitoba's a place in Canada — I think."

"The great god Manitoba," Emily went on serenely, "gathered together all the birds and gave out flying schedules. The owls drew the dusk-to-dawn patrol. Hawks and eagles work days and we owls take over at night."

"Why?" Japheth asked. "Why do we have to stay up all night to make a living? How come we drew the night shift?"

"Because Manitoba said so," Emily told her son.

from page 23

"Why do we have to listen to him?" Japheth argued. "Why is he givin' the orders?"

"Because — well, aside from that, we owls have eyes that can see in the dark," Emily said.

Japheth went to the front door of the hollow-tree apartment and peered out. "Unh, unh, not me," he said. "Can't see my wing before my face." He walked back to his corner and bedded down. "Don't wake me too early," he told his parents. "I've had a hard day." And he fell asleep immediately.

Joe flexed his talons. "I been

waitin' for this excuse," he said.

"One side, Em," Emily said. "Japheth's not an ordinary owl. For all we know, he can't see in the dark. It's possible he was intended to be the first owl to keep daylight hours. Just think of it, Joe — our boy a first."

"If he was intended to keep daylight hours, he'd've been born an oriole," Joe grunted. "He's just figurin' on layin' around here for the rest of his life, waitin' for me to bring home the groceries and then askin' me why I'm sucker enough to do it. Out he goes."

So, despite Emily's grievous protests, little Japheth was picked up by

the nape of the neck and hurled through the front door into the night. He awoke in mid-air and managed to wing out of his spin, but when he levelled off, he crashed head-on into a sturdy gum-tree.

Japheth had told the truth. He was one owl who couldn't see in the dark. When the sensation of mild concussion faded, when the jar of his thumping fall to the forest floor subsided, Japheth sat up and looked about him.

"Midnight in the blackboard factory," he muttered. "What do I do now?"

At once a voice asked, "Who?" "Japheth, that's who," the ruffled, aching lad cried. "Somebody get me outta here."

"Not Japheth," said a silky voice from the darkness. "Not the wonder boy."

"Look, Art," Japheth said, "be reasonable. Was it my fault ma made a big thing outta me? You know ma."

"Who?" asked another voice, and a third echoed, "Who?"

"You heard me the first time," Japheth said. "Oh, I recognise your voice. Gervais — you, too, Charley. C'mon, give a fella a hand. After all, we're brood brothers. Be good guys and tell me what direction to head in so's I can crawl under a rock or somethin' till daylight. I don't hanker to be no midnight snack for a weasel."

There was a whispered consultation in the darkness above, and finally Charley said, "Over to your left about six feet. You can't miss it."

So Japheth turned left and went six feet and fell into a spring hole of crystal-clear ice water. He emerged spluttering while his brothers hooted in laughter. They were still guffawing when they flew away, leaving Japheth to spend a miserable night huddled beside the spring hole, expecting a weasel, wildcat, or mountain lion at any minute.

Came dawn and the boy's spirits lifted. Daylight revealed a pleasant glen traversed by a happy little stream that flowed from the bubbling spring. Birds greeted the sunrise. Insects tuned up for their morning symphony. Fingerling trout began playing in the pools.

"This is somethin' like it," Japheth told himself. "Lookit them colors. Lookit the play of light and shadow on the water. Listen to all that pretty music. That guy Manitoba says we gotta miss this because we're owls? And the rest of them listen to him. Why?"

He flew up to a low-hanging branch and let the sun dry out his damp feathers. By the time he was presentable again he was hungry, so the first shrew that skittered past was welcome. Also the mouse, the wood rat, the garter snake, and other assorted rodents and reptiles that were unlucky enough to take a short cut through the glen that bright and sparkling morning.

Japheth had been busy for about an hour when there was a swoosh of wings and a large bird planed up to a nearby limb. He regarded the owl malevolently.

Japheth reviewed his mother's nature lectures and failed to come up with an answer. This was no owl, but he certainly was no robin redbreast, either.

"Hi," the boy said cautiously. The other's beak barely parted. "Look, Popeye, we got ways of dealin' with poachers."

Japheth swivelled his head in a 359-degree arc and back again. "I don't see no 'keep off' signs," he said. "Besides, what authority you got goin' first-sergeant on me, whoever you are?"

"I'm a red-shouldered hawk, that's who I am," the other said in a gritty voice. "That enough authority for you, buster?"

Japheth blinked. According to Emily's home-study lessons, red-shouldered hawks were colored only a little less brilliantly than macaws. The owl, however, showed none of his apprehension. "So you're a red-shouldered hawk. So?"

"So you owls needn't think you can chisel in on our territory," the hawk said. "You was due outta here by five fifty-seven, standard time."

"Why?" Japheth asked. The hawk seemed outraged. "Why?" he shrilled. "Because it's the rules, that's why."

"Whose rules?" Japheth demanded. "How do I know whose rules? All I know is you smart owls got a nerve to try oochin' over into our time." The hawk shook his head at such gall. "What would you guys think if I started huntin' at night?" he asked Japheth.

"I don't know about the others, but I personally would think you were nuts," the boy said. "Daytime's much better. A guy can see where he's goin'—easier on the headbones." He passed a wingtip over his pate and winced.

The hawk stared. "I don't get it," he said after a pause. "You owls ain't even supposed to see in the daylight."

"You've been listenin' to my mother," Japheth snorted. "She gave me that jazz, too—about how we owls can see through a barrel of tar, but a little sunshine throws us into a tin-cup-and-pencil routine. She's a good old girl, but she's a little mixed up."

"You mean you can't see at night, like anybody else can't?" the red-shouldered hawk asked.

"Look," Japheth said, "this guy Manitoba made the night so's a guy can sack in, the day so's a man can fly abroad, live a little—somethin' to do with light

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refraction or metabolism or somethin'. So why would one bird be any different from other birds, even if he is an owl?"

"But—but all these years!" the hawk managed with an effort.

Japheth shrugged. "Maybe I shouldn't say it, but let's face it—most owls are dumb. Somebody told 'em once they were supposed to fly at night—or at least they thought somebody said that—so they've been gropin' around ever since, bashin' their heads in, gettin' twigs in their eyes, pouncin' on prey that turns out to be their own brother-in-law."

The red-shouldered hawk seemed dazed. "Palm me," he said at length. "I gotta see somebody about this." He flew off, a trifle wobbly.

Japheth busied himself in happy endeavor. So fruitful was his work that when the hawk

returned with a friend, the young owl was stuffed to the point where he let several tit-bits pass unswopped upon.

The hawk had with him a much larger bird, snowy of thatch and stern of mien. Japheth looked at this older and held up a wing. "Don't tell me," he said. "You're an eagle."

"Huh?" the eagle asked, startled.

"No? So ma was wrong again," Japheth said. "But you are an eagle, aren't you?"

"I am," the other said positively. He moved his head to give Japheth his right—and better—profile, then turned back to fix his yellow eyes on the young owl. "What's this I hear about you flouting the rules, young man? Can't have that. Utterly reprehensible."

"I dunno about that," Japheth said, "but I gotta eat and I can't see in the dark."

from page 68

"Nonsense," the eagle said curtly.

"Just what I told him, chief," the red-shouldered hawk put in.

"What are you, one of those confounded radicals?" the eagle asked Japheth. "I've heard about you people. Away with tradition, away with convention, away with law and order and the things that have made us great—is that it?"

"No, that ain't it," Japheth said sturdily. "I'm no radical. I just don't see why a guy can't use some of this free sunshine if he wants to, that's all. Ain't there enough for you guys and me, too?"

"That's beside the point," the eagle said, frowning. "The point is that we can't permit the system to be upset by every harum-scarum owl that idly decides he wants to change from nightwork to daywork. Even supposing we made an exception in your case—why we'd set a precedent that would be disastrous."

"Why would it be?" Japheth said.

"Because—why, because it would be," the eagle said. "Imagine these woods full of owls all day with their silly who's who survey. Preposterous! First thing you know, daytime birds would get ideas. They'd want to stay out all night, most likely. The world turned upside down."

He bent his piercing gaze on the young owl. "Have you no patriotism at all?" he demanded. "Or do you force us to take steps?"

Japheth considered. Reluctantly he admitted that what the eagle had said added up. It would be pretty ridiculous to upset an established system just for one freak owl. And that was what he must be. Art, Charley, and Gervais had no trouble getting around in the dark. Ma must have been right in this one thing—owls were supposed to see at night and go blind by day.

And besides, the hawk and the eagle outweighed him by fifteen pounds, easily.

"O.K.," he said finally. "You win. I'll leave. But I gotta eat, gentlemen, and believe it or not, I really can't see in the dark. So tell me some place to go where I'll be outta the way

and the system won't get shook apart, and I'll co-operate."

The eagle and the hawk went into conference. From where he sat, Japheth could see they were having trouble reaching agreement. Any suggestion the hawk made was greeted by a snort from the eagle; when the eagle named some place of exile, the hawk muttered, "No, no, chief, we gotta consider the right people in that precinct." The discussion between the two took so long that Japheth grew ravenous. So the young owl just flew off, leaving the elder statesman and his lieutenant locked in argument.

He found another woodland glade—not as nice as the one from which he had been ousted, but passable—and went back to work. Almost immediately a flock of crows spotted him and set up such a holler that he moved on to escape earache. At the next stop a gang of blue jays hurled insults. At the third place he tried to alight, a bristling vireo—doubtless encouraged by the spreading report that owl baiting could be fun—tried to heckle him, but Japheth was tired, hungry, and unco-operative. He listened to only a few of the vireo's taunts before he put a permanent end to that misguided midget's mouthings.

This sudden turn in what birdland had begun to regard as clean, wholesome sport eased Japheth's persecution for the time being. The young owl found a perch in a grove on the outskirts of a town and managed to catch two field mice before dusk descended.

He was tempted to go back to the glen when he awoke at the first blush of dawn, his stomach protesting indignantly.

"Nuts to the system," he muttered aloud. "So they put it on me. So I die of starvation if I don't. What's to lose?" Under his breath he began to hum the "Marseillaise," summoning up his courage. It came slowly, but finally he got enough and he was just about to take off on his defiant—if suicidal—return flight when from beneath him there came a shrill human shout.

"Over here, Julie," shrieked a woman. "A perfect specimen of the saw-whet, or Acadian, owl—in broad daylight. Quickly!"

Camera shutters snapped as Japheth swivelled his head to get a good look at the two stout females who, like ma, were confused. Saw-whet owl? Why not go all out and call him a snowy?

"I'm not at all sure it's a saw-whet," said the woman called Julie four telescopic-lens exposures later. "He looks more to me like a snowy owl in summer plumage. Oh, dear, I wish he'd spread his wings so I could be sure." She clucked her tongue and made strange gurgling noises she obviously believed were owl talk. "Come on, owlie, owlie, spread your wings," she pleaded.

"Why should I, for Manitoba's sake?" snapped Japheth.

The unmannerly question was jolted from him by his irritation at the woman's ignorance and that ghastly gurgling. He did not expect the reaction it brought. Both bird watchers lowered their cameras; both stared up at him, open-mouthed. There was a silence, and then Julie turned to her companion slowly.

"Did you hear what I heard?" she asked in a hushed voice.

"I heard it—or something—go 'Why?' " the other woman said after a strained swallow. "Quite distinctly."

"Then, of course, it's no owl at all," Julie said. "Owls go 'Who'."

"Or 'Who-who-whoo,'" her companion nodded. "Occasionally 'Hoot' and on rare occasions 'Who-who-hoot.'"

"But never 'Why,'" Julie whispered.

The two women looked at each other, pale with excitement. Julie broke the silence. "Doctor Anselmuth must see this," she announced tersely.

"But how will we keep it here?" the other woman asked. She gave a despairing wail. "It'll fly away, and nobody will ever believe us—Doctor Anselmuth least of all."

Julie obviously was the idea woman of the pair. She pried open the knapsack that swung at the opposite hip from her camera case and began tearing open waxed-paper parcels. "Owls are known for their rapaciousness," she said breathlessly. "Spread your lunch on the ground; perhaps it will keep him here feeding long enough for us to get Doctor Anselmuth here. Besides, owls don't travel in daytime—they can't see in the sunlight."

To page 70



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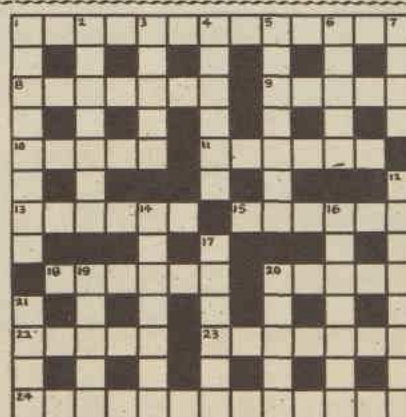
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- They are uncompromising ten signs in art (13).
- A clip to be visual (7).
- Regal beer (5).
- Charge with public burden ending with the pith of a matter (5).
- The rage in me is scanty (6).
- Member of ancient Jewish mystics begins in a German city (6).
- The very best to tilt on the summit (3, 3).
- Nothing in broken slang can make a war-cry (6).
- The black one is for travelling prisoners (5).
- An ancient name for the Danube (5).
- Such spike separates the strands of a rope (7).
- The application of physical force; his left made it (3, 6, 4).

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H X N A O E A
E X P L E T T E R S
A L E O K P D
T R O T T E R R O S E S
E I E I
N O T A R Y S C A P E S
U M P
A S H E S A N S W E R S
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N O O D I N G R E A R S
A J A T A T A
S P I N N I N G W H E E L

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Ales do it (Anagr. 8).
- A small bird restrains dainty morsels (7).
- Racecourse as small bed in England (5).
- Wilde's drama first printed in French (6).
- The name of this Italian scientist is associated with electricity (7).
- African river on the top of 14 down (5).
- Ulcer caused by a broken rose (4).
- Palpable (8).
- Its capital is Lagos (7).
- Limits in metre (7).
- This could be a horse (6).
- The French and the same in English make a machine for turning and shaping (5).
- Walled in and rounded by mud (5).
- Lean over to side (4).

Continuing . . . THE OWL THAT ASKED WHY

from page 69

Japheth started to demur, but closed his beak. These females were spreading a banquet of egg-salad and salami sandwiches, stuffed olives, cookies, fruit, and chocolate bars beneath his tree, and a hungry young owl will stand for almost anything to get a meal. He let them depart twittering, and swooped down to chomp his way through the strangest meal ever set before a barred owl.

"Y'know," he mused when he resumed his perch, replete, "I might have a good thing going for me if I can keep this Anselmuth character interested. If 'Why' is the magic word, I'll 'Why' this guy till first snowfall."

He was rehearsing a full tonal range of "Whys" when Doctor An-

selmuth, trailed by Julie, her companion, and fourteen other men and women burdened by cameras, battery-powered tape-recorders, and bird books, arrived.

And so Japheth became a nine-day wonder of the ornithological world, the barred owl that posed for his three breakfasts, four lunches, two high teas, and several early dinners in light suitable for color slides. Bird watchers came from all over to look and marvel and spread edible tribute beneath his tree. Japheth grew fat and well content.

Then something happened. It was at dusk on the eighth day of this

plenteous existence, and Japheth was preparing to retire, when there was a hushed passage of wings close to the tree wherein our hero had taken up lodgings. Japheth caught a blurred glimpse of an owl on the wing before it flicked out of sight in the gathering night.

"He better keep goin'," Japheth muttered. "He better not try to jump my claim."

He flopped in his sack, but sleep refused to come. There had been something strange about that owl—something about it had been entirely and delightfully different from, say, Art or Charley or Gervais—something soft, sweet.

"What are you, nuts or somethin'?" Japheth asked himself irritably. "You

only caught a glimpse of him, and you know you can't read big print after four-thirty. Soft. Sweet. Sheee!"

Still sleep evaded him. It got so bad that Japheth finally went out on the front limb; perhaps the night air would make him drowsy. He was sitting there, casting back over his meals for the day to find out what might have disagreed with him, when there was the muted sound of an owl passing close by, and back to him floated the dulcet inquiry, "Who?"

It was a feminine voice, ineffably enticing. Japheth felt his breast feathers quiver with the leap of his heart. "Japheth's the name," he called back. "Haven't we met some place before, Miss Uh?" And without a second thought he launched himself from his perch in pursuit.

He crashed, of course. He had not flown six feet before he ran slam-

bang into a large oak and wound up on the ground with a neck that felt fractured. At the sound of the girl's voice, fainter now and wistful, he tried again. This time he went at least twenty feet before he cracked up. He spent the night aching and heartsick, on the ground, and only the great Manitou knew why he wasn't swallowed by something before dawn let him find refuge in his tree.

But no gourmand's paradise now, that tree. For some reason, all the goodies strewn beneath his perch by Doctor Anselmuth and his disciples lacked savor; Japheth barely pecked at his third breakfast and passed up lunch altogether. The antics of the humans irritated him, too, so that midway in the photographic revelry, the young owl marched into his apartment and refused to show himself, despite the squeaks, hoots, and other gibberings sent up by the bird watchers.

Japheth was in love. He was hooked—and badly. Dusk found him on his front limb again, straining those extraordinary owl eyes in an effort to pierce the gloom. When she came by—oh, very casually, just happening to be in the neighborhood—she was no more than a darker shadow against the night-fall and she faded fast into total blackness even as she winged past.

"Wainnaminit," Japheth cried. "I want to talk to you."

Her answer was properly indignant. "Do you mistake me, sir, for a girl who'd pick up strangers instead of having them come calling like a gentleman at my home in the third sycamore south of the brook in Garbrandt's Woods after dark? The very idea!"

"But I can't see in the dark," Japheth wailed. "How about me droppin' in for brunch tomorrow noon?"

He heard her sniff, but her response, if any, was lost in the distance.

Japheth flew back to Garbrandt's Woods the next morning and found the sycamore; but, of course, nobody was stirring. He called and called outside her door, but there was no answer except from a patrol of red-shouldered hawks that threatened painful liquidation if he dared return during daylight hours.

The young owl returned to his own tree and gazed sourly at the offerings of the relieved bird watchers, who heralded his return joyfully.

He retired to his apartment and brooded. When she floated past again at dusk he knew what he must do. He had to learn night flying the hard way—by himself, through trial and error.

It was mostly error those first few evenings. Japheth flew into countless bushes, innumerable trees, several TV antennas, three billboards, the side of a parked car, and once into the flank of a browsing deer. When he was knocked to the ground he staggered into flight and tried again. Battered, bruised, ruffled beyond recognition, he somehow managed to survive each night; during the day he slept the sleep of the exhausted. Doctor Anselmuth and the others departed, disillusioned and foodless. Japheth grew gaunt and haggard.

He failed to find any improvement in his after-dark navigation at first, but came the evening when he chased her a full hundred yards before losing her in the darkness. That was what he needed—he gritted his beak and kept trying.

It was some time later when Art, Charley, and Gervais, chatting in Garbrandt's Woods, watched a pert young lady owl fly past. All three boys loosed long, low whistles.

"What a dish!" Gervais murmured. "But no time for nobody. I can't figure it."

"I heard she's engaged to—" Art began, then stopped. Because barrelling along a scant fifty feet behind the young lady came a rumpled, hollow-eyed owl who somehow managed to beam through his dishevelment. As this tattered apparition streamed past the three brothers heard him say out of the corner of his beak, "Hi-ya, fellas. One side, before I clobber you."

He flew on, ploughing through a tree-top, but maintaining altitude and speed. There was a long silence as Art, Charley, and Gervais looked after him.

It was Charley who spoke first. "Y'know, I'd swear that was Japheth, old Blessed-With-Wisdom-When-Three-Days-Old himself; except for two things—he was flyin' like a normal owl, at night, and he didn't ask why?"

Gervais looked down the way to the third sycamore south of the brook. There perched two young owls, side by side, very close.

"It was Japheth, all right," he grinned. "He's straightened himself out somehow; and as for the other—well, I'd say he's found out why."

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Fashion PATTERNS

F5598.—Cross-over front and box pleats distinguish this winter frock with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

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F7080

F5598

F7260

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F7250

F5737

F5593

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Slim-fitting frock is available in wool and rayon frocking, cut out ready to sew. Colors include charcoal-grey with avocado fleck, charcoal-grey with rust, and charcoal-grey with blue. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/6. Postage 4/- extra.

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Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders are accepted.

499

500

501

502

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 12



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a surprise.

You may receive a letter or a visit from an old friend you haven't seen for a long time. You might meet an old flame at a party and find a certain lingering thrill. Your beloved could come dashing in much elated by a promotion or a rise. A present could drop out of a clear sky. For a few there is a small prize in raffle or lottery.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in a budget.

Don't spend so much on that new frock that you can't have the accessories to go with it. Plan ahead how you can stretch your purse to include the things on which you have set your heart. It's fun saving for luxuries. Whether you yearn for a holiday trip or a major investment for your home, pencil and paper are your best friends.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday. Luck in initiative.

Don't wait for others to contact you; take the first step in personal or social affairs. A well-timed invitation to a new-comer in your group or neighborhood could be both kind and rewarding. If you are interested in an attractive member of the opposite sex, ask him to your home. You may be obliged to handle a difficult situation.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in generosity.

Doing a favor for someone when it is most inconvenient, putting yourself out in an emergency could win you a friend who will not forget the obligation. Perhaps you sacrifice your own wishes in order to bring happiness to a member of the family. Help your best-loved to do a difficult task quickly.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed. Luck in games, competitions.

Whether it's table tennis, golf, bridge, or crosswords, the competitive spirit is sure to be strong. Concentrate determinedly on each move. There is the danger that you may underestimate your opponent. If quite young you might be competing with a rival for the attention of a dashing stranger. Don't make this too obvious.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in the spotlight.

Attention is now directed towards you. The public of your social or business world is prepared to listen, and these precious moments must not be wasted. Whether you are a bride marching up the aisle or the winner of an award, look and feel the part. If you come before the public in any capacity there is good fortune awaiting you.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a new attitude.

If anything has gone wrong recently it could be partly your own fault. If the course of true love has not run smoothly you may have been too selfish, or if your work on the job has been criticised you may have grown careless or indifferent. If you can change your approach to any problem you are likely to find the answers quickly.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in sound judgment.

Your sign can estimate a situation accurately; don't be bluffed into accepting other people's version. Follow your intuition, which is reliable, particularly when conditions are out of the ordinary, as they may be this week. If dealing with peculiar people make sure everything is clear and above board.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in the evening.

While your days may be just routine, your evenings should be glamorous. Spur-of-the-moment invitations, visits to the theatre, perhaps an important ball are likely to be on the agenda. Have your favorite frocks pressed and ready for happy occasions, and don't neglect the details of grooming.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in vitality.

Health should be excellent, especially if you have been ill recently. Now is the time to go on a diet, start to take regular exercise. Beauty treatments are under smiling stars; you can now make your personality count as never before. Whether in the throes of your first love affair or long-married, compliments will come your way.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling: mauve, light blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck through youth.

If you are young you'll be thrilled with new adventures, meeting new people, doing things you've long dreamed about. If older you are likely to bring pleasure to young people. If a teacher, a pupil may be a credit to you and add to your prestige. You may appeal to the young to help you with a very attractive project.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in concentration.

You seem to attempt too many enterprises and run the risk of finishing none of them. Resolution for the week: Complete at least one task before starting anything else. Don't allow your thoughts to wander while people are giving you information, rose, black, or you would be charmed if you pay attention to what he has to say.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Positive Relief from Coughing FOR ALL THE FAMILY!



NYAL 'PLURAVIT' MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES—contain 21 vitamins and minerals essential to your health. Add Pluravit to your diet and feel better, sleep better, eat better. One month's supply, 22/6.

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When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion "hit" your family, you can depend on NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR to bring quick, positive cough relief.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' is the only cough preparation specially formulated in THREE specific, "age-adjusted" dosage forms—for Adults, for Children, for Babies.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 14, 1961

Teenagers

WEEKLY



**FARM GIRLS BECOME
TOP MODELS—page 4**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Loveliest or loneliest?

SATURDAY is fun day and Saturday night is a starlight wonderland of parties, dances, movies, and dates. Yes, for most of you Saturday night is the loveliest night of the week... a girl-meets-boy night... a night of laughter, soft glances, friendly jokes, whispered words, and a night for holding hands. Yet many of you dread the coming of Saturday. To you it's a party night with no party to go to, a friendship night with no friends, a girl-and-boy night with no boy who wants to be with you. It's a night when you watch TV and pray for the phone to ring, when you go to your room to hide your misery. Saturday night... the loneliest night of the week. If your Saturday nights are happy times, won't you please try to share a few of them with girls who seem to have trouble making friends and getting dates? — Pam Quick, Eastwood Avenue, Epping, N.S.W.

Worth reporting

THOUSANDS every year become teachers, clerks, accountants, take up apprenticeships, or become shop assistants. Journalism has a lot more to offer than a nine-to-five job. I have hardly had a dull moment since I began reporting two years ago. How many teenagers have seen a whole town wiped out by bushfire, or seen a stricken fishing boat on a reef from a Cessna aircraft 20 feet above the water? Among the personalities I have interviewed are an Indian swami, our Lord Mayor, and Brenda Lee. I talked for at least an hour with Oliver Cool. — Tony Fitzpatrick, Burt Way, Perth.

Family problem

OUR 19-year-old daughter is the eldest of four children. She started schoolteaching this year at more than £1000 per annum and is living at home. She buys her own clothes and pays her own fare and contributes to the cost of food. Boyfriends provide for entertainment. She objects to paying

THERE are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

anything toward house rent, electricity, telephone, TV, or family car expenses, all of which she uses and enjoys to the full. As her father, I feel I have failed to encourage her in a sense of family responsibility. Do readers agree that a working girl should help pay the costs of running her home? — "Teacher's Dad," Carlton, N.S.W.

Unfair teachers

WHEN I was at school I came near the top of my class. My brother was not as good at his lessons as I was and the teachers constantly reminded him of it. When he didn't pass an exam the teachers would point out that I could have. This is very unfair. A child who is not good at lessons might be much better at other things, such as carpentry. — "Poor Children," Boondall, Qld.

Baby doll

I AM 14 and have a habit of sucking my thumb. I've tried to stop it but it seems impossible. I'm sure I'm not the only one and perhaps someone has found a cure for it or has a practical suggestion? — Maryke Tromp, Ophir Crescent, Adelaide.

Now we are 20

I'LL be 20 at the end of the year and I think I'm at last beginning to grow up. I'm no longer fiercely biased toward rock-'n-roll and I can enjoy the classics (though rock-'n-roll plays an important part in my life, because my boy-friend plays the double-bass in a band). No more tight, tight slacks or skirts and black stockings for me and no more very sloppy jumpers. But, best of all, no more deep pits of depression and no more top-of-the-world feeling one minute and down in the dumps next. Now I can look back and laugh at the years I wore make-up inches thick, adored pop singers, and wore flashy clothes

Next Week

YOUNG men about town — and in the country, too — are taking to the waistcoat as enthusiastically as their grandfathers did. Their girls are following suit, so in next week's issue we show matching knitted waistcoats (for him) and jerseys (for her), with all necessary directions on how to knit them, as well as the smartest jobs in woolen fabrics. ALSO, on our cover, is the latest pin-up of singer Bobby Darin and his glamorous wife, Sandra Dee... AND, particularly for those teenagers who have recently qualified to drive the family car, a special article by a doctor on just how drinking affects the ability to drive what can so easily become a man-killing monster.

BEATNIK



"Pathetic how a certain type will dress to create attention, don't you think?"

because these things were being done in "my gang." Now I'm an individual with a mind of my own — at last! — (Miss) K. D. Bell, Tasman St., West Preston, Vic.

Parental pressure

JUST before an examination, one of the top girls in the class told us her parents had said that they wouldn't be properly satisfied unless she got more than 90 per cent., and if she didn't get more than 80 per cent. she would have to leave school. Luckily, she came second highest in the district with 86 per cent. and received a scholarship. Wouldn't it have been a waste if for some reason this clever girl had to leave school. — "Teena," Innisfail, Qld.

Hey, dreamers!

TEENAGERS, remember if some of your dreams don't come true it's at least comforting to know that some of your nightmares don't, either. — Don Davy, Banchoy St., Essendon, Vic.

Our Pin-up

PRIZE possessions of 6ft. 1in. smiling Texan Donnie Brooks are his pink Cadillac (once owned by Jayne Mansfield), his Bell Air Country Club membership card, and his three gold records. They're solid symbols of his success, and Donnie likes being successful.

"Mission Bell," "Doll House," and "Memphis" have all sold more than a million copies.

He has made an LP now — "The Happiest Donnie Brooks" — and as well has his eyes on a full-time acting career.

Donnie, who has a high sense of humor, toured Australia with the Connie Francis Show and was the first U.S. singer to make his audiences laugh instead of scream.

The best things in life—are they free?

BEING brought up in a modern world would make it hard to leave behind all our labor-saving devices, the theatre and television for a far-off desert island. On the other hand, if you left a remote, backward part of the world to go to a modern city the luxuries would dazzle you. It's entirely a matter of environment and personality, but I feel that some of the best things are free, but most are to be bought. — J. R. Treacy, Norman St., Gordonvale, Qld.

THE best things in life are free? Rubbish! The only exceptions to the rule are love and happiness, which take a back seat to comfort and security to the present generation. Even water costs money. Happiness does stem from comfort and security, and these are the best things. — Richard Kruse, Blackburn, Vic.

● Hope Fraser, of Wagin, W.A., felt (T.W. 12/4/61) that happiness stemmed from comfort and security, which are not free. Her friend looked to nature for the best things, and found them free. ARE the best things in life free? Extracts from readers' letters give the answer.

A SPIRITUAL person needs a spiritual background, an intellectual type needs intelligence about him, the emotional person finds happiness in emotional security, and the materialistic one finds it in material things. — J. Pang Way, Herberton Rd., Atherton, Qld.

COMFORT and security are not everything. Rich people are not always happy. Friendship is one of the best things, in my opinion. It

doesn't cost you a thing, and yet without it life is not worth a penny. — Lorraine Smith, Lyell Parade, Greensborough, Vic.

SAY you went to the beach for the day. You have to get there, and that will cost money. But it's not the trip you enjoy; it's the time at the beach, and that's free. Air is free, and without it we could not live. — Elaine David, Ivy St., Killarney, Qld.

WHAT price would you charge for a smile, a helping hand, a word of comfort or advice? What price does a child have to pay for the love of his parents? — Miss B. M. Thomas, The Boulevard, Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

IT is a good thing to have a strong pair of legs, but what use is it if you cannot play tennis because you haven't the money to pay club fees or buy a tennis racquet. I often look in the mirror and look at the mess my hair is, and think how wonderful it would be to be able to afford a hair-set every week. Money plays a big part in making life happy and comfortable. On the other hand, even more valuable are love, friendship, and good health — these are life's real luxuries. — "Happy," Elston St., Brooklyn Park, S.A.

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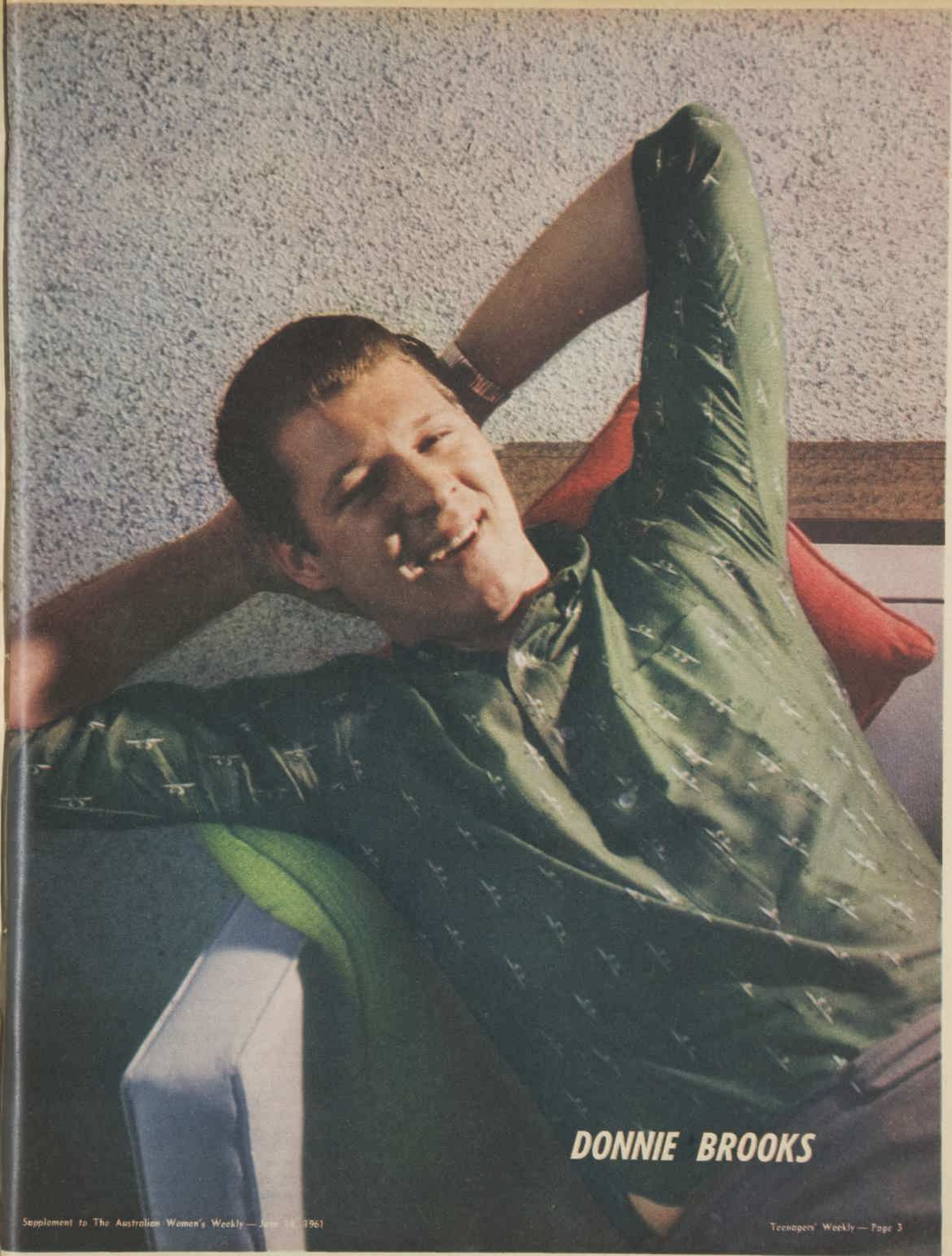
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(3 Queens Rd., Melbourne)

Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 14, 1961



DONNIE BROOKS



dab
Sentor on-
spots
gone!

New handy stick hides spots and blemishes instantly while it helps heal.

American skin specialists' latest prescription for spots, pimples, blackheads and acne. Wonderful new Sentor, in the dab-on stick, covers up blemishes completely—with an invisible, skin-toned shield.

Sentor works fast. Kills bacteria, isolates the spot and prevents spreading. Dries up the oil that 'feeds' infection. Dissolves ugly 'spot' tissue. Helps skin heal naturally without a scar.

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SNH 122

FARM GIRLS BECOME TOP FASHION MODELS

By KIRSTEN WARD

● If a 17-year-old girl said to you: "I can drive a tractor, pick and bag pumpkins, shift irrigation pipes, milk cows," would you believe she was one of Australia's top models?

YOU would if you saw her. She is Luce Carmagnola, beautifully groomed, smartly dressed, and slender as the stalk on one of her father's pumpkins. (Luce's father has a fruit farm at Camden, N.S.W.)

We saw TWO such girls, two of the four chosen as Australia's top models of 1961.

Judy Lindsay is the other teenager (she's 19), and she goes home to Narromine (western N.S.W.) to help dad in the shearing and dipping season.

In our cover picture by staff photographer Adele Hurley, Luce is on the left.

Luce, of Italian descent (her family are from Venice), is as dark and provocative as Judy, who's an Aussie from way back, is cool and blond. They're both stunners.

Their prize, apart from the honor of it all, was a week's working holiday in Hongkong.

"How awful"

Recalling the announcement of the award, Judy said: "I had a mouth full of fruit salad when my name was read. It was all I could do to swallow it, and then say — 'Oh, how AWFUL!' I didn't even know what I was saying."

Judy and Luce were chosen from 20 finalists on personality, looks, deportment, figure, clothes sense — everything a top-notch model needs. The other two models chosen were Pat Duffie, from Kandos, N.S.W., who's 21, and Lorraine Knight, of the Sydney suburb of St. Ives, who's 22.

Judy and Luce believe they'll always want to visit their homes frequently. They love the country, because it's relaxing after the bright lights and fast living of the "big smoke." When they get home they wipe off their make-up and hang their fashionable sheaths in the cupboard.

"I just slop around in jeans and a blouse—and barefoot," Luce said. "I never wear shoes at home."

"And I get up at five in the morning—I suppose that's why I'm so healthy. I eat and eat, and it shows if I'm not careful!" Judy said she wears any old

thing at home, too—but I think she wears shoes—riding-boots at least. She's mad on horses and has ridden and won prizes in lots of country shows and a couple of times in the "Royal."

Helps father

She got her practice helping her father round up the sheep on his Narromine property. Maybe the very wool Judy was wearing when she paraded for the Wool Bureau last year had come from the backs of her father's sheep.

And how does a girl graduate from being a fair-dinkum hayseed to a successful model?

Luce decided on a modelling career at school when she

paraded a dress she'd made herself and won a prize. She took a course in Sydney and a little later won the title of Miss New Year's Eve, 1960. And here she is, a successful model.

Judy took a modelling course after school because her mother thought she was "awkward." She'd been doing a business course as well, but dropped it when June Dally-Watkins asked her to join the agency, and here she is, too, on top of the world. Australia, anyway.

But the world is next.

Paris, Rome, London, New York . . . these girls are aiming at the big time in high fashion. They both hope to go overseas "in about a year."

HIGH-FIVE FLY HIGH



THE HI-FIVE Maori group from New Zealand. From left—Robi Hemi (guitar), King Solomon Pohatu, Kawana Pohe (sax), Peter Wolland (drums), Wes Epae (bass), Paddy Te Tai (guitar), and Rena Pohe (vocalist). They look like being the most unusual band unit ever to hit the London scene. With television and variety dates lined up, their impact on Britain's show business has been tremendous. But more important to the Hi-Five is that a prominent London surgeon has agreed to do a corneal graft to save the sight of their brilliant saxophonist. Kawana, already blind in one eye, was fast losing his sight in the other. The Seven Hi-Fives plan to stay for at least a year in London and hope to make enough money to pay for Kawana's operation.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—June 14, 1961

**Other
people's
jobs**

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

● Which came first . . . the manufacturing chicken or the advertising egg? As more and more goods are made they have to be sold, and that's where advertising comes in. Then, as they are sold, more have to be made . . . and as more are made we're back to advertising again.

PROVING clearly that for young people with initiative, enthusiasm, and flair a job in advertising holds almost unlimited possibilities.

Two who have what it takes are Sydneyites Anne Buckley (21), of Bondi, and Keith Britton (20), of Hurstville.

To outsiders looking in, a job "in advertising" conjures up visions of fast-talking sophisticates, odd "creative" characters, and a busy, hard-pressure life.

We asked about this and Anne replied, "Anyone who is attracted to the field by the supposed glamor of it will be disappointed. The hard pressure's there — but also hard work. You meet lots of interesting people, but you won't get far unless you concentrate more on the work than on the social side of it."

Four and a half years ago Anne was working as a library assistant in Wollongong, 50 miles south of Sydney. Then her family moved to Sydney and Anne followed up a hunch that advertising would suit her.

She went for interviews and tests with a Sydney firm on her personality, aptitude, enterprise, and capabilities. This firm works on behalf of the agencies

in screening and testing applicants for jobs. They place the right type of person in the right job and charge no fee.

The main jobs in advertising begin at the "copy boy" level. Here you learn the ins and outs of every department and what goes on generally.

Next step up is the checking department, where the advertisement is finally checked and sent out. Here you will need a good memory and a sound knowledge of who handles what.

You will also want a knowledge of "mechanical production" — knowledge of type faces and the various methods of printing.

Specialised work

Next is "media," where you will learn the financial side of bringing out an advertisement, and, as Anne has had to, the circulation and audience figures of Press, radio, and television. Here you will need accuracy with figures, organising ability, and a mind for detail.

At this stage you will begin to specialise in either the creative or the technical side. You will either do copywriting and layout and design or concentrate on the business side and train as an account executive.

In the creative fields you will

need talent for writing or drawing; a sense of salesmanship, ability to see and dramatise an idea, and a feeling for form and design.

On the business side you must



Account executive

know advertising thoroughly. It is part of your job to inform and inspire all the departments, and co-ordinate all their ideas.

The results of Anne's tests were good, and her quick, precise mind showed she'd be capable of working with figures and data.

Anne was given a job in the Media Department of a small Sydney agency.

Media

After the client and account executive decide on what the expenditure for an advertising drive will be, it is Anne's job to work out how the expenditure will be used and in what media — television, radio, or Press.

Knowing the circulation or audience figures of all media, she has to decide which is the best way to bring her client's product before the public.

"That's officially my job," Anne explained. "I've really had my finger in every pie, though. It's only a small agency,

Checking

you see, and we all work together. It's wonderful training.

"I'd had dreams of becoming a doctor when I was younger, but it didn't come to anything — and now I'm happy and satisfied in advertising."

Keith Britton, tall, slim, and nice looking, also started off in Wollongong — behind a counter in a retail store. Later he worked in the advertising section of the same store.

"That was the first taste I'd ever had of what work in ad-

Copy boy



KEITH BRITTON (right), an account executive at 20.

vertising would be like," he said. "I felt it was really something that I would like to do."

"But in Wollongong I couldn't get any further after a certain stage. What one could do was very limited. So I came to Sydney," he said.

It proved a wise move. Tests with the same firm that placed Anne showed that his enterprise, manner, and approach made him ideal as "client contact."

Keith was given a job in a small agency, where he is already an account executive. In a large agency it usually takes quite a few years of promotion to reach this position.

Keith's new job needs a head for figures as well as a creative bent. As an "A.E." he is the agency contact for certain clients.

Small firms best

He discusses with the client how much money should be spent in an advertising drive, and in what way. Then, if they decide on a Press ad, Keith and his client work out a rough draft and discuss the illustrations, copy, colors (if any), and type of print.

The draft is then handed to the copywriters and artists.

He said, "Like Anne, I work in a small agency. And I'm getting good all-round experience, because the various departments aren't as cut and dried as they are in the larger ones."

"What I like about my advertising job is the challenge of it — what I am in 10 years depends entirely on myself. And I like the responsibility of it."

"And it's not all mathematical. X plus Y doesn't always equal Z. Part of my job is to know people and how to approach them — and cope with them."

Both Keith and Anne started straight into responsible jobs — they both showed above-average capabilities and were really above the age when they could be put to making tea and sharpening pencils.

But a young boy (or girl) coming straight out of school must be prepared to do just that. More than likely his job will officially be as "copy boy" — running messages, and at a low salary.

"And that's nothing to be worried about," Anne said. "In a way it would have been easier for me if I had started at the bottom and learnt from my mistakes. I was lucky to get my job — but it's hard work, under hard pressure — and now I can't really afford to make mistakes."

Advertising jobs are generally well paid. There's considerable variation from agency to agency — but a 19-year-old girl with a little experience could get about £17 a week, and a boy about £20. Wages depend on the work you do, your ability, and the size of your agency.

● If you are interested in a career in advertising write to the Advertising Course at the principle Technical College in your capital city.

In N.S.W. there is a certificate course in advertising, started this year, at the Sydney Technical College. It's a comprehensive four-year course (two nights a week), and to take it you must at least have the Intermediate Certificate, with a pass in English.

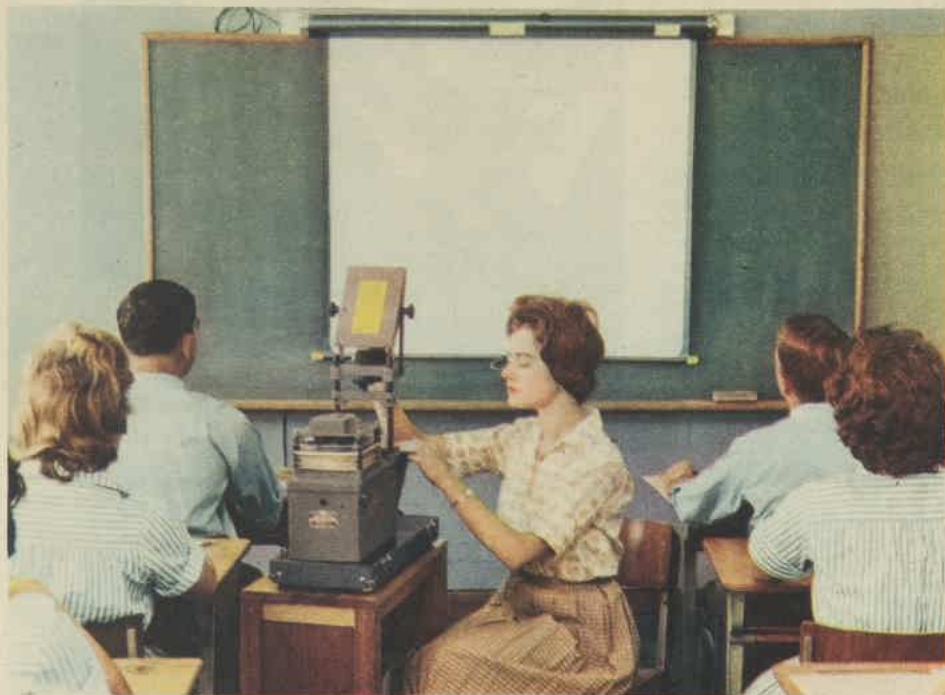
The course covers all branches of advertising — agency management, finance, history, media, marketing research, copywriting, layout and design, mechanical production, and campaign studies.

The first two years are designed to give students the qualifications for the Licentiate of the Institute of Advertisers, and the 3rd and 4th years to bring them to the level of Associate of the Institute.



ANNE BUCKLEY (right), a media expert at 21.

Readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic



TEACHER Miss Margaret Higgins (above) takes a class in rapid-reading methods, projecting on to the screen words and book passages with a tachistoscope — an American aid.



PREFECTS Jeanette Irwin, Janis Pate, and Leigh Whyns model Cahill High School girls' uniforms — stripes for summer, tartan for winter.



CO-EDUCATION. Each year more pupils are attending co-educational schools. Above, Christopher Soulos and Suzanne Morrison are typical of the boys and girls at Cahill who are experiencing co-education for the first time.

SOCIAL STUDIES, in which the students work together in groups of six in the gaily painted and curtained library, encourage teamwork and a sense of individual responsibility.



revolution

By Winifred Munday

● Tachistoscopes are invading the classroom! You don't know what a tachistoscope is? I didn't until I visited the newly opened J. J. Cahill Memorial High School in the Sydney suburb of Mascot.

A LATEST American educational machine aimed at speeding up reading and comprehension, it is just one of the surprise glimpses I had of the school of the future—in the present!

On a tour of the school (named after the late Premier of N.S.W., Mr. J. J. Cahill) with its principal (Mr. L. G. Schmidt) I—who was at school not so many years ago—was amazed at the change both in surroundings and teaching methods which has come over schooldays.

The two most dramatic developments to me were the "reading clinic" and the library, where social science research is carried out by the 900 Cahill boys and girls—450 girls who came from the nearby Gardeners Road Home Science School and 450 boys from the Gardeners Road Junior Technical School.

The school reading-room—tastefully decorated with blue and grey walls and turquoise and lime-green curtains draped alternately over the wide windows—houses latest American rapid-reading aids which cost £1000.

A full range of reading matter, from elementary passages of prose to university-standard reading matter, is specially designed for use with the tachistoscope.

With the aid of a projector this machine flashes on to a screen words, phrases, passages, even whole pages, from books for predetermined lengths of time—from 1/100th of a second to three minutes.

"We teach students to read a line at a time instead of a word at a time," explained Mr. Schmidt. "To read ideas rather than words. Rapid reading is useless unless there is also comprehension. Our aim is an effective reading speed with improved comprehension."

In the Social Studies Research classes, held in the spacious school library, students are divided into mixed groups of six, each group being given a subject to work on—for instance, trade, transport, food. Between them they assemble as much information on these subjects as they can with the help of the 6000 books which line the walls.

Mr. George Debnam, a social studies master, explained: "We give them the subject, then they are on their own. By having to find information for themselves they take the initiative, retain knowledge gained much more than by learning parrot fashion from a book."

"Each member of the group has his or her particular piece of research to do. Colleagues keep the team member up to scratch because the team has to give periodic reports, to the rest of the class, on progress made."

Automation in the schoolroom is evident at Cahill in the new system of electronically-operated hooters and bells. No longer does a pupil miss the last few minutes of a lesson period by having to ring the handbell for a lesson changeover.

A master clock outside the principal's door operates warning bells three minutes before the end of a class, and signals the time for recreation breaks.

Also assembly in the recreation area at Cahill is no longer conducted on the "crocodile lines" of classes. Students assemble en masse and make their own way to their classes at the bell.

The four sets of luxurious black velvet and gold curtains on the stage in the assembly hall were hung by experts from the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and the stage is equipped with "professional" theatrical lighting.

The girls themselves chose the design for their officially approved winter uniform, a pinafore dress in the "Cahill tartan"—two shades of blue and red, adapted from the Scottish Elliott tartan.

Underneath the pinafore dress, the girls wear white blouses with Peter Pan collars, and, much to their delight, no ties. With the dresses they wear matching tartan berets.

They are already happy about the fact that they have a color choice in their summer dress uniforms—pink-and-white candy stripes, or blue-and-white stripes.

Teenagers' Weekly—Page 7

THE J.J. CAHILL
MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.



**Louise
Hunter**

**Here's
your answer**

Needn't tell him

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and learn ballroom dancing each Saturday. A boy about my age, whom I like very much, also learns. When we are near each other we always have a little chat, but that is as far as it goes. How can I let him know I like him?"

"Hopeful," N.S.W.
He knows.

Boy next door

"I AM 16½ and like the boy next door very much. He is 19, very good-looking, very well-mannered, has a good job, and my mother likes him very much. We have known each other since we were toddlers and used to play together every day. But for the past two years we have been living in a different suburb. Now we have moved back into our old home. Every time he goes past he waves or stops to say hello, but I would like to know him better. How can I catch his eye or get into a long conversation with him and become great friends again?"

G, N.S.W.

I don't think you have to bother to catch his eye. Just stop him and ask him to your place for Sunday supper (mother permitting). You are such old friends that it would be a natural thing to do.

... and another

"I HAVE just turned 17 and I am very much in love with the boy next door. I have lived next to him for about five years and when I meet him he just smiles and says hello. Is there any way I can get him to notice that I exist, because I really do love

him. I try to forget him by going out with other boys, but they all seem less than lifesize next to him."

K.I., S.A.

It sounds rather a hopeless case if, after living next door for five years, you're only up to saying hello. Why not do something about it? Ask him to your place to have a meal on Sunday, to listen to records, or whatever else you do. That might help things along. Apart from that, I'd certainly keep going out with other boys who ask you, even if they are dim by comparison.

The only comfort I have for you is that statistics show that a very large number of girls eventually marry the boy next door.

The eye of love

"I AM 17 and could not be called pretty. There is a very nice boy of my age in the neighborhood who seems to like me. He carries my books home from college and always asks if there is anything he could do for me or if I need any help with my homework. (He goes to college, too.) He is wonderful—so considerate, always good-mannered, and good-looking. My girl-friends are much prettier than I am. I know it's silly, but I can't understand that a boy so nice and so good-looking could care for me, the plain Jane of the neighborhood."

"Plain Jane," Vic.

Looks haven't a great deal to do with love. They are a great advantage for the initial impact, the romantic blow between the eyes that starts a romance, but unless they're allied to personality and intelligence they're not as romantically successful as all that.

I don't know why I should flog this typewriter so hard to tell you about it,

when Shakespeare said it so well: "Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind . . ."

Leaving home

"I WANT to know if I can leave school. I am 16, and my parents won't allow me to, but can I leave without their permission? If they don't let me leave I should like to leave home. Could I do this without their permission?"

"Unsure," N.S.W.

The law in N.S.W. says you must attend school until you are 15, but your parents' wishes can keep you there longer—indeed until you are 21 and pass out of their control legally.

Educating a daughter is a big task for parents, and most of them realise that the more schooling a child has the better able she is to cope with earning a living and looking after herself. Every year at school adds to your earning capabilities and to your friends, for it broadens your mind and makes you a person who is interesting to a wider circle of people.

Leaving home is a very drastic step. Think long and hard before you really do anything about it.

The law says you may leave home at 16, but there are provisos. You can leave only provided you can earn your own living at a job which pays enough to keep and clothe you. Your parents must approve of the job and also of the place where you intend to live. It must be a private home, a boarding-house, or girls' hostel where the woman of the house, or matron, is prepared to act as a sort of mentor and chaperon, to supervise your comings and goings and your activities.

If any girl is actually foolish enough just to run away from home, the police take over. They find her, and unless she fulfils all the provisos to their satisfaction she is returned home smartly.

The only sensible step for a girl in your state of mind to take is to make friends and allies of your parents. Parents are sensible people, wiser than you are because they've lived longer, coped with more problems and people. They want the best for their children, and, if they think living away from home is best for their child, they often help to achieve it.

Do you know what you want to do to earn your living? Not many girls have a set objective at your age, but let us suppose you want to learn to be a stenographer, a passport to many jobs. Why not ask your parents if you could start learning shorthand and typing at night? This would impress them with your desire to get a job.

Another thing that would do this is hard work, without grumbling, at school. I think the best way for you to get your wish is to get your parents on your side. Try it.

No crushes

"SINCE all my friends have crushes on boys, I am a little worried (I'm 15½) as I am different in this respect. I don't mean to boast, but I am fairly attractive and receive more invitations from boys than my friends do. I like these boys as casual friends, but I do not get crushes on them. I now have a reputation of being too hard to please. Although I am prepared to accept any faults, there is always something about the boys I go out with that makes me feel that I could never really love them. Maybe because my parents are not married very happily, and because their friends don't seem to be either, I have become over-cautious about boys and love. I know that 15½ is too young to be thinking

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

FROSTY nights are the nights for drinking Black Magic. It's so wickedly luxurious it's a thrill to drink.

Take large mugs and blend together 1 level teaspoon of instant coffee and 1 level teaspoon of cocoa or chocolate. Mix to a paste with warm milk, add sugar, and fill to the top (nearly) with hot milk. Add a dash of vanilla, then cover the top with swirls of thick whipped cream. Garnish with cinnamon and serve with toasted marshmallows.

Drink it—it's worth it—then start worrying about your figure.

of steady boy-friends, but shouldn't I at least be getting crushes on boys?"

"Bobo," N.S.W.

Not necessarily. Emotional maturity comes to all girls at different ages, exactly the same as physical maturity. You'll find that when you are ready emotionally you'll get crushes on boys all right.

I often think the crushes some girls talk about are completely phony—just pretended, to live up to the silly convention that a girl must be mad about every boy who takes her out.

No girl (who is normal) is in love with every boy she goes out with. Girls should go out with boys because they enjoy their company either in a friendly or casual way, or emotionally.

Probably, because of your background of unhappiness, you are more honest and cautious than other girls about announcing crushes on boys. It's a good caution to have.

You haven't got a thing to worry about. Just stop thinking about every boy who asks you out as a possible steady or someone you have to love, and enjoy yourself.

Mum says yes

"I AM 14. Yesterday I went skating and a very nice boy offered to help me. I accepted and we went around the rink together. I do not go out with boys, but he seemed very nice and a good type. He was there the next day and I skated with him again. He has asked me to be his partner when I go skating at weekends. Mum says this is all right as long as we keep to the skating-rink. Is this all right? We do not wish to do anything but skate, as it is our common interest. He knows I am writing to you and he hopes you approve, and so do I."

"Skater," N.S.W.

I do.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

The gipsy can be wrong

"MY boy-friend and I were going together for 12 months. About four months ago we broke it off because we thought we were too young to go steady. He's about 19½ and I am 16½, and we thought a lot of each other. I went to the Show one day and had my fortune told. Everything I was told was true. I was also told that my ex-boy-friend and I would be back together in a month's time. Do you think I should take any notice of the fortune-teller? We are still the very best of friends."

"Undecided," N.S.W.

Fortune-telling is not quite what it seems. I wouldn't take any notice of it at all if I were you. Sometimes predictions come true because people like you try to make them do so. Leave things as they are and see what happens.





EDDIE MOSES enjoys playing the guitar — but only for fun.

MOSES HEADING FOR PROMISED LAND

● Young Eddie Moses has been appearing on TV for nearly two years, and cut his first record at 14 — yet singing is definitely second on his life's agenda.

EDDIE, black-haired, brown-skinned, and just 16, is doing his Leaving at Maroubra Bay High School, Sydney, and his school life is all-important to him and to his parents.

He works hard, usually comes near the top of his class, and represents his school in tennis and soccer teams.

"If I get a good pass I want to go to the University," he said. "Maybe then I'll go on with my singing, if my latest record goes all right."

Eddie's own composition,

"Plain Girl," and "Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself," recently released by E.M.I., is backed by the Deltones and the Noel Gilmore Quintet.

Although "Plain Girl" is a slow, ballad-type number, Eddie hasn't yet formed his own style. "In one record I was likened to Paul Evans, but there's no real similarity," Eddie said.

"I've tried to make up my mind what kind of music I prefer, but honestly don't know—jazz, popular, folk-songs, and ballads—I like them all—but he's game enough to admit that he doesn't like classical music at all.

WORTH HEARING MOZART: Horn concertos

THE French horn (as it is called these days) is one of the most ancient and most beautiful of the orchestral instruments, and one of the most difficult to play. It plays a very important and effective part in the orchestra, yet surprisingly few major composers have called on it as a solo instrument.

An exception was Mozart, who wrote four delightful concertos for horn and orchestra, which have been recorded on one disc by Pye in a splendid performance by horn-player Albert Linder, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hans Swarowsky.

A word of warning: play the concertos one at a time, as they were meant to be heard, not all in a row.

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman

● CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870): Selected Books.

WITH Tolstoy, Dickens is perhaps one of the two novelists who have been accepted by the whole world. Santayana, the great 19th-century Spanish philosopher, after listing all of Dickens' faults (such as his insensibility to religion, art, politics, and science), concludes that he is "one of the best friends mankind has ever had."

That is true.

Reading Dickens, it is important to remember these things:

1. Dickens, though children love him, is not a writer only for children or the immature. He is enormously easy to read, though a serious artist. He is serious, even though one of his main methods for exposing life is through high (or low) comedy.

2. Whatever the sentimentality in Dickens may have meant to his time, it doesn't appeal to modern readers. Do not try to be moved by his mechanical pathos. Indeed, ignore it. Said Oscar Wilde, "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing."

3. If Dickens' characters are "caricatures," as some think, why do they stick in our minds and continue to affect us strongly?

4. Dickens was a passionate, unhappy man who apparently never recovered from his miserable childhood and who failed dismally as a husband and father. His passion and unhappiness are reflected in his books, as is his sense of guilt. Thus, as he grew older, his books grew in depth. Compare the light-heartedness in "Pickwick" with the sense of suffering in "Little Dorrit" or the brooding atmosphere of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," left unfinished at his death.

5. If Dickens is merely a "popular" novelist, why is he still read, whereas Scott, who was just as popular in his day, is not?

Read one or more of the following: "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Great Expectations," "Hard Times," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit."

● WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863): "Vanity Fair."

THACKERAY was educated as a gentleman, and his novels have a sophistication Dickens' lack, though they have nothing of his vitality.

In 1840, Thackeray's wife became insane, and this tragedy was the underlying factor behind the sadness and melancholy in Thackeray's work and his idealisation of women.

But Thackeray was very much in the world, and his novels reflect this worldliness.

Thackeray seemed to have given the Victorians just what they wanted — a mixture that both soothed and stimulated.

His best book, "Vanity Fair," is really concerned with the rise, fall, and partial rise again of an adventuress. At no point, though, does Thackeray make his heroine's real profession quite plain; he is a master at saving appearances. Furthermore, he is careful to present, in his dim-witted Amelia, the standard picture of the ideal Victorian female, and to pay his respects to the domestic virtues so admired by Queen Victoria. But even while preserving an atmosphere of respectability and sentimentalism he is delicately exposing human nature in its weakness, egotism, and genius for just "sitting on the fence."

Thackeray's readers knew that their England was a Vanity Fair, with much about it that was unacceptable. He appealed to their critical intelligence, but at the same time pandered to their conventional prejudices.

Though our life is so different from that of the Victorian era, we can still enjoy the panoramic picture of high life in England and on the Continent at the time of Waterloo. We can enjoy the well-controlled plot. But mainly we can still enjoy the symbol of "Vanity Fair"—Becky Sharp.

Becky is, of course, the ancestor of all the beautiful, immoral female adventuresses (Scarlett O'Hara, for instance) who have enraptured readers. If only because of Becky Sharp, Thackeray's masterpiece will never fade.

NEXT WEEK: Lewis Carroll and Joseph Conrad.



SUCCESSFUL DAYS BEGIN WITH LISTERINE

She's lovely and he is confident . . . because they know LISTERINE will keep their breath clean and fresh all day . . . all evening. For LISTERINE is the true oral antiseptic . . . a "must" for everyone who wants to be successful at work, at play. In 15 taste-tingling seconds, two table-spoons of LISTERINE, used as a gargle, eliminate germs that multiply in the hidden cavities of the throat and mouth that tooth-paste cannot reach. **REMEMBER, TOOTH PASTE IS FOR TEETH — LISTERINE IS FOR BREATH!** Despite every claim, LISTERINE is the one sure way to keep your breath fresh and inviting all day long.



LISTERINE—the true oral antiseptic . . .

a part of successful living!



The "Circlet" three-do hairdo

By Carolyn Earle



● New in fashion and very romantic-looking for young people is the "Circlet" hairdo, which follows the popular more-than-one-way-to-wear-it hairdo plan and is sketched here in three different stylings.



OFF-THE-BROW style



SOFT ROLL on crown

HERE'S a hairdo for short hair that permits a girl to look pretty and feminine as nature intended and also enables her to ring the changes whenever she takes it into her little head to do so.

The "Circlet," designed in New York by Kenneth, stylemaker for Lily Dache, takes its name from the narrow band — it could be metal, velvet, or ribbon — which encircles the head and supports the top hair.

Essentially a forward style, the basic "Circlet," shown in the back and front sketches at the top of the page, moves on to the cheeks in controlled curves and dips. It features a deep, curving bang over the brow. Hair at the crown flips over the circlet band in profuse ringlets and back hair tapers to a modest V at the nape. The brow-baring version of this new style (second left) frames the temples and cheeks. Behind the circlet band the crown fluffs high in a mass of curls.

Bangs again, this time linked with a high, soft roll of hair across the crown, are shown in the third version at lower left.

The set's the same, the "props" are the same, for all three do's. All are set on large rollers (the bigger the better) to give height and puff.

Curly hair can be easily trained into the pretty line; straighter hair will require an end perm and maybe a professional layer cutting.

DESIGNER PRESSES HIS SUIT!

● I see that Monsieur Yves Saint-Laurent, the fashion designer, is suing his former employers, the House of Dior, for \$45,000.

M. SAINT-LAURENT, 25, says he is claiming damages for breach of contract. He claims he lost his job as chief designer with Dior after he was called up for national service in the French Army last September.

You know, I can picture the court proceedings already, as clear as anything...

Opening address by the plaintiff's lawyer: "This is a clear case of breeches of contract. My client has been crushed under the Dior yoke."

"M. Saint-Laurent has made many a famous gown from which the House of Dior has made profits —"

Defence counsel: "I ask for a writ of habeas corpus" (this means the plaintiff has to hand over the bodice). He does, and the gown is admitted as evidence, marked Exhibit XOS.

To chiffon a bit, the plaintiff names a hat designed as an accessory after the fact. Then there is an interruption when a shoe designer yells out: "How about justice for wrinkle-toes and spike heels!"

He is charged with contempt of court (shoes).

At this stage, the court is clothed, and reporters from "Vogue," "Bazaar"—do I see our Candy Hardy there?—have to leave the Press table.

The defence next tries to put into the box the man Yves claims had designs on his job, M. Marc Bohan.

The plaintiff's lawyer, however, objects — saying Marc is not a fitting witness. The lawyer's applique-ation is upheld by the judge.

You reckon at this stage Yves has the House of Dior's Marc? But wait!

The defence whacks in a submission in the form of an attractive mannequin — we legal eagles call this a motion of corpus delectable! — and the jury is swayed.

It returns a verdict in favor of the defendant (who has never said Dior, by the way) and arraigns Yves for his arrayin'.

Judge (putting on a chic black cap): "... I sentence you to be taken to a salon of execution, where you will have pins stuck in you by a seamstress until you are dead. Mercy upon your camisolé."

Having seen Yves' record as a wat (drobe) criminal, I'd reckon justice is well served. After a fashion, that is.

Still, I suppose many women would mourn him — at the gown down of the sun ...

— Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

● With "girl sounds" booming as the backing for our young male singers, the three Bradley Sisters have chosen just the right time to add recording to their budding nightclub and TV careers.

THEY'RE Gay (19), Suzanne (17), and Pauline (16), and they're real sisters. Just to prove it they even look alike. And, they claim, because they've always been so close together they even think and feel alike.

Born in Brighton, Victoria, the girls have moved to Sydney, where they share a large flat.

It's the Bradleys you hear making those chirruping girl-sounds behind Col Joye's "Going Steady," and it's the same bright trio you'll hear behind Johnny Devlin when his new record is released.

And it won't be long after that, they hope, when they're out with a disc of their own.

Local Talent: With his recent disc, called "Sit Around And Talk To Me," and his new one (Leedon), "Sitting By The River," Lonnie Lee might seem to be getting into a rut.

But when you listen to the record you'll find it's quite different from anything he's attempted before—on the serious side, and a ballad. He sounds more like the old Lonnie on the flip, "You're Gonna Miss Me."

YOUNG Sydney singer Gregg Fread makes quite an impression with his second single release, "Sugaree" (H.M.V.), a number that isn't too easy to put across convincingly. On the reverse he does a speeded-up version of "Baby, Please Don't Tease."

Gregg's a Canadian-born boy with an Italian mother. He came out here four years ago and went to work as a G.P.O. messenger.

SPEAKING of local talent, though now he sounds frightfully British, actor Cyril Ritchard gives a buoyant reading of "The Mad Tea Party" from "Alice In Wonderland" on a Top Rank EP. Great—if you dig "Alice."

Pops: The recipe's pretty much as before on The Kingston Trio's new album, "Make Way!" (Capitol), with songs from here, there, and everywhere, bright vocal contrasts, and a grand instrumental sound.

Among the titles this time are "En El Agua," "Bonny Heilan' Laddie," and "Come All You Fair and Tender Ladies."

WITH its echoes of all sorts of half-remembered tunes and the addition of Roy Orbison's terrific delivery, there's something remarkably fascinating about "Running Scared" (London 45). The flip, "Love Hurts," is emotional, too, but doesn't creep up on you in the same way.

REGARDED by some people as a bit predictable and uninteresting, The Browns will win friends they never had before with "Ground Hog" (R.C.A. 45), a track from their album, "Our Favorite Folk Songs." "Angel Dolly," on the other side, is more in their usual style.

ROCK fans past and present should get a real kick from what's on offer with "The Golden Oldies" (Festival LP). As a sample there's Bill Haley and The Comets ("Shake, Rattle And Roll"), Paul Evans ("I Think About You All The Time"), and Bobby Darin ("Rock Island Line"). Plenty of other big names and big tunes, too.

YET another of those intriguing continental-flavored instrumentals has turned up in Marty Gold's "Carnival In Rome" (R.C.A. 45). "My Romance" makes an agreeable though not specially memorable flipside.

IF you didn't see American Bob Kole in "West Side Story," you can hear him sing two of the show's best songs, "Tonight" and "Maria," plus other show tunes and superior standards, on an LP he cut for the local Leedon label before returning to the States. The title's "The Two Sides Of Bob Kole." Nice listening.

Swing: The list of sidemen who played with Benny Goodman in his vintage 1930s reads like a rollcall of jazz talent. You hear them all, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Ziggy Elman, Jess Stacy, and Jack Teagarden, on Goodman's "The Kingdom Of Swing" (R.C.A. LP).

As well, in the role of Goodman vocalists, you hear Ella Fitzgerald, Helen Ward, Jimmy Rushing, and Martha Tilton — a pretty remarkable set of people to get all on the same disc.

Operetta: Somewhere between musical comedy and grand opera lies the romantic waltztime land of operetta, with Oscar Straus' "A Waltz Dream," one of its well-loved landmarks.

June Bronhill heads a cast that includes David Hughes and Marian Grimaldi in a sparkling performance of this tuneful tale of old Vienna. With The William Singers and the Michael Collins Orchestra (H.M.V. LP).

Classical: A revealing and masterly performance of the six Schubert drawing-room piano pieces of the "Moments Musicaux" is given by Claudio Arrau on a Columbia LP. Mono or stereo.

BOTH Debussy and Ravel were Frenchmen who fell under the spell of Spain and its characteristic music. An Everest LP, with Debussy's "Iberia" and Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole," offers one of the best-known examples of



BOB SHANE, a member of the Kingston Trio, at an informal rehearsal.

each composer's work in the Spanish idiom, plus Ravel's choreographic poem "La Valse." The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, under American conductor Theodore Bloomfield. Mono or stereo.

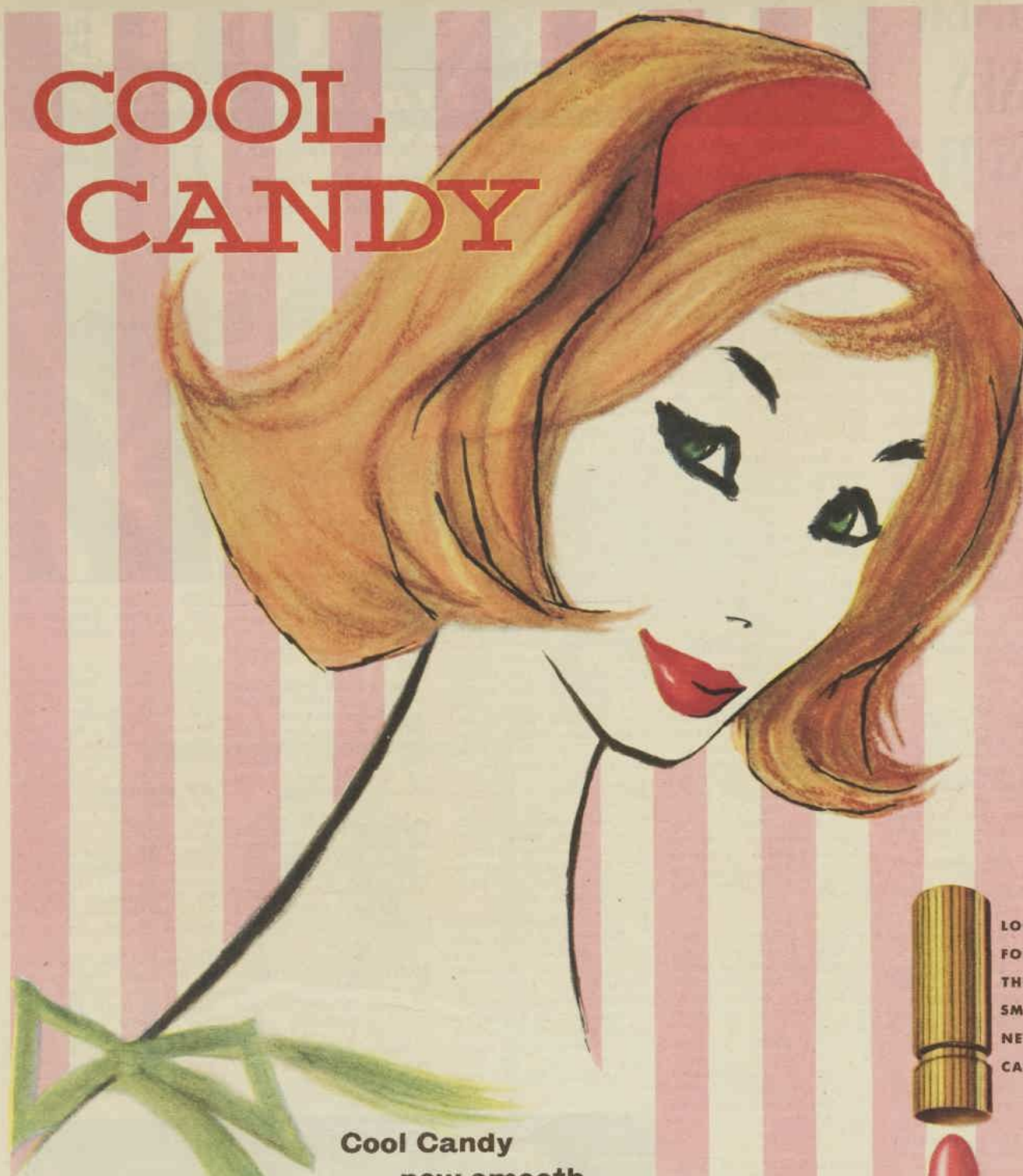
EP pickings: Got a musical sweet tooth? Then you're just the one for Johann Strauss' "Tales From The Vienna Woods" and "Emperor Waltz." Michel Piastro and his concert orchestra give them the full works on Festival's "The Best Of Strauss," taken from an LP of the same name.

IF you like Spanish dancing, music, and song, but are short of cash, another Festival EP, "Algerias De Espana"—Vol. 1, taken from an LP made during the Spanish dance company's visit last year, might be just what you want.



THE BRADLEY SISTERS in happy mood. From left: Gay, Pauline, and Suzanne.

COOL CANDY



Cool Candy
new smooth
soft **pink** ... livin' dolls love it...
kittens think it's crazy...
it's cool **COOL CANDY!**

CASHMERE BOUQUET

COLOURFAST LIPSTICK **3'9**



LOOK
FOR
THE
SMART
NEW
CASE

FAMILY COMIC

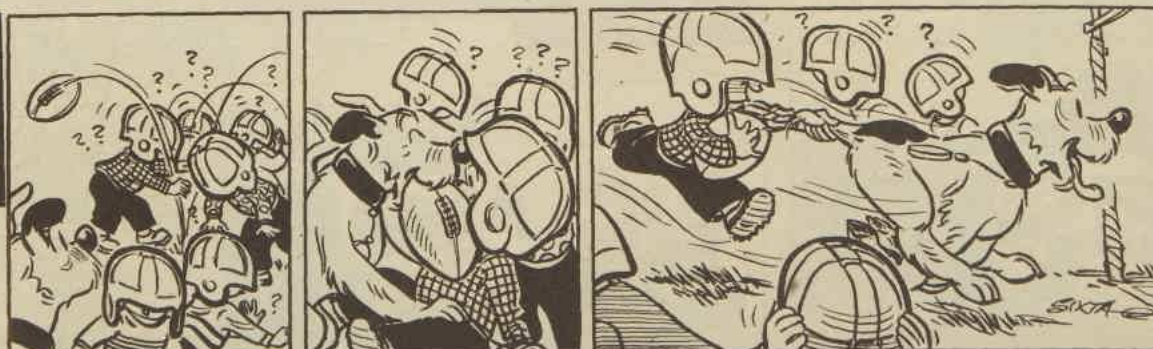
Sandra

SANDRA and the other girls have just been introduced to the new model, Paula Schley. Paula showed them a fabulous gemstone bangle valued at £20,000. The models are preparing to parade a winter collection. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



RIVETS



Jacky's

DIARY.

By

Jacky Mendelsohn
Age 33½

This week in School
we're learning a
Bunch of well-
Known Proverbs.

A Proverb is like
A saying which
People say when
they're losing
a Argument.

Frimatints like they always say:
"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY YEARNED."



or else: "A Friend in Need
is a friend in DEEP."



an other one is: "ONE PUNCTURE IS WORTH A
THOUSAND
WORDS."



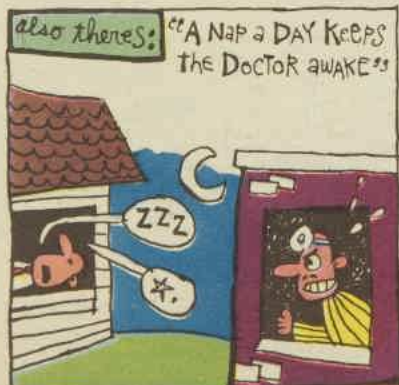
an other good one is: "FOOL RUSSIANS
GO WHERE WISE GUYS FEAR TO TREAD."



they also got: "ONE GOOD TERM
DESERVES A MOTHER."



also theres: "A NAP a DAY KEEPS
the Doctor awake."



BUT my favorite Proverb is: "CLEANING LESS IS
NEXT TO GOODLINESS."



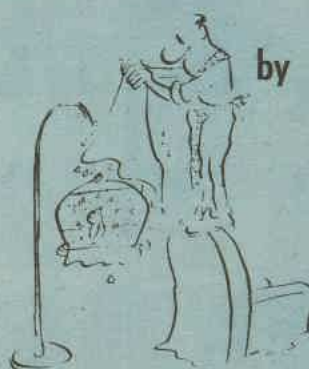
TIZZY by Kate Osann



"Men are so unreliable! Herbie and I
stay home tonight, and when I went to
Roger, there was Herbie with

Man in Apron

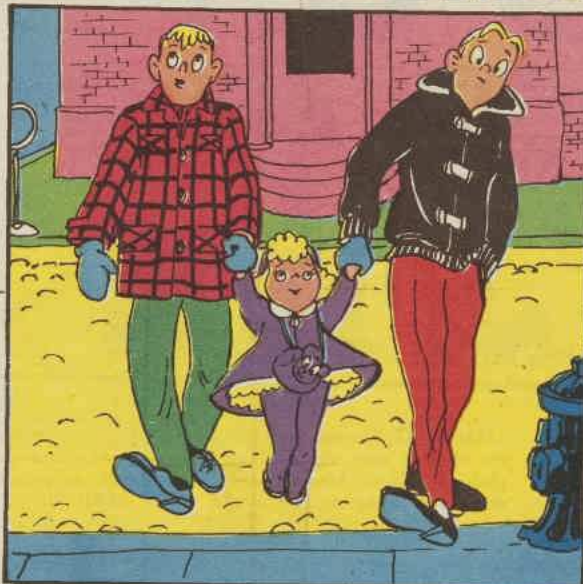
by Larry



Copyright London Punch



TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *by RUD.*



CHRIS WELKIN

PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbottom

CHRIS WELKIN has found Dr. Powette, the man believed dead. He had been "preserved" in a special solution—his body paralysed, his mind alert. Dr. Powette warns Chris that the girl Giselle has been captured. Chris goes to her aid. NOW READ ON...



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and Narda have successfully captured the masked men who held up the crew and passengers of Narda's plane in mid-air. Meanwhile, trillions of miles away in space, another adventure begins for Mandrake. NOW READ ON...



BEGINNING--THE SUMMIT CONFERENCE

